This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 1,598,280

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LITERARY WORKERS

VOLUME XII

JANUARY-DECEMBER, 1899

BOSTON:
THE WRITER PUBLISHING COMPANY
282 WASHINGTON STREET
1899

[COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WILLIAM H. HILLS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]

INDEX.

A' Becket, John J., Beginning a Story, 39
Alexander, Mrs., 107
Allen, Grant, 171
Amanuensis, Qualifications of, 21
Arnold, Mary Foote, 5
Art of Fiction, The, Besant, 133, — James, 130
Artists Who Are Writers, 182
Austen, Jane, 88
Authors' Club of Minneapolis, Mitchell, 177
Backus, Emma Morse, 5
"Bacon, S. L.," 5
Baird, Eliza Strang, Coining Brains, 161
Balzac, Honoré de, 88, 107, 172
Barr, Walter, 53
Barrie, J. M., 185
Batchelder, Frank Roe, 70
Belden, Jessie Van Zile, 105
Bell, Robert Mowry, 54
Bellows, Robert Peabody, Degeneration of the Dime Novel, 97
Benjamin, Anna Northend, 183
Besant, Walter, The Art of Fiction, 113
Blodgett, Harriet F., 71
Blossom, Henry M., Jr., 71
Boles, Ina M., 153
Bonner, Geraldine, 71
Book Reviews, 12, 22, 46, 63, 77, 89, 111, 158, 173, 186
Boston, Words Coined in, Ernst, 145
Bradford, L. C., 26
Brand, Annie Eliza, 27
Bridgman, Howard A., Editorial Talk with Contributors, 147
Brown, Abbie Farwell, 27
Brown, Anna Robeson, 42
Bryan, Alfred Stephen, Precision in the Use of Words, 81
Bunner, Alice Learned, 27
Burrell, Caroline Benedict, 72
Bushnell, Edward, 72
Catherwood, Mary Hartwell, 75
Chambers, Robert W., 88
Clarke, Frederick Colburn, 167
Clarke, Madge Sutherland, 27
Clippings, Filing, 31
Cloud, Virginia Woodward, 42
Coining Brains, Baird, 161
Columbia Poetica, 52
Copyright, 152, 153 — Perpetual, 166
Correspondence, Goodhue, 179
Cowell, Clara Dixon, 28
Craigie, Mrs., 59
Crawford, F. Marion, 75, 172
Criticism, Humors of, Hall, 181
Curtis, Isabel Gordon, 6
Curtis, Wardon Allen, 43
Daily, C. A. R. L., On Writing Fun, 17
Detective Stories, Merit of, 70
Devoore, Ann, 153
Dialect Consistency in, 70 — Misspelling Not, 142
Dialogue, Unnatural, in Story Writing, 142
Dillingham, Frances Bent, 54
Dime Novel, Degeneration of the, Bellows, 97
Don'ts for Writers, Fosdick, 129
"Douglas, Marian," 6
Dowe, Jennie E. T., 153
Dutcher, Edward William, Suggestions about Verse-making, 83
Editorial, 4, 20, 38, 52, 68, 84, 102, 128, 142, 150, 166, 182
Editorial Talks with Contributors, Bridgman, 147
Editor's Advice to Contributors, Walker, 50
Eldridge, C. H., 6
Elshemus, Genius vs. Drudgery, 70
Emerson, Edwin, Jr., 54
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 60
Erckmann-Chatrian, 60
Ernst, C. W., Words Coined in Boston, 145
Fallows, Alice Katharine, 72
Ferguson, Charles, 154
Ferguson, Edwin B., 7
Fiction, The Art of, Besant, 113 — James, 130
Field, Caroline Leslie, 7
Fine Writing, 52, 69, 85
Fosdick, Arthur, Don'ts for Writers, 129 — Industry and Inspiration, 165
Fogg, Lawrence D., A Few Hints about Writing Plays, 66
Franklin, Benjamin, 107
Frost, William Goodell, 55
Gallaher, Grace Margaret, 7
Gerwig, George William, 8
Gibbs, George, 167
Goodhue, E. S., Correspondence, 179
Gosse, Edmund, The Theory of the Modern Novel, 103
Grand, Sarah, 107
Green, Julia Boynton, 43
Greene, Roy Farrell, 43
Hall, Eliza Calvert, 106
Hall, Ruth, The Unknown Writer Again, 33 — The Humors of Criticism, 181
Harte, Bret, 108
Hawley, Helen A., 28
Hectograph Pad, How to Make, 86
Helpful Hints and Suggestions, 15, 62
Herbert, Miss Leila, 168
Hewlett, Maurice, 88
Honesty of Publishers, 41
Hornibrook, Isabel, 168
Hotchkiss, Florence, 28
Howells, W. D., 185
Industry and Inspiration, Fosdick, 165
Ink, Recipe for Black, 15
Ink Stains, to Remove from Paper, 62
Jackson, Dora Ritter, 72
James, Henry, The Art of Fiction, 130
Johnston, Annie Fellows, 154
Joke-writing, Daily, 17
Judson, Lulu, 168
Kenton, Edna, 154
King, General Charles, 172
King, Gertrude Evans, 29
Kingsley, Florence Morse, 157
Kipling, Rudyard, 14
Larned, Julia, 56
Leonard, Mary Hall, The Need of the Subjunctive, 3
Leslie, Arthur, The Making of a Newspaper, 99
Lindsay, Clarence M., 169
Lippmann, Julie L., 29
Literary Articles in Periodicals, 15, 31, 47, 63, 78, 93, 111, 128, 143, 158, 175, 186
Literary Association of Wisconsin, Mowry, 163
Livingston, Francis, 72
Livingston, Luther S. 169
Lynch, Gertrude F., 8
Lyon, Ernest Neal, 9
Luther, Mark Lee, 183
MacBrayne, Lewis E., 169
Mace, Frances Laughton, 157
Macleod, Fiona, 45
Mackubin, Ellen, 73
Manuscripts, An Editor's Advice about Offering, Sturgis, 82 — Asking for Pay for, Robinson, 51 — Book, 21 — Enclosing Stamps with, 62 — How Magazines Handle, 60 — Lost, Whereabouts of the, Norris, 34 — Sending Second Copies Simultaneously, 86 — Why Editors Do Not Read, 38
Markham, Edwin, 88
"Martin, George Madden," 56
Maurice, Arthur Bartlett, 169
McCullough, Annie Willis, 9
McGaffey, Ernest, 56
McLaws, Lafayette, 29
McNeal, Mildred L., 106
Meyrick, Geraldine, 29
Minneapolis Authors' Club, Mitchell, 177
Minogue, Anna C., 155
Mitchell, Agnes Lewis, 44
Mitchell, Lucy Sherman, The Authors' Club of Minneapolis, 177
More, Paul Elmer, 9
Morris, Ida Goldsmith, 170
Morrow, Marco, 184
Moulton, Louise Chandler, 88
Mowry, Duane, The Literary Association of Wisconsin,
Mucilage, Substitute for, 62
Mumford, Ethel W., 56
Nason, Emma Huntington, 155

287942

Necrology, 16, 32, 48, 96, 112, 128, 144, 176
New Periodicals, Danger in Dealing with, 150
New Writers, Chance for, 84
News and Notes, 15, 32, 47, 63, 79, 94, 112, 128, 144, 159, 176, 187
Newspaper, The Making of a, Leslie, 99
"Newspaper English" Edited, 5, 21, 40, 53, 86, 143, 151, 167
Newspaper Writers, Rules for, Wood, 36
Nichols, William T., 57
Nicholson, Meredith, 106
Norris, Frank, 57
Norris, Zoe Anderson, Whereabouts of the Lost Manuscripts, 34
North, Leigh, 9
Norvell, Saunders, 184
Novel, Modern, Theory of, Gosse, 103
Opper, Emma A., 57
Originality in Writing, How Gained, 20
Paine, Frances Bacon, 156
Pay for Manuscripts, Asking for, Robinson, 51
Peel, William Charles, 10
Perry, Maude Caldwell, 10
Personal Gossip About Authors, 14, 30, 45, 59, 75, 88, 107, 157, 171, 185
Pierce, Etta W., 156
Plagiarism, 53, 85
Playwriting, Fogg, 66
Prices Paid by Magazines and Newspapers, 183
Pseudonyms, 5, 6, 16, 32, 41, 45, 56, 75, 94, 159
Queries, 5, 21, 41, 70, 86, 151, 183,
Reade, Charles, 76
Reed, Edwin T., 30
Reid, Sydney, 185
Reporters, Advice to Would-be, Roche, 149
Revision, Stiles, 49
Roberts, Isabel J., 106
Robinson, Mrs. Annie D., 6
Robinson, Doane, 58
Robinson, Julius, Asking for Pay for Manuscript, 51
Roche, James Jeffrey, Advice to Would-be Reporters, 149
Rollstone, Adelaide D., 73
Scrap Basket, 40, 69, 87, 142
Sears, Anna Wentworth, 156
Sectional Magazines, Why They Fail, 102
Skinner, Henrietta Dana, 10
Smith, Edgar Maurice, 73
Smith, Edith Martin, 11
Smith, F. Hopkinson, 76
Smith, Gertrude, 73
Smith, Henry Justin, 170
Smith, J. Ritchie, 73
Smith, Lewis Worthington, 74
Steele, Annie C., 58
Stein, Evaleen, 30
Sterling, Harriot Brewer, 44
Stevenson, Benjamin Coxe, 156
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 172, 185
Stiles, William Curtis, Revision, 49
Story, Beginning a, 4, 39
Story Writing, Unnatural Dialogue in, 142
Stringer, Arthur J., 44
Sturgis, Dinah, An Editor's Advice about Offering Manuscripts, 82
Subjunctive, Need of the, Leonard, 3
Suggestion in Literary Work, Whitcomb, 1
Swett, Susan Hartley, 30
Synonyms, Study of, 38, 87
Tarkington, Booth, 74
Tennyson, Alfred, 110
Thackeray, W. M., 30
Thomas, Chauncey, 74
Thompson, Maurice, 158
Thornton, Mrs. S. B., 5
Ticknor, Caroline, 58
Tolstoi, 15, 142
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor, 44
Translation, Woman in, 104
Unknown Writer Again, Hall, 33
Van Ingen, W. B., 170
Verse-making, Suggestions about, Dutcher, 83
Verse-writing, Technique in, 68
Vorse, Albert White, 58
Wady, Clifton S., A Writer's Tool-chest, 18
Walker, John Brisben, An Editor's Advice to Contributors, 50
Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 110
Wells, Charles F., 156
Wendt, Frederick W., 75
Whitcomb, Charlotte, Suggestion in Literary Work, 1
White, Stewart Edward, 170
Whiteley, Isabel Nixon, 45
Whitlock, Brand, 157
Whitney, Hattie, 58
Wildman, Marian Warner, 171
Wiley, Sara King, 171
Williams, Francis Howard, 106
Williamson, Mrs. M. Burton, Writing as a Pastime, 65
"Willis, Annie Isabel," 75
Women Reporters, Income of, 20
Wood, Edward H., Rules for Newspaper Writers, 36
Words Coined in Boston, Ernst, 145; Words, Measuring a Story by, 152; Words, Precision in the Use of, Bryan, 81
Writer's Tool-chest, Wady, 18
Writers of the Day, 5, 26, 42, 53, 70, 105, 153, 167, 183
Writing as a Pastime, Williamson, 65
Yonge, Charlotte M., 185
Zangwill, Israel, 110
Zola, Emile, 111
Zollinger, Gulielma, 11

Book Reviews.

Adams, W. I. Lincoln, In Nature's Image, 12
American Newspaper Directory, 1898, 25
Badger, Joseph E. Jr., The Lost City, 14
Bancroft, Hubert H., The New Pacific, 175
Bates, Arlo, The Puritans, 25
Bellamy, Charles J., Return of the Fairies, 174
Besant, Walter, The Pen and the Book, 89
Burnham, Clara Louise, A Great Love, 13 — A West Point Wooing, 93
Carpenter, Edward James, America in Hawaii, 78
Cassell's National Library, 93, 111, 175
Chandler, Izora, Elvira Hopkins of Tompkins Corners, 174
Cooke, George Willis, Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight, 23
Costello, F. H., Under the Rattlesnake Flag, 14
Crandall, Charles H., The Chords of Life, 13
Cumulative Book Index, 12
Daudet, Leon, Alphonse Daudet, 22
Fernald, James C., The Imperial Republic, 25; Standard Intermediate School Dictionary, 186
Fletcher, W. I., Annual Literary Index, 186
Flint, Grover, Marching with Gomez, 173
Fogg, Lawrence D., By-ways of Literature, 63
Ford, John D., An American Cruiser in the East, 24
Griswold, Hattie Tyng, Personal Sketches of Recent Authors, 12
Guerber, H. A., The Story of the Thirteen Colonies, 47
Hale, Edward Everett, James Russell Lowell and His Friends, 77; The Man Without a Country, 26
Harris, Miriam Coles, A Corner of Spain, 24
Hinton, Richard J., Poems of Richard Realf, 93
Hobson, J. A., John Ruskin, Social Reformer, 23
Howe, M. A De Wolfe, American Bookmen, 12
Johnston, Mary, Prisoners of Hope, 26
King, Charles F., Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe, 46
Kirk, Ellen Olney, Dorothy Deane, 26
Knowlson, T. Sharper, The Art of Thinking, 173
Lanier, Sidney, Music and Poetry, 23
Leonard, John W. Who's Who in America, 173
Mason Caroline Atwater, A Minister of the World, 14
Miller, Olive Thorne, The First Book of Birds, 174
Moore, J. Howard, Better World Philosophy, 158
Newcomer, Alphonso G., Elements of Rhetoric, 46
Otis, James, The Princess and Joe Potter, 14; The Cruise of the Comet, 14; When Israel Putnam Served the King, 14
Parkhurst, Henry Clinton, A Military Belle, 158
Richards, Laura E., Peggy, 174
Riley, James, Songs of Two Peoples, 26
Robinson, Harriet H., Loom and Spindle, 13
Russell, W. Clark, Romance of a Midshipman, 26
Seaman, Hervey J., The Expert Cleaner, 174
Steuart, J. A., Wine on the Lees, 173
Stoddard, Charles Warren, A Cruise under the Cresent, 47
Taylor, Charles M., Jr., Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan, 24
Teall, F. Horace, Punctuation, 174
Todd, Mabel Loomis, Corona and Coronet, 24
Vivian, Thomas J., The Fall of Santiago, 25
White, Eliza Orne, A Lover of Truth, 13
Williams, Jesse Lynch, The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories, 111
Wood, Aimée M., Musical Romances, 186

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1899. No. 1.

1.16.99

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
SUGGESTION IN LITERARY WORK. *Charlotte Whitcomb.*	1
THE NEED OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE. *Mary Hall Leonard.*	3
EDITORIAL	4
Beginning a Story, 4 — Names in Newspapers, 4 — The Cost of Copyright	4
QUERIES	5
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED	5
WRITERS OF THE DAY	5
Mary Foote Arnold, 5 — Emma Morse Backus, 5 — "S. L. Bacon," 5 — Isabel Gordon Curtis, 6 — "Marian Douglas," 6 — C. H. Eldridge, 6 — Edwin B. Ferguson, 7 — Caroline Leslie Field, 7 — Grace Margaret Gallaher, 7 — George William Gerwig, 8 — Gertrude F. Lynch, 8 — Ernest Neal Lyon, 9 — Annie Willis McCullough, 9 — Paul Elmer More, 9 — Leigh North, 9 — William Charles Peel, 10 — Maude Caldwell Perry, 10 — Henrietta Dana Skinner, 10 — Edith Martin Smith, 11 — Gulielma Zollinger	11
BOOK REVIEWS	12
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS	14
Rudyard Kipling	14
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS	15
A Good Recipe for Black Ink	15
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS	15
NEWS AND NOTES	15

SUGGESTION IN LITERARY WORK.

It may be the good fortune of some to have a mental storehouse so full of material and to be intellectually so well equipped that they can produce a poem or a story on the shortest notice. There are those who claim that their regular practice is to spend so many hours a day at their desks and to produce a uniform amount of work of a uniform degree of excellence at each sitting, — that all they need is pen, ink, and paper, and that brain and hand, being always ready, do the rest. This seems to have been Anthony Trollope's method, as it was that of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and many other prolific writers.

Others own their obligation to inspiration; that is, they must be lifted out of themselves by the power of some great thought or thought-producing emotion. In this state of exaltation they achieve, in an incredibly short time, the masterpiece which comes from the brain shining and perfect like a coin fresh from the mint. Thus were produced "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a multitude of great works.

It is probable, however, that the rank and file stand midway between the two extremes, not able to do their best without mental preparation, and yet working without the spiritual exaltation of the inspired ones.

Some of the best work in the English language has been the longest worked over, as witness Gray's "Elegy." The beginning of "The Pilgrim's Progress" may have been due to exaltation of spirit, — inspiration, — but its weaver author was a painstaking artist in accomplishing this wonderful work, the greatest allegory in the world of letters.

We are all dependent on suggestion. A great French novelist finds his by watching the people and scenes on the street from his study window in Paris. Frank R. Stockton says that what he sees in his rides on the street car to and from his home gives him both characters and ideas.

To some is given the creative faculty — the highest gift of nature to the writer; others have the lesser gifts of narrative description. Let a writer from each class start with the same suggestion, — for example, a ragged and picturesque lad seen in a city alley. One observes him, gets facts concerning him, perhaps seeks him out and talks with him, then "writes him up" in a graphic way, and there results an article, readable and interesting, but of no great literary value. The other sees in him the

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

possible hero of a juvenile story. With this suggestion he makes the boy the central figure around which he weaves his plot, creating other characters which may be needed as the story proceeds, picturing the surroundings, the scenes, and adventures with terse, vivid descriptions, and all the time keeping the reader's attention to the end.

The "o'er true" tale is less popular than formerly, and the same may be said of the "true story." The literary production which is the most representative of general life and character seems in these days to be most in demand, and, it may be added, is the thing which shows the literary artist.

It is curious how a suggestion may lead to a bit of finished work which shall be regarded as a fact from life. Here is a case in point. There occurred a few years ago the execution of a notorious criminal, whose aristocratic mother trained him in selfishness, cruelty, and crime from his boyhood up. A poem was written describing the anguish and remorse of the mother on the execution of her idolized son. The writer, feeling that the publication of this "o'er true" tale would serve no good purpose, wisely changed the verse and took for heroine a purely imaginary character, the humble, God-fearing, German mother of a man who rose to eminence in this his adopted country; the verses depicted the fine old mother's humility, and wonder, and thankfulness over the goodness of God in so blessing her in her son. The poem was laid away for a year or more, and only during the present season was submitted to a popular woman's monthly. The editor wrote in return: "This cannot be accepted without the endorsement of the high official to whom it evidently refers." Quite without knowing it, the writer had described two characters so accurately in nationality, character, and calling that they were believed to be drawn from life.

Here is another case, my own experience. I sat one day watching the lawn mower at work and thinking how recently the grass had been cut and how bravely it had grown since, and how discouraging such constantly defeated effort would be to a sentient being. The air was full of fragrance, not only from the grass, but from some bergamot which, growing in a corner, had been cut also. There resulted from this suggestion a sonnet which portrayed the herb meeting the blade and welcoming self-sacrifice, and told how ever since "her soul of sweetness fills the place." The sonnet was submitted to a great semi-religious journal, which declined it, with the explanation that it had already accepted all the matter *commemorative of Miss Frances Willard* that it could use. A second and a third journal returned the poem, but a fourth trial brought the thanks of the editor and a ten-dollar check.

That same afternoon's observations might suggest several articles—thus, the persevering spirit, shown in the growth of the grass despite discouragements, might form the basis of a Sunday-school story, its parallel being the formation of a strong Christian character, the discipline of seeming defeat only adding strength and beauty as the effort to overcome becomes the rule of life; or the result of the suggestion might be an article to prove by nature "the survival of the fittest," as the grass grows into turf firm and beautiful under the very process which exterminates the worthless weed; or, the poetical plaint of a poor little plant which must die, while her fellows of a hardier physique become glad and strong.

Hall Caine declared, before he wrote "The Christian," that every one of his novels had been suggested by Bible scenes and characters. It would seem at first thought to be a wide stretch for the imagination to cover the space between the plots of "The Manxman" and "The Deemster" and any parallels for them in the Bible, but there are Naboth's vineyard, David and the beautiful wife of Uriah, and also Abraham and Hagar.

Dickens, the great character monger, might be supposed to be exempt from duty to anything but his own creative genius, but no man ever owed more to suggestion. His portraitures have been called, perhaps by the hard-hit, caricatures, but they appeal to us all because they are the reflected images of poor humanity.

Who has not seen among his acquaintance—fortunate if he have not recognized in him-

self — a Pecksniff, a Gradgrind, or a Dick Swiveller, a Dora, a Peggoty, or a Sally Brass? Dickens took the vanities, the foibles, and the passions of mankind and personified and named them, and at the beck of their master they appear on the stage and act their parts. Here stalks Pomposity in cravat and buckram, the Heep of meanness and hypocrisy cringes on an office stool, and Malice in the form of Quilp darts here and there on malevolent errands, misshapen and repulsive.

Let us not forget that suggestion is at liberty to call to her aid her handmaid, imagination, and imagination in the evolution of a plot is a wonder-worker. *Charlotte Whitcomb.*

ST. PAUL, Minn.

THE NEED OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

With all that may be truly said regarding the "passing of the subjunctive" from modern English, there are still two uses of the subjunctive mode that show no tendency to extinction, but seem to be as strongly intrenched in the language as ever.

One of these is the use of the present subjunctive "be" in the hypothesis of a scientific demonstration. Our text-books in physics and geometry still say, "If a pendulum be drawn to one side, it will swing to the other," and, "If the triangle A be superimposed upon the triangle B," etc., etc.

The other is the use of the past subjunctive "were" to express suppositions that are to be expressly indicated as contrary to fact. A writer or a speaker of ordinary intelligence would scarcely be guilty of using the indicative form of the verb in such sentences as: —

"If I were you, I would not do it."

"O that I were at home again."

"If he were the Czar of Russia, instead of an American school boy, he might do it."

In the expression of future uncertainties the indicative is now more frequently heard than the subjunctive. "If it rains to-morrow" is more common than "If it rain to-morrow." The subjunctive has no special advantage over the indicative in such a case, and perhaps the potential, "If it should rain," is better than either.

In expressing one's own uncertainty regarding existing facts, or in allowing a choice between alternatives, there is also perhaps a growing use of the indicative form. Several years ago the president of a great college wrote a sentence as follows: "The inner activities, whether they are called choices, volitions, or purposes, are the springs of conduct." A critical writer commenting on the sentence said: "It is not many years since such a writer would almost certainly have used the subjunctive in the subordinate clause. Yet the two sentences differ in meaning. The indicative seems to imply that the choices, volitions, and purposes are different faculties, while the older and more careful English would imply that they are different names for the same faculty."

Within a few years there has been a great reform in the teaching of English in American schools. Far more attention is also given to this subject than formerly. It would seem as if the careful teaching of verbal distinctions in high schools and colleges ought to prevent the loss of verbal forms which are of real use in discriminating shades of meaning.

I venture to think also that editors have something to do in this regard. If they would use the blue pencil unsparingly in correcting the loose verbal expressions of careless writers, it might do much to preserve to our mother tongue the beauty and adequacy of expression that lies in the appropriate use of the subjunctive mode. *Mary Hall Leonard.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. JANUARY, 1899. NO. 1.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Beginning well is half the battle, in story-writing as in other things. The aim of the writer should be always to catch the attention of the reader at the outset, and he can do that only by presenting in his first paragraph an incident or a picture striking enough to have the desired effect. If he begins his story with something like this, for instance: —

"It was a dull November evening. A chill rain was falling, and water dripped steadily from the eaves and trees. The ground was sodden, and the streets were almost entirely deserted," etc.

the reader is sure to skip speedily to something else. Here, on the other hand, is the opening paragraph of Hamlin Garland's story in *McClure's* for January: —

"He sat in the shade of the lodge, smoking his pipe. His face was thin, keen, and very expressive. The clear brown of his skin was pleasant to see, and his hair, wavy from long confinement in braids, was glossy as a blackbird's wing."

Having read so much, the reader is likely to continue. Mr Garland has not wasted words in commonplace description. He introduces an interesting character in his first sentence, and every succeeding sentence adds an interesting feature to the portrait. The art of beginning well is something that every writer should try hard to master. An instructive and interesting lesson might be learned by studying the opening paragraphs of famous stories, to see how the masters have begun their work.

* * *

An old Boston newspaper man used to say that every name he got into his paper was worth ten cents to him. This idea evidently had never occurred to the reporter referred to in the following veracious tale taken from the *Chicago News*: —

"There was trouble of some kind reported on Desplaines street the other night, and the editor told the new reporter to go over and get the details. He got them, as may be seen from his account of the affair, which was as follows: —

"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed."

* * *

A certificate of copyright now costs sixty cents, in addition to the fifty cents entry fee, since a ten-cent internal revenue stamp on each certificate is required by the war revenue law of 1898.

* * *

THE WRITER learns from reading the "magazine notes" in various newspapers that the

January number of each magazine published in the United States is "easily the best number of this valuable periodical ever issued."

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

In referring to Charles Gordon Rogers and his literary work, the November issue of THE WRITER says: "He was born in Pennsylvania, just before the Franco-Prussian war." As Mr. Rogers is neither French nor German, and as his birth appears in no way to be connected with the historical event mentioned, is not that phrase, "just before the Franco-Prussian war," decidedly irrelevant to the subject in hand — dragged in by the tail, as it were? Would it not be better English to give the date of his birth, or to approximate it in years? H. J. N.

[It is better, as a rule, to fix dates by years than by wars, and there seems to have been no good reason for an exception in Mr. Rogers' case. — W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

It is hard to see what other course was left open to the judge and still retain his self-respect. — *Waterbury American.*	It is hard to see what other course was left open to the judge if he were to retain his self-respect.
The harbor of Havana must look rather different to our naval officers than it did to those who saw it in February last. — *Boston Record.*	The harbor of Havana must look rather different to our naval officers from what it did to those who saw it in February last.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mary Foote Arnold, author of the story, "Betty's Blue Stocking," in *Short Stories* for November, is an Indiana writer. Part of her work has been for newspapers of the city where she lives, in two of which she has edited special columns. The *Times-Herald* and the *Record* of Chicago also have published articles of hers. Besides "Betty's Blue Stocking," she has written stories and articles which have been published by syndicates and magazines. In the Chicago *Times-Herald* contest, several years ago, she was awarded second prize for an article describing a world's fair to be held in the year 2,000. In 1897, she was awarded fifth prize by the Short-story Publishing Company for her story, "A Geometrical Design," which was published in the *Black Cat* in July, 1897.

Emma Morse Backus, whose dialect story "How Mr. Drake Went to Court," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for November, although she is such a happy interpreter of Southern character and dialect, is not a Southerner by birth. She inherits her literary tendencies from a scholarly New England ancestry, having been born in the old Morse homestead at Woodstock, Conn. It was from this same old homestead, in 1779, that Rev. Jedidiah Morse, known as the father of American geography (though he is now better remembered for his theological writings than for his geographies), went up to Yale. Samuel Finley Morse, the father of the telegraph, and Edward Sidney Morse, to whom New York owes its first religious newspaper, the *Observer*, were grandsons of this old home. Mrs. Backus' first literary work was as household editor of the *Southbridge Journal*, in 1887. In the years gone by, this little country journal in southern Massachusetts appears to have been a mascot to its young editors. Among those whose first literary work was done in its columns are "Jennie June" and Mrs. Alice Whittaker. The past ten years Mrs. Backus has spent in the South. She is thoroughly in love with her adopted home, and is ever ready with her pen to put the virtues and lovable characteristics of its people before the world. In one of her articles she told Northern people going South to "take their winter clothing and leave their prejudices behind." She was one of the editors of the *Connecticut Home*, and from that time has been constantly doing earnest work in the temperance cause. Mrs. Backus is an invalid, but her mind submits to no restrictions; she is an enthusiastic student of folklore and has been a regular contributor to the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for several years.

"S. L. Bacon," who wrote the story, "Up to Carter's," in *Short Stories* for December, is really Mrs. S. B. Thornton. In answer to an inquiry she writes: "I have written now for

several years and always under my maiden name, or rather, the initials, 'S. L. Bacon,' although a few years ago I married Dr. R. H. Thornton, of Newport, Ky. My early life was spent in Virginia and a part of it in Georgia. I have written a number of dialect stories, mostly touching on the same life described in "Up to Carter's," which have appeared in various magazines, also others of different style, and for children, in the *Youth's Companion* and various children's papers. I was fortunate enough to secure the prize for the best pathetic etching which was offered by *Short Stories* in its latest competition. The most difficult request which I have frequently made to me is to write a cheerful story. My best success has been with those that I call my 'dirges.' I am giving most of my attention at present to the writing of children's stories, and hope before long to bring out a book for children's especial benefit."

Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of the newspaper story, "Margaret Clyde's Extra," in *St. Nicholas* for November, is an experienced newspaper woman, who has done much literary work. She was born and brought up in Huntly, Scotland, a small granite-gray town in Aberdeenshire, known best as the birthplace of George Macdonald. "While a child," she says, "I followed step by step the scenes of Macdonald's stories, laid as they were within the bleak environs of Huntly, and my one ambition, even in those days, I remember, was to write a story. There followed a six-years' sojourn in Canada, then a visit to Springfield, Mass., and an offer of a position on the staff of the Phelps Publishing Company. The work ranged from editing the dramatic page of the *Springfield Homestead* to handling the 'Mothers and Daughters' department in the *American Agriculturist*. At present I aid my husband with the editorship of his paper, the *Chronicle*, of Binghamton, N. Y. What story writing I have done during the past ten years has found place in all sorts of publications, some of them being the *Cosmopolitan*, *Lippincott's*, the *Independent*, *Godey's*, and *St. Nicholas*. Certain of these stories have been tales of stage life, and the work I am busy upon at present is a collection of short stories which deal with theatrical life. The joys and sorrows, the triumphs and disappointments, of people of the stage have come near my view as a dramatic editor, and there is a world of romance on the other side of the footlights which offers a fascinating field to the story writer." *St. Nicholas* has another newspaper story by Mrs. Curtis ready for the Fourth of July number.

"Marian Douglas," whose parlor drama, "Mary's Marriage," appeared in *Harper's Bazar* for November 12, is Mrs. Annie D. Robinson. "I am too fitful and infrequent a writer to be classed among the literary workers of today," she writes, "yet one of the greatest pleasures of my life is the kind recognition which my ungathered and now widely scattered verses have received from those whose praise I value. With a few exceptional magazine articles, and a little book, 'Peter and Polly' issued by James R. Osgood & Co., in the Centennial year), my published writings have been almost entirely in verse. The first money a printed article ever brought me was eight dollars from *Godey's Lady's Book*, for a parlor drama in rhyme called 'The Village with One Gentleman,' written originally for a merry band of village young people, of whom I was one. This play, though now old-fashioned, has still, in its way, held its own from the civil war days until now. A long time ago, while reading by chance the incidents of a minister's life in a parish in Scotland, I found, told most briefly, how a young girl on her wedding day, being in great distress because she could not give her waiting bridegroom the love she felt to be his due, frankly told him, and he, a practical and middle-aged man, concluded at once to marry her more prosaic and more willing sister. The plot seemed to me an excellent one for a drama, and, taking the characters to New England, I wrote 'Mary's Marriage.' Feeling timid in regard to it, I laid it by for years before venturing to offer it to *Harper's Bazar*, a paper in which a large number of my poems have appeared."

C. H. Eldridge, whose story, "Within an Inch of My Life," appeared in *Short Stories* for December, was born in the last year of the

civil war "on the banks of the Wabash," at Lafayette, Ind. His first writing for publication was done at Purdue University, in that city, where he established a college paper. From this he graduated to the city editorship of a newly established local morning daily, which began life in an attic over the office of a Sunday publication, as he says "with a paste pot and a plug hat full of second-hand type for stock." The *Daily Call* is now one of the leading papers of Lafayette. Since his year with that paper and his entrance into other lines of business, Mr. Eldridge's sketches have been desultory and have invariably been used by newspapers until the tale recently printed by *Short Stories*. The fact that this story was accepted immediately upon receipt, without the usual state of probation, goes to prove the value of newspaper training. Mr. Eldridge has had a number of songs published, which have been favorably received, and has successfully produced two or three original operatic burlesques on tragedies. He is a writer and a composer, however, for recreation only, being during business hours, to quote his own phrase, "an everyday, hum-drum superintendent of agents for an insurance company," in a Southern city.

Edwin B. Ferguson, author of the story, "The Red and Black Poster," in *Donahoe's Magazine* for November, is a student in the Theological Department at Yale. "The sketch in *Donahoe's*," he says, "was born of my own experience as a printer's 'prentice in the city of Boston. It seems to me a great pity that in the rush and grind of industrial life so many of us should have that joy which comes of finding creative work for one's own self to do in the world knocked out of us. I think it is a bad world till every man at his own craft can become an artist. The little story in *Donahoe's* was to show how one boy, like unto thousands in a somewhat untoward lot, did find his vocation, and how it became

> "An inward light,
> To make the path before him always bright."

Mr. Ferguson was born twenty five years ago in Buffalo, N. Y. During the last few years he has been living and working part of the time in large cities, and part of the time on farms, in Massachusetts and in Ontario, Canada. He is studying now in preparation for the ministry

---

Caroline Leslie Field, author of the novelette, "Preference," which appeared in *Harper's Bazar* for November 19, is the daughter of Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, and has published two books, besides various short stories and poems, which have appeared from time to time in different periodicals. Her first book, written when she was young, was a novelette, entitled "High-lights," and was published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. The second was a small volume of verses, entitled "The Unseen King," which appeared about a year later. "High-lights" was written in 1878, and was destroyed in the fire which burned out James R. Osgood & Co., just on the eve of its publication. Mrs. Field had no full copy, but rewrote it seven years later, from rough notes and from memory. "My life," she says, "has been given to my sons, and always will be. For the public I have only an occasional story or poem. To these, the reading world has been uniformly kind, and I am grateful."

Grace Margaret Gallaher, whose story, "A Question of Happiness," printed in the November *Century*, won the first prize in the *Century* competition for 1898, was born in New York, but has lived nearly all her life in a village on the Connecticut river, three and a half miles from Long Island Sound. "I have read constantly since I was a little girl," she says, "any books that I happened to find. I never wrote anything, however, till I entered Vassar College. There I became the editor of the magazine published in the college, besides writing, with others, some plays presented in college, and sketches for the college year-book. I have written a large number of stories and articles for the newspapers and the unimportant magazines. What I wrote I regard as 'pot-boilers' merely, and date my first story from 'A Question of Happiness' in the *Century*. I was greatly surprised to win the prize, as I had postponed trying for it until just a week before the closing of the competition, and was obliged in that time to create my story, write it, and have it typewritten. Its simplicity, which is

said to be its merit, seemed to me then so great a fault that I hesitated to submit the story to the *Century*."

George William Gerwig, author of the story; "The Opal Vial," in the *Overland Monthly* for November, is secretary of the school board of controllers in Allegheny, Penn. In answer to an inquiry, he writes: "I was born (1867) at Paris, Ohio (McKinley's county), and educated at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln (Bryan's town). Neither of these gentlemen could protect themselves in this matter, however, and it should not be held against them. I more than suspect that I am one of those unfortunate beings with the inclination to write, but without the ability. One of my best friends and critics told me the other day that I had ability in one line which amounted to positive genius—in the line of stating the obvious in a commonplace way. My business duties since leaving college have always taken the most of my time and the best of my energy. Getting the Free Text-book and Compulsory Education laws into good running condition has left me but little time for courting the muse. So I have done little more than keep myself out of (worse) mischief, and help swell Uncle Samuel's postal receipts, so far. But I have firmly determined to do one of two things: either to write a good short story before I die or to die before I write a good short story—just for my own satisfaction. I have a moderately complete collection of editorial regrets, but I never got a story back without agreeing with the man who rejected it, upon reading it over again, and I have had several stories printed only to discover when they were in relentless type that they were still maddeningly crude. If some power should agree to grant one wish for this world (and almost for the next), I would contentedly ask, 'Let me be one of those who shall write short stories combining the best of American ideals and French art—the essence of James Lane Allen and Maupassant.' I did have the good fortune to study under one of the best teachers of Literature in this country, Dr. L. A. Sherman, whose 'Analytics of Literature' is the best book for those who are trying to learn to write that I ever saw, and I have read everything I could get my hands on, in search of genuine help. I am a firm believer in the theory, which is indeed more than a theory now, that the technique of literature may be systematically and even scientifically studied and acquired. This does not mean that every one who studies, or even acquires, the technique alone will thereupon become a Shakespeare, any more than it means that any one who studies and conquers the finger exercises will become a Paderewski. Neither does this mean rhetoric. Rhetoric is presupposed—taken for granted—required for admission. Dr. Sherman has just started a School of Constructive English in his department at the University of Nebraska, which is doing precisely what I mean. I have done some little newspaper work on the Lincoln and Pittsburg papers, and have had stories printed in the *Midland Monthly*, the *Presbyterian Banner*, the *Home Monthly*, and the *Pittsburg Bulletin*. I sold a story to *Lippincott's* recently, but it has not been printed yet. The true inwardness of the Homestead strike has never been written. I have been collecting material on the subject for a year and a half, and have written 10,000 words upon it, but it is not right yet. I believe I have the making of a good story, if I can get it in proper artistic shape. But Art is not getting much shorter, while Time is as fleet as ever."

Gertrude F. Lynch, whose story, "A Marriage of Sympathy," appeared in *Short Stories* for November, is a versatile writer who has done a great deal of work, in prose and in verse, for the newspapers, magazines, and syndicates. Short-story writing has been a favorite occupation with her, and at least one of her stories, published by the Arkell Publishing Company and entitled "The Woman and the Girl," which was illustrated by Malcolm Fraser, attracted considerable attention. She writes now for the *New York Sunday Herald*, the *Criterion*, *Ev'ry Month*, and one or two syndicates. Miss Lynch is of New England birth, her native place being New London, Conn. She is associated with the Daughters of the Revolution, Mrs. Donald McLean's Chapter, and is an active member of the "Pen and Brush," a unique society of

artists and writers, which was described in an article in THE WRITER for July, 1898.

Ernest Neal Lyon, whose ballad, "Hobson of Alabama" (as told by an ex-Confederate), in *Current Literature* for November, has received favorable comment from critics and from relatives and friends of the lieutenant, lives in Alabama. "I was born in Greenfield, Mass.," said Mr. Lyon recently, "and was graduated from Colgate University in 1897. I have since been professor of English in the Marion Military Institute at Marion, Ala. My verse-making has been the work of odd intervals. I have secured from editors a rare and complete collection of checks,—on the Bank of Ambition,—and have occasionally varied this exciting amusement by doing acceptable verse for the *New York Sun*, *Puck*, *Current Literature*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Christian Endeavor World*, *Peterson's Magazine*, the *Bachelor of Arts*, *Will Carleton's Magazine*, the *Iroquois Magazine*, and various newspapers. My family may be called 'literary,' as my mother, Mary W. Lyon, was a contributor of devotional poetry to the *Independent* and other religious papers, and my sister, Grace Lyon, is associated with *Will Carleton's Magazine*."

Annie Willis McCullough, author of the poem, "Christmas-tree Lights," in *St. Nicholas* for December, and of the charming verses, "The Pillow Fairies," in the January number of the same magazine, has for ten years been engaged in literary and journalistic work, for syndicates, newspapers, and periodicals. She has done almost every sort of work, but just now writes mostly for mothers and for children. Her specialty is the amusement of children by songs, verses, stories, and the invention of devices for their play and occupation. A series of articles by her, under the heading "A Busy Mother," will be a feature of *Harper's Bazar* for 1899.

Paul Elmer More, whose paper, "The Wholesome Revival of Byron," appeared in the December *Atlantic*, was born and lived until recently in St. Louis. He graduated in 1887 at Washington University in that city. "For several years," he writes, "my reading was chiefly in the classics and the schoolroom. From the latter I passed to oriental literature, first Hebrew and then Sanskrit. In 1892 I came to the graduate school at Harvard and studied, chiefly Sanskrit and Pâli, for three years, the third year assisting Professor Lanman in his Sanskrit classes. Then for two years (1895-1897) I taught Sanskrit and lectured on Greek and Latin literature in Bryn Mawr College. The past two years I have passed in a little house among the mountains of New Hampshire, alone with my books, no human dwelling being in sight from my house, and my only living companion a huge St. Bernard dog. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have published two books for me: "The Great Refusal, being the Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham," which is a sort of romance told in letters and verses; and just recently "A Century of Indian-Epigrams, being chiefly translations from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari." They have just published also a small pamphlet of translations from Plato ("The Judgment of Socrates") in the Riverside Literature Series. My only contributions to magazines, besides the article on Byron, have been a couple of essays on Greek Literature in the *New World* and several unsigned reviews in the *Atlantic*."

Leigh North, author of the little Chinese story, "The Flight of the Yellow Dragon," in the December number of *Short Stories*, is a native of Pennsylvania, but upon her marriage, some ten years ago, she removed to the neighborhood of New Brunswick, N. J., where she now resides. Preferring a quiet life, she does not allow her taste for literary pursuits to interfere with domestic and other duties. She has contributed to a large number of periodicals, but is not a voluminous writer. Some years spent abroad gave her a bent for foreign stories, which have been generally acceptable, and she has appeared in connection with various prize offers. A serial, "Allendale's Choice; a Village Tale," published by the *Living Church*, was subsequently brought out in book form by the Young Churchman Company, and

she shared with a relative, C. E. D. Phelps, the authorship of "The Bailiff of Tewkesbury," now in its second edition, which was published by the Editor Publishing Company, and which has been received with more than ordinary favor.

William Charles Peel, who wrote the comical story entitled "Peter the Great," in the October number of *Short Stories*, is by nativity an Englishman, although he was born in Pau, the south of France. He has traveled extensively. For twelve years he has lived in the United States, where he now makes his home. He has written several articles for magazines, and is now writing a series of short stories on native life in Java. Mr. Peel is a strong opponent of the money-lending system practiced and allowed in England, and has written well-known articles on the subject.

Maude Caldwell Perry, author of the poem, "Summer Died Last Night," in the December *Atlantic*, was born in Michigan, where she now resides, in January, 1873, but lived for many years in northern Ohio. Her college course was taken at Ann Arbor. It was an irregular course, on account of ill health; once she was absent for two and a half years, and once again for a year. A great part of those intervals was spent on the Pacific coast in Washington. She was married in the fall of 1895, at the opening of her last year in college. Her husband is a lawyer. Since that year she has lived at Pontiac, but she expects soon to remove to New York city. Mrs. Perry's literary work has appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *Youth's Companion*. There is a little story connected with her contribution to the *Atlantic*. Last August Mr. Page accepted from her a war poem that she cared for deeply, but peace was declared and the poem was no longer suitable. It was returned very kindly, and another was asked for in its place. Out of the number sent in response, "Summer Died Last Night" was chosen. Mrs. Perry's chief interest is in dramatic work. The field she cares most for is in mediæval French history, and in that field she is working constantly. Now she is chiefly employed on a tragedy called "Alcuin," and she will go abroad this spring with that chiefly in her mind. The route she will follow will be through those countries principally which the history of Charlemagne illuminates. At Ann Arbor Mrs. Perry was a constant contributor to all of the students' publications. Speaking of her college instruction, she said recently: "Whatever of sanity and coherence may have developed in my rhetorical methods during and since my college days is due, and whatever measure of success on the technical side of my craft may ever meet me will be due, in a great degree, to the kind instructor and keen critic that I found in Professor Fred Newton Scott of the University of Michigan."

Henrietta Dana Skinner (Henrietta Channing Dana), whose story, "Pancho's Happy Family," appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for November, is the youngest daughter of the late Richard H. Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years Before the Mast," and granddaughter of the elder Richard Dana, poet, and editor of the *North American Review*. Mrs. Skinner's childhood was passed in Cambridge, Mass., near the home of the poet Longfellow, and for five years she shared the studies of his younger children under their English governess. At the age of thirteen she went to Germany and entered the artist school of the Stuttgart Conservatory, where she studied the piano for two years under Pruckner. She then went to the boarding school of the convent of the Assumption near Paris, continuing her musical studies under the celebrated composer, César Franck. On her return to America she attended a private school in Boston, and became a pupil of the pianist Madeline Schiller. While at the Paris convent Mrs. Skinner was a schoolfellow of the young Princess Mercedes of Orleans, for a few months Queen of Spain. Mrs. Skinner's schoolgirl letters from the convent were published in *Scribner's Magazine* for April, 1878, under the title, "A Queen at School." They attracted much attention, and were translated into French and Spanish, and republished abroad. In spite of much encouragement from eminent literary men, — Dr.

Holmes writing her: "You have told one story so well that you must tell many. Cowper or Horace Walpole could hardly have served your Queen better, and it is quite clear that your pen belongs to the public,"—it was not till fourteen years later that, with the exception of occasional letters to the *Nation* and the *Boston Transcript*, she began again to write for publication. An article, "What French Girls Study," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1892, and a "request" article on French school life in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for the same month. "Love Songs of the Tuscan Peasantry," "Italian Harvest Scenes," and a poem appeared in the *Catholic World Magazine* in the following year. A number of articles on educational and historical subjects and sketches of foreign travel appeared in other Catholic magazines and reviews. Mrs. Skinner lived for many years in Europe, chiefly in France and Italy. In 1886 she returned to Cambridge with her mother, and was for two years a special student at Radcliffe College, then the "Harvard Annex." In June, 1892 she married Henry Whipple Skinner, of Detroit, Mich., and has since resided in Detroit where she has been active in musical and patriotic associations. Mrs. Skinner is a member of the Detroit "Tuesday Musicale," and is president of its Piano Club. She was one of the organizers of the Colonial Dame Society in Michigan, was the first chairman of the Order of Descendants of Colonial Governors in that state, and is now Governor General of the National Order. She is also a Daughter of the American Revolution, and a United States Daughter of 1812. Mrs. Skinner has one child, a son, Richard Dana Skinner. "Pancho's Happy Family" is Mrs. Skinner's first effort in fiction. A longer story, in the form of a novel, which she has lately been engaged upon, will be published in book form by Harper & Brothers in February.

Edith Martin Smith, who wrote the story, "Where the Cactus Blooms," published in *Donahoe's Magazine* for November, is a native of Baltimore, Md. Miss Martin was educated mainly at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., where she easily led her classes, and was graduated with high honors. There she evinced a talent for composition, which was fostered, and she was chosen as the valedictorian of her class. After spending four years in the East, she went to reside in Silver City, New Mexico, which is still the home of her family. She had already made her début in literary work, which she there continued at intervals and with marked encouragement. During a visit to Baltimore, however, her hand was sought and obtained by Peter Xavier Smith, of Norfolk, Va., a young lawyer of noble character and brilliant promise. A happy wedded life of five years followed, and then death entered the little household, bearing away the husband and father, almost without warning, so brief had been his illness. Overwhelmed with grief, Mrs. Smith with her two lovely children left Norfolk, the scene of so much happiness and sorrow, for a long visit to Silver City. During these years her pen had been entirely idle, for her ideas of wifely and maternal devotion are very lofty. But now her neglected talent came as a diversion from her sorrow. Her stories appeared in different magazines, and two among them, "Dolores" and "Carmencita," were notably beautiful and picturesque, the scene of each being laid in New Mexico. Her work shows that the soul which has passed through the waters of anguish has won the power of administering consolation and help to poor, suffering, human nature. Mrs. Smith's style is sympathetic—full of vigor and originality; she has graphic powers of description, and in her character-painting she holds the mirror up to nature. Touches of local color with delicate bits of humor light up her narrative, which is replete with life and dramatic movement.

Gulielma Zollinger, author of the story, "The Cash Basis," which appeared in the *Youth's Companion* for November 3, has lived in Newton, Iowa, all her life. "The Cash Basis" is one of a number of stories she has written for the *Youth's Companion*. Miss Zollinger's work so far has been almost exclusively for the young, ranging from the tiny tots up to the boys and girls who are almost grown. She has

published two books—one in 1897, issued by the Pilgrim Press, Boston, and entitled "Dan Drummond," and the other in 1898, issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and entitled "The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys." Both books have been highly complimented by the reviewers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Illustrated. 295 pp. Cloth, $2.50. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1898.

In Mr. Howe's handsome volume are reprinted, with important additions and corrections, the articles on "American Bookmen" which have been appearing for some time in the *Bookman*. The scope of the book is shown by the chapter headings, which are: Washington Irving; James Fenimore Cooper; William Cullen Bryant; Edgar Allan Poe; Willis, Halleck, and Drake; The Historians, especially Prescott and Parkman; Some Humorists; Emerson and Concord; Nathaniel Hawthorne; Walt Whitman; Whittier and Lowell; Longfellow and Holmes. The author has made no effort to give a complete account of American authors, and advises the reader that he has not attempted to throw entirely new light upon themes already thrice familiar, or to deliver himself in terms of ultimate criticism. His purpose has been to bring together from many sources some of the more interesting facts in the lives of the men with whom he has been concerned and to present these facts primarily as a narrator, incidentally as a critic. The book is made more interesting by nearly one hundred portraits, fac-similes, and sketches, and it has a useful index. Mr. Howe's writing is both lucid and luminous, and his book is an important addition to American literary history.

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF RECENT AUTHORS. By Hattie Tyng Griswold. 352 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1898.

This companion volume to "The Home Life of Great Authors," which was published in 1866, treats of writers some of whom have become prominent since then, and some of whom, for lack of space, could not be taken up in the earlier book. The author's plan provides for a personal and critical sketch of each author discussed, with a half-tone portrait to accompany each sketch. The biographies are interesting and well written, and the author has obtained her facts from trustworthy sources. The portraits are unusually good. The authors treated are: Tennyson, Renan, Darwin, Matthew Arnold, Du Maurier, Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, Huxley, Mrs. Stowe, Stevenson, Howells, Louisa M. Alcott, Tolstoï, Kipling, Christina Rossetti, Thoreau, Bayard Taylor, Barrie.

THE MONTHLY CUMULATIVE BOOK INDEX. December, 1898. 237 pp Paper, $1.50 a year. Minneapolis: Morris & Wilson. 1898.

The "Monthly Cumulative Index" catalogues in one alphabet, under author, subject, and title, the books of 1898. The January number of the "Index" will catalogue the books of the month, and this will supplement the December number. The February "Index" will include all that is in the January number, and in the same alphabet will catalogue the books issued to date of publication. When it has been issued, the January number may be discarded. The March number will be cumulated for three months, and in April the "Index" will again be fully cumulated, so that it will furnish complete information in one alphabet concerning the books of 1898 and 1899 to date. Subsequent numbers will form a succession of cumulated supplements until November, when the whole information, corrected and brought down to date, will be reprinted, thus forming a bibliography of American publications for twenty-one months. The December, 1898, number contains a directory of publishers. The publishers of the "Index" are doing a most useful work, and they deserve generous support.

IN NATURE'S IMAGE Chapters on pictorial photography. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. Illustrated. Second edition. 114 pp. Cloth, in box, $2.50. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. 1898.

Regarded merely as a beautiful fine-art publication, "In Nature's Image" is one of the most interesting volumes published during 1898. It is a good deal more, however, than a collection of artistic pictures. Every one of its hundred or more illustrations is an example of the highest photographic art, and the pictures, taken in connection with the text, afford invaluable instruction in the theory of pictorial photography. "Sunlight and Shadow," published by Mr. Adams in 1897, was principally written and illustrated from the point of view of the landscape and out-of door subjects, and subordinated the more difficult, and also interesting, work of figure composition, portraiture, and kindred subjects. "In Nature's Image" takes up this department of photography, and teaches, both by precept and example, in the most effective way. The opening chapter discusses "Landscape and Figures," and the second chapter, "Figures and Landscape." Other chapters are devoted to Genre, Telling a Story, Models, The Nude in Photography, Portraiture at Home, Children, Photographing Flowers, and Interiors. In each case practical and useful hints are given to the amateur, and the pictures used to illustrate the methods suggested are all gems of photographic art. The

book is beautifully printed and tastefully bound, and every art lover, whether especially interested in photography or not, will want to own a copy.

LOOM AND SPINDLE. By Harriet H. Robinson. 216 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1898.

Somebody has said that the story of any life, properly written, would make an entertaining book. In "Loom and Spindle" Mrs. Robinson has sketched her own biography, and it is more than ordinarily interesting, because her experience has been more than ordinary. Born in Boston, she went with her mother, when she was still a child, to Lowell, where, at the age of ten, she began work as a "doffer" in a cotton mill. Her account of life among the mill-girls of Lowell sixty years ago is exceedingly interesting. In 1831 Lowell was little more than a factory village, and the operatives were mostly New England country girls, of good families, who took quick advantage of an opportunity offered them — an unusual thing for women in those days — to work for money. The high intellectual attainments of these girls were shown in their publication of the *Lowell Offering*, the historic mill-girls' magazine, for which Mrs. Robinson wrote, and to which she devotes a considerable portion of her book. Her biographical sketches of the most important of the mill-girl writers, including Lucy Larcom and her sister, have much historical and literary value. In her sketch of Lucy Larcom she quotes from a letter in which Miss Larcom wrote: "I have done nothing worth speaking of in a literary sense, but I love to write, and I suppose I shall go on trying to express myself in this way always. The material fact that I have never earned more than enough with my pen than to meet, with difficulty, the necessary expenses of living does not in the least discourage me, or make me willing to write the trash that 'pays.'" Again, in February, 1891, Miss Larcom wrote: "'A New England Girlhood' has as yet brought me only about two hundred dollars. How can writers live by writing?" In another place Mrs. Robinson says: "I have been asked if Mr. Whittier and Miss Larcom were never more than friends. I can truly answer, no." She also tells the story of the poem, "Hannah Binding Shoes." "It was written," she says, "shortly after Miss Larcom's return from Illinois, when the great contrast between the rugged sea-coast, so familiar to her early years, and the 'boundlessness of commonplace' of the level country she had just left, impressed her most vividly. One summer afternoon, when she was riding through Marblehead, a face at a window riveted her attention, and it haunted her for weeks. Meanwhile the refrain of the lyric, with its peculiar metre, and the face continually chased each other through her mind, until to get rid of their importunate presence she one day sat down and imprisoned them together in 'immortal verse.'"

A GREAT LOVE. By Clara Louise Burnham. 309 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1898.

Mrs. Burnham's stories are always sane, natural, amusing, and interesting, and it is not strange that more than 100,000 copies of "A Great Love" have already been demanded from the publishers. The scene of the story is laid in Boston, and the chief characters are a typical Beacon-street woman and her daughter, both, of course, examples of the highest cultivation; a Colorado girl who is studying music and trying to fine herself out of talking slang; the two young men, one a butterfly and the other a bee, with whom the two girls naturally pair off; and a gay married woman, who makes trouble before the tale is ended. The dialogue, of which there is a great deal, is witty and entertaining, and the plot is natural and lifelike, excepting at the very end, where Mrs. Burnham, in trying to lift the story to its title, suddenly introduces a new character and works out a denouement that is both improbable and disappointing. She would have done better to change her title, and end the story easily and happily. It would be interesting, by the way, to know how Mrs. Burnham acquired the complete collection of up-to-date slang which she has distributed so amusingly through the pages of her story.

THE CHORDS OF LIFE. Poems, by Charles H. Crandall. 157 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Springdale, Conn.: Printed for the Author. 1898.

Mr. Crandall's poems are full of music, and the thought that they express is always pure, sweet, and uplifting. They treat of the poetic phases of everyday life, and many of them touch the heart, while all are read with pleasure. Mr. Crandall has made a special study of the sonnet, and his own use of the sonnet-form is very skillful. Many of the poems in his book are reprinted from such publications as the *Century*, *Harper's Monthly*, the *Independent* and others of high standing.

A LOVER OF TRUTH. By Eliza Orne White. 310 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1898.

Miss White's "Lover of Truth" is introduced as a boy so abnormally conscientious that when he was asked "Button, button, who has the button?" at a children's party he answered: "I have. I'm not going to lie for an old game." His mania for truth-telling at all times and seasons rules his life as he grows older, and makes him an unfit companion for the loving, impulsive, charming young girl who marries him, and whom he neglects, even when she is dying, almost in her girlhood. In spite of his unlovely character, the heroine of the story imagines that she loves him, until at last

her eyes are opened to the weakness of his character and she begins to see the merit of the sensible young man whose love she has until then rejected. Another love story is interwoven with the one outlined and adds to the interest and attraction of the book. The story is charmingly told, and its purpose is commendable. The characters are individual and interesting, and the book as a whole is a worthy successor to "Miss Brooks," "The Coming of Theodora," and "Winterborough," all of which have won credit for the author.

THE PRINCESS AND JOE POTTER. By James Otis. Illustrated. 249 pp. Cloth, $1.25 Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

"The Princess" in Mr. Kaler's story is a little girl who strays from her nurse at the Grand Central depot in New York, and is picked up by Joe Potter, a street boy, who takes upon himself the responsibility of caring for her. The subsequent adventures of the two make a story that will interest young readers, who are not likely to consider whether the plot is probable or not.

THE CRUISE OF THE COMET. By James Otis. Illustrated. 173 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

"The Cruise of the Comet" is a lively story of privateering in the war of 1812, and tells how two Yankee boys took an active share in a dozen thrilling sea fights and duly earned their share of $700,000 prize money. The details of the book have been gathered chiefly from letters written by the boy Stephen Burton to a cousin in Portsmouth, N. H., and the main facts of the story are historically accurate. The book is well written, and boys — and girls, too, for that matter — will read it with delight.

WHEN ISRAEL PUTNAM SERVED THE KING. By James Otis. Illustrated 109 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

The scene of this exciting story for boys is laid near Lake Champlain, where Major Putnam served the king in the French and Indian war in 1758 as zealously as General Putnam served the colonies in Revolutionary times. Based upon historical facts, it is full of excitement and adventure, and any live boy is sure to follow the experiences of the two boys who are its chief characters with the most eager interest.

UNDER THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG. By F. H. Costello. Illustrated. 302 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

The "rattlesnake flag," with its significant emblem of the divided snake, and its motto, "Unite or die!" was made unpleasantly familiar to the British before the colonies adopted the stars and stripes as the national banner, and Mr. Costello's story tells of the adventures of a patriotic American lad who started under it with Captain Spinney on the True Heart on a privateering expedition at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. After an eventful cruise the True Heart is sunk by a British warship, and Captain Spinney and the hero of the story find themselves alone on a small uninhabited island. How they make their escape on a derelict, and what adventures they have on a merchantman which picks them up, and which is attacked by pirates, Mr. Costello tells in a lively style sure to captivate and fascinate boy readers.

THE LOST CITY. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr. Illustrated. 325 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

Chasing a tornado in an air-ship and trying to photograph it for scientific purposes, Professor Featherwit and his companions are drawn into the suction of the whirlwind and carried on a wild ride to the great unknown land in the Olympic region of the State of Washington, where neither white men nor Indians have penetrated before them. The imagination that could conceive such an adventure is not likely to stop working after its first achievement, and Mr. Badger's subsequent inventions will not disappoint the reader who is seeking for the marvelous. His tornado-riders find the Lost City of the Aztecs, rescue a lost balloonist and free his captive wife and daughter, and after many hair-raising experiences among the Children of the Sun return by the shortest air-ship route to civilization and the dull prose of the humdrum realities of ordinary life.

A MINISTER OF THE WORLD. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Illustrated 187 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1898.

This story of the life of a young New England preacher, who is called from a village church to the pulpit of a rich congregation in New York, tells of his relations with two young women, each of whom loved him in her own way, and shows how the influences at work in a fashionable parish may prove too strong for the earnest, simple-minded, powerful young man who thinks that he can turn them according to his ideas of what is right. The story is reprinted from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and is illustrated with a portrait of the author and other photogravures from drawings by W. T. Smedley.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Kipling. — Rudyard Kipling has again been trapped by the wiles of the interviewer, this time somewhere in mid-Atlantic. In a weak moment the famous author began unconsciously to talk of himself and his poems. The interviewer then ventured a cautious appreciation of the "Recessional" — and sends the result to

the *Daily Mail.* "Ah," said Kipling, "that poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised the *Times* a poem on the Jubilee, and when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The *Times* began to want that poem badly and sent letter after letter asking for it. I made many more attempts, but no further progress. Finally, the *Times* began sending telegrams. So I shut myself in my room with a determination to stay there until I had written a Jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked. That was, 'Lest we forget.' 'Round these words the 'Recessional' was written."—*London Daily Mail.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

A Good Recipe for Black Ink. — The following recipe for black ink is 200 years old, and documents written with the ink two centuries ago are as clear and black as they were when they were written: "Take of rain water 1 quart; galls, bruised, 3 ounces; green copperas (sulphate of iron), 1½ ounces; gum arabic, 2½ ounces. The galls must be coarsely powdered and put into a bottle with the other ingredients and the water added. The bottle, when securely stoppered, should be placed in the light (sun if possible) and its contents occasionally stirred until the gum and copperas are dissolved, after which it is enough to shake the bottle daily, and in the course of a month or six weeks the ink will be fit to use. Twenty drops of carbolic acid added to the contents of the bottle will effectually prevent the formation and growth of mold." T. L.

BOSTON, MASS.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

CARLYLE'S DRAMATIC PORTRAYAL OF CHARACTER. Florence Hotchkiss. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

THE CARLYLES IN SCOTLAND. Illustrated. John Patrick. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

THE MANY SIDED FRANKLIN. (His schooling and self-culture — His services to education — His library.) Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE. — II. Julia Ward Howe. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. — I. Edited by Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

MARK TWAIN'S PETS. Illustrated. Edwin Wildman. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for January.

A REPORTER'S RECOLLECTIONS. J. L. Sprogle. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for January.

SOME PICTURE-BOOKS OF OLDEN DAYS. Illustrated. Mary E. Allen. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for January.

SOME AMERICAN WRITERS. R. Candiani. *Parisian* (18 c.) for January.

A TREASURE HOUSE OF LITERATURE (the New York public library). Illustrated. Albert Sheppard Monroe. *Metropolitan* (18 c.) for January.

SCOTCH REVERENCE FOR BURNS. Illustrated. H. Glenn Martin. *Metropolitan* (18 c.) for January.

NEW YORK'S DRAMATIC CRITICS. With portraits of Franklin Fyles, William Winter, Alan Dale, Hillary Bell, Norman Hapgood, and others. T. S. Moran. *Metropolitan* (18 c.) for January.

SHOULD CHILDREN UNDER TEN LEARN TO READ AND WRITE? Professor G. T. W. Patrick. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for January.

CHICAGO AS A LITERARY CENTRE. *International Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

THE LITERATURE OF ACTION. Edmund Gosse. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

RECENT PHASES OF LITERARY CRITICISM John Burroughs. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

LABOR-SAVING DEVICES IN LITERARY WORK. J Howe Adams. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A NEWSPAPER WOMAN. Elizabeth G. Jordan. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for January.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WOMAN REPORTER. *Ev'ry Month* (13 c.) for December.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM. Cynthia Westover Alden. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (13 c.) for December.

TENNYSON, THE MAN. C Fisher. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for December.

EMERSON'S HOME IN CONCORD. James Narin. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for December.

BOOK-COVER DESIGNING AND DECORATION. Illustrated. *Self Culture* (13 c) for December.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAR ON LITERATURE. Carina B. C. Eaglesfield. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for December.

MR. HOWELLS AND SOME OF HIS NOVELS. With portrait. Adele M. Garrigues. *Self Culture* (13 c) for December.

COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING, JR. With portraits. Albert Shaw. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for December.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A little less than $28,000 is said to be the sum paid to Mr. Harris for the London *Saturday Review.*

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, who has just recovered from a severe illness, sailed for Europe December 19, by advice of her physician. Mrs. Dodge intends to spend the winter in Egypt and Italy.

"C. E. Raimond" is the actress, Miss Elizabeth Robins.

A popular bi-monthly magazine of ornithology, to be known as *Bird Lore*, will be published, beginning in February, by the Macmillan Company. Frank M. Chapman will be the editor.

The *American Journal of Photography* (Philadelphia) will hereafter be published by Austin C. Leeds, while the editorial department will continue to be under the direction of John Bartlett.

The *Voice* (New York) changed its name to the *New Voice* with the issue for December 22.

The *Woman's Home Companion* (Springfield, O.) offers $200 in prizes of $100, $60, and $40, for the three best short stories containing not more than 2,500 words submitted before March.

The editor of *Short Stories* has decided to widen the scope of the Famous Story Series, and to include therein spirited versions of naval and military engagements, heroic deeds, extraordinary disturbances of the earth's surface, in short, any event or incident that has excited general admiration, pity, or dread, within the last three centuries. Contributors are invited to send in manuscripts of not less than 4,000 nor more than 6,000 words, addressed to the editor of *Short Stories*, Famous Story Series, and treating of some such subject. Each manuscript accepted will be paid for. While the main facts must of course be taken from historical and other sources, the statement of them must be original with the contributor, or the material will not be available for use in *Short Stories*.

The first installment of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters appears in *Scribner's* for January. They will run through the year.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's series of articles written under the title, "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," was concluded in the December Magazine Number of the *Outlook*.

The 300th anniversary of the death of Edmund Spenser, the author of "The Faerie Queene," which comes this month, is made the occasion of a comprehensive sketch of Spenser's life and work written for the January number of the *Outlook* by H. C. Shelley, and illustrated by portraits, facsimile reproductions, and other original photographs.

The *Living Age* (Boston) for January 14 will contain the full text of Lord Rosebery's recent address on Literary Statesmen, which has been the subject of general comment.

William Hopkins ("Bud Brier"), whose column, "Under the Rose," is the most interesting regular feature of the evening edition of the *Boston Globe*, has issued a little brochure entitled "Bud Brier's Book," which contains selections from his writings.

In *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for January G. T. W. Patrick asks the question, "Should children under ten years of age learn to read and write?" and finds a negative answer, arguing that the necessary methods of instruction in these branches are not adapted to either the bodily or mental conditions of the children, and that nature study, morals, manual dexterity and spoken language may be taught more profitably in their early years, while these sedentary branches should be remanded to a later period.

The *International Magazine* (Chicago) will begin in its February number a new department called "Current Words." In this department will be given the correct pronunciation of words and proper names that have recently become more that usually prominent.

The "Carlyles in Scotland," in the *Century* for January, is an intimately personal paper; and equally readable in another way is Miss Florence Hotchkiss' "Carlyle's Dramatic Portrayal of Character"—the prize essay in the *Century's* College Competition.

William Black died at Brighton, England, December 10, aged fifty seven.

Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon, who was both "Bab" and "Ruth Ashmore," died in New York December 27, aged thirty-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 2.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

ON WRITING FUN. *C. A. R. L. Daily.* 17
A WRITER'S TOOL-CHEST. *Clifton S. Wady.* 18
EDITORIAL. 20
The Pay of Women Reporters, 20 — Thought Necessary to Originality. 20
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 21
QUERIES. 21
BOOK REVIEWS. 22
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 26
L. C. Bradford, 26 — Annie Eliza Brand, 27 — Abbie Farwell Brown, 27 — Alice Learned Bunner, 27 — Madge Sutherland Clarke, 27 — Clara Dixon Cowell, 28 — Helen A. Hawley, 28 — Florence Hotchkiss, 28 — Gertrude Evans King, 29 — Julie M. Lippmann, 29 — Lafayette McLaws, 29 — Geraldine Meyrick, 29 — Edwin T. Reed, 30 — Evaleen Stein, 30 — Susan Hartley Swett. 30
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 30
W. M. Thackeray. 30
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 31
Filing Clippings. 31
NEWS AND NOTES. 31

ON WRITING FUN.

Good jokes are always in demand, and any one who can write them can get a good deal of money for his fun. One newspaper reporter, whose income is about $4,500 a year, makes nearly one-half of it by writing jokes, and many joke-writers earn by their wit from $250 to $1,000 a year. At the present time there are in the United States from one hundred and fifty to two hundred writers of good jokes. Fully half of them are women, many of whom write under masculine names.

The greatest demand is for short, timely jokes, best of all on the subject which is most prominently before the public. A dialect joke is as worthless as a dialect story, unless it has extraordinary wit. Two-line jokes sell best, partly because of their adaptability in making up a form. The short, crisp dialogue is in fashion now, but pointed paragraphs, if they have genuine humor in them, are always salable. Humorous sketches of from one hundred to five hundred words are not paid for as well as short jokes. Puns are not wanted. A pun is only a play on words, and most puns have very little genuine humor in them. The character of the readers of each publication to which jokes are offered must be carefully considered. A joke that may be excellent for one paper is worthless for another, and a joke-writer, to sell his wares, must offer them where they are likely to be wanted.

Professional joke-writers have a regular system for offering their jokes to editors. A good way is to send out the jokes in packets of ten or a dozen at a time, typewritten on slips, — perhaps three inches wide and eight inches long, — which are bound together by brass paper fasteners at the left-hand side, and perforated about an inch from the left-hand margin, so that any joke may be easily torn out. Sheets of ordinary typewriter paper should be kept on hand, perforated, ready for use. The jokes should be typewritten on these sheets, which should afterward be cut into slips and made into a little coupon book by using brass fasteners. Only one joke should be written on any slip, and the writer should put his name and address on each slip, preferably with a small rubber stamp. Two brass binders should be used, one at the top and one at the bottom.

When jokes are offered in this way, the editor can easily tear out what he wants and send back the rest. The jokes returned may be made up into a new book and sent to another editor, and so on, until all are sold or proved unsalable. Care must be taken not to offer the same joke twice to any editor. This can be avoided

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, who has just recovered from a severe illness, sailed for Europe December 19, by advice of her physician. Mrs. Dodge intends to spend the winter in Egypt and Italy.

"C. E. Raimond" is the actress, Miss Elizabeth Robins.

A popular bi-monthly magazine of ornithology, to be known as *Bird Lore*, will be published, beginning in February, by the Macmillan Company. Frank M. Chapman will be the editor.

The *American Journal of Photography* (Philadelphia) will hereafter be published by Austin C. Leeds, while the editorial department will continue to be under the direction of John Bartlett.

The *Voice* (New York) changed its name to the *New Voice* with the issue for December 22.

The *Woman's Home Companion* (Springfield, O.) offers $200 in prizes of $100, $60, and $40, for the three best short stories containing not more than 2,500 words submitted before March.

The editor of *Short Stories* has decided to widen the scope of the Famous Story Series, and to include therein spirited versions of naval and military engagements, heroic deeds, extraordinary disturbances of the earth's surface, in short, any event or incident that has excited general admiration, pity, or dread, within the last three centuries. Contributors are invited to send in manuscripts of not less than 4,000 nor more than 6,000 words, addressed to the editor of *Short Stories*, Famous Story Series, and treating of some such subject. Each manuscript accepted will be paid for. While the main facts must of course be taken from historical and other sources, the statement of them must be original with the contributor, or the material will not be available for use in *Short Stories*.

The first installment of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters appears in *Scribner's* for January. They will run through the year.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's series of articles written under the title, "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," was concluded in the December Magazine Number of the *Outlook*.

The 300th anniversary of the death of Edmund Spenser, the author of "The Faerie Queene," which comes this month, is made the occasion of a comprehensive sketch of Spenser's life and work written for the January number of the *Outlook* by H. C. Shelley, and illustrated by portraits, facsimile reproductions, and other original photographs.

The *Living Age* (Boston) for January 14 will contain the full text of Lord Rosebery's recent address on Literary Statesmen, which has been the subject of general comment.

William Hopkins ("Bud Brier"), whose column, "Under the Rose," is the most interesting regular feature of the evening edition of the *Boston Globe*, has issued a little brochure entitled "Bud Brier's Book," which contains selections from his writings.

In *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for January G. T. W. Patrick asks the question, "Should children under ten years of age learn to read and write?" and finds a negative answer, arguing that the necessary methods of instruction in these branches are not adapted to either the bodily or mental conditions of the children, and that nature study, morals, manual dexterity and spoken language may be taught more profitably in their early years, while these sedentary branches should be remanded to a later period.

The *International Magazine* (Chicago) will begin in its February number a new department called "Current Words." In this department will be given the correct pronunciation of words and proper names that have recently become more that usually prominent.

The "Carlyles in Scotland," in the *Century* for January, is an intimately personal paper; and equally readable in another way is Miss Florence Hotchkiss' "Carlyle's Dramatic Portrayal of Character"—the prize essay in the *Century's* College Competition.

William Black died at Brighton, England, December 10, aged fifty seven.

Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon, who was both "Bab" and "Ruth Ashmore," died in New York December 27, aged thirty-six.

drawer, or a trunk, to remain indefinitely. Manuscripts should be kept in circulation until they find acceptance somewhere or have been rejected so many times that there is no longer any hope for them. When a manuscript comes back, the writer ought to look it over carefully and improve it if he can, but he ought never to let it lie idle for any length of time. It is a good rule, when a manuscript has been completed, to make a list of all the periodicals for which it seems to be suited, and then never to give up sending it out until it has been offered to every periodical upon the list. Sometimes the last editor suggested in the list will take it.

Fifth — Duplicate (carbon) copies of manuscripts sent out. These may best be kept in envelopes, and on each envelope may be kept a record of publications to which the original manuscript has been sent, thus: —

(Title.
"MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN THE PHILIPPINES."
(Sent.) (Name of Periodical.) (Returned.)
December 8, 1898. *Lippincott's Magazine.* December 15, 1898.
December 15, 1898. *Harper's Monthly.* January 2, 1899.
January 3, 1899. *Self Culture.*

Still out, you see. A glance will tell you where.

Sixth — Clipped matter — your own work that has been printed. Keep it here only until you can find time to paste it into your private scrap-book. It will be worth your while to preserve what you have had published, and to keep it in scrap-books where reference to it may easily be made. In the first place, it is encouraging, sometimes, to look back and see what you have done, and in the second place you sometimes need to refer to something that you had published years before. Every newspaper writer or contributor to periodicals should keep in scrap-books everything that he has had printed. It takes time to keep such scrap-books up to date, but he will find his labor well repaid.

Seventh — Clipped pictures of all kinds, such as seem to you to have in them, or to illustrate, a story of any kind. Keep them to handle over. On "off days" they may be found a source of inspiration or suggestion, when your usually bright mind lacks an idea of special value.

Eighth — Pamphlets that are liable to be useful to you and that cannot be kept conveniently in an ordinary bookcase. Such pamphlets, issued by city, or state, or national officials, are often full of useful material from which salable articles can be made. The consular reports, published by the United States government, for instance, are crowded with up-to-date facts, not procurable elsewhere, and contain suggestions and material for many newspaper articles.

Ninth — Sample copies of the magazines or papers for which you write, or want to write. It will pay any writer, who is doing general work and who is looking for new markets for his manuscripts, to send for sample copies of the leading periodicals, so that he may study them and get some definite idea of the kind of material they want. I do not mean that he should make of himself a postal card "sample copy fiend." He ought to send the price of any periodical he asks for, or buy it of some newsdealer. If the newsdealer does not have some periodical that he wants, and if he does not know the price, it is safe for him to enclose ten cents, but he ought not to ask publishers to send sample copies free. When he gets his specimen numbers he should study them carefully, notice what kind of manuscripts they print, their average length, and the usual style of character and treatment. Observation of this kind will help him greatly in selling his own work.

Tenth, eleventh, and twelfth — Your own hobbies — everybody ought to have them — things connected with your special fads. You will find it inexpressibly convenient to have a place for them where you may keep them safe and handy — if necessary, under lock and key.

Such a chest of drawers as that described may cost anything that you want to pay, from three or four dollars up. For three dollars and a half you can buy — of some large dealer — a chest "in the wood," so called, that is, unfinished, which you can shellac yourself. It is cheap, made of pine, of course, but it is clean, and it will answer every purpose. If you have no fads, you can use the lower drawer, perhaps, for files of newspapers and magazines ready for daily reference. Convenient — don't you think so? — and the drawers are dust-proof. I hate dust!

Clifton S. Wady.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9–14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. FEBRUARY, 1899. NO. 2.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Elizabeth G. Jordan has probably done a good deal of harm by saying in the *Ladies' Home Journal:* "There is no reason why the woman reporter's income should not be thirty-five or forty-five dollars a week at the end of the second year. After she has worked in New York five years, she should be earning at least fifty dollars a week." These figures are altogether too high, as every one acquainted with the subject knows. There may be a few newspaper women who are earning fifty dollars a week, but the average successful woman reporter on a newspaper is not paid more than ten or fifteen dollars weekly. A woman reporter who gets a salary of twenty or twenty-five dollars a week is doing unusually well.

***

An idea that writers will do well to ponder is suggested by a writer who signs himself "Sciolus," in the *Milford* (Mass.) *Gazette.* He says: "One of our peculiar characteristics is this: We seem to think that we have a monopoly of common, superficial witticisms. I mean that in our efforts to be bright we hit upon just what nine persons out of ten would say. I have noticed it this winter in a literary club to which many comparative strangers have contributed. They all come up smiling with their preliminary, original remarks, and we laugh, as in duty bound, although the remarks have done service many times before. It is safe to say that the first thing that comes to one's mind would probably occur to other minds, and that he who would be original must remember this."

***

Originality, in literature as in conversation, is the well-considered product of the carefully-cultivated mind. A writer's first idea is likely to be crude, immature, unfinished. To make it worth more than the casual thoughts of other people, he must work upon it, study it, consider it from every point of view, develop it, until by expending mental labor on it he has given to it more than ordinary value. If he has broadened and improved his mental faculties by previous cultivation, so that they are better than those of ordinary people, his idea is likely to be of a higher class to start with, and its development into its highest possibilities will be easier, but in any case it must be worked over to bring it to its best. Great stories or great poems are not dashed off — even by the inspired ones — in an idle moment.

If Edward Everett Hale had written "The Man Without a Country" within a half day after the idea of it occurred to him, it might have been an interesting story, but it would not be regarded as the leading American short story, as it is to-day. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Henry A. Clapp, the well-known and highly-cultured dramatic critic.—*Boston Globe.*	Henry A. Clapp, the dramatic critic.
We will never reach this ideal state.—*J. Howe Adams, in North American Review.*	We shall never reach this ideal state.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What are the qualifications of an amanuensis? What are the usual duties? How might one secure such a position? Is shorthand necessary? Would you consider a graduate of a high school, who has spent two years at special theme work in a state university, who has had some articles and stories published, who has read some, and who can use a typewriter, fitted for such a position? M. D.

[The qualities requisite to make a good private secretary are discretion, accuracy, discretion, intelligence, discretion, quickness of perception, punctuality, promptness, discretion, orderliness, industry, discretion, tact, discretion, neatness, omniscience, and discretion. The ideal private secretary cannot know too much or say too little. The duties of a secretary vary from attending to the correspondence and recording the social engagements of a society woman to doing practically all the work of a congressman, while the congressman poses proudly before the public and his constituents and draws his $5,000 salary. An author's amanuensis usually has to write from dictation letters, or matter to be published, — if publishers are kind,—or to transform more or less illegible scrawls by copying into clearly-written, properly-paragraphed, and well-punctuated manuscript. Sometimes the copying must be done with a pen, sometimes with a typewriter. Shorthand is useful to an amanuensis, but not always necessary. The natural way to secure a position as amanuensis is to advertise or to answer advertisements. Such a person as "M. D." describes might make a very good amanuensis for an author. — W. H. H.]

Will you kindly tell me about the word "home"? If a man were building a large suburban house, with stables and other outhouses, and planting beautiful gardens, would it be wrong to say that he was building a beautiful "home"? A book on English composition, which I recently read, says: "Never use the word 'home' where 'house' is meant; as, 'He is building a beautiful home.'" Must the word "home" necessarily convey the idea of a family, or other inmates? B. W. D.

[In the case mentioned by "B. W. D." it would be proper to say that the man was building a beautiful house for himself or making for himself a beautiful home. The word "home" does not necessarily imply more than one inmate. A bachelor may have a home, although it may not be the best kind of a home. Between "house" and "home" it is better to discriminate, using "house" where the building alone is thought of, and "home" where the thought is mainly of the life lived in the house. For instance, one might say: "His home is in Boston, where he has a handsome house on Commonwealth avenue." — W. H. H.]

What is the best way to send a book manuscript written on typewriter paper, about 8 x 12 inches in size? How should it be protected? Would it be a good idea to enclose it in the box the blank sheets were laid in, and what would be the safest way to transmit, setting aside the question of expense? W.

[It is an excellent idea to enclose a book manuscript in a pasteboard box for transmission to a publisher. The safest method of transmission is by express. The express company will give a receipt for the package, and if it is lost, or if harm comes to it, will refund its value to the author. Express companies, however, are provokingly careful, and authors seldom succeed in selling their manuscripts in this way. Speaking of boxes for manuscripts, by the way, one author once had a fine box made of block tin, with turned edges and a hinged cover, of just the size to contain his

novel. It was an ideal device, the only weak point about the scheme being that the box was so seductive that there seemed to be danger that some rapacious publisher might appropriate it and return the manuscript in a plebeian sheet of ordinary wrapping paper. — W. H. H.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. By Leon Daudet. To which is added "The Daudet Family" by Ernest Daudet. Translated by Charles De Kay. 466 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1898.

The new uniform edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet which Little, Brown, & Co. are publishing is happily begun by this translation of the biography of the author written by his son, and of "Mon Frère et Moi," in which Ernest Daudet wrote the story of his brother's life and work. Leon Daudet's biography of his father is written with true French enthusiasm, and gives an intimate personal view of the author such as no one but a member of his family could have had. In his chapter on "Life and Literature," he says: "My father never separated life from literature. That was the secret of his influence. . . . Here on my table I have his books of notes, where, every day, without wearying and with an incredible scrupulousness and patience, he wrote down the incessant workings of his brain. Every sort of thing is found here in these little books, bound in black moleskin, all their pages rumpled, scratched, and scribbled up and down and from side to side. . . . Of all the great books that lie open that one which he studied more than any other was the book of life. . . . In telling a story he had a way which belonged to him alone, one his friends will never forget, nor indeed others who merely heard him once. The description followed close upon his memory of the affair, and adapted itself to it like a wet garment. In their proper order he reproduced the facts and sensations necessary to the story, suppressing the intermediate ones and leaving, as he was wont to say, only 'the dominant ones.' 'The dominant ones' — that word was always on his lips. By that he understood the essential and indispensable parts, the pinnacles of the book or novel. 'It is on these points,' he used to add, 'that it is necessary to let the light play.' He used also to repeat: 'Things have a sense and a side by which they can be grasped,' and in that vague term, 'things,' he understood what is animate as well as inanimate, whatever moves and expresses itself, as well as whatever agitates or weighs itself. In that way we penetrate the secret of his simple method, which at first blush seems by no means simple, and indeed is one which demands in a writer those natural gifts which were his. A lover of real things and of truth, he never ceased that search of his. As long as he was able to leave the house he went about in the greatest variety of places, never neglecting a chance and particularly never despising a human being. Whether the person was a clubman in the drawing-room, or an artist, or a sick man, whether it was a pauper on the turnpike, or a forester, or a passer by, or some workman met by chance, my father took advantage of his own prodigious turn for sociability or of his charmingly delicate kindness, in order to break through that vulgar region where only hypocrisies are exchanged, thus penetrating to the soul of the person. . . . When the man was gone, he would note down whatever in the conversation seemed to him peculiar and worthy of memory. And his memory, besides, was infinite; for, notwithstanding his bad sight, he could recall a name, a figure, a gesture, an odd habitual motion or a form of speech, after several years had gone by. . . . His knowledge was vast and accurate. . . . He read enormously and with method, and assimilated difficult questions to his mind with marvelous quickness. . . . 'Certain men and women,' cried he, 'who possess the innate gift of style, have instinctively the taste and the tact to choose the words which they employ. A woman of that kind was the much-to-be-admired Sévigné. But that sort of mind is a great exception. Most people get from classical study a benefit which nothing else can replace. The mind which feels the beauty of Tacitus, Lucretius, or Virgil is very near being that of a writer.' . . . He loved to examine the débris and metamorphoses of a word. Thence came his exactness and the beautiful clearness of his style. . . . He judged of a word by his ear, which in him possessed delicacy and a supreme wisdom; and by his eye, because in spite of his short sight he was a seer. He weighed the word and rolled it on his tongue like a connoisseur. . . . His ear had a delicacy and correctness most exquisite. . . . In his turbulent youth he never seated himself at his writing table except when he was fired by his subject. . . . Later on, through the happy influence of his 'direct collaboration,' he made channels for and regulated his wondrous faculty as an improvisor. He got the habit of daily work, and, as usually happens, his brain became more supple in response to the appeal, and submitted to the discipline. . . . Summer or winter he rose at an early hour and went at once to work on his task, without other means of excitement than a dip in cold water; then he covered page after page with that little close-set, nervous, and elegant handwriting of his,

which his illness made still more delicate without taking from it any of its attributes. . . . He erased with courage and frequently; at the first blush a mere sketch served, as it were, for a canvas. My mother and he then took this 'monster' up again, expending the greatest pains on its style, and bringing into relationship that harmoniousness and that need to be real which were always the writer's care. 'Without my wife I should have given myself up to my facility for writing. It was only later that perfection tormented me.' After that slow and disagreeable proving, the third and finished copy was made. . . . When he was creating my father *saw* what he created. When he was writing he *heard*. . . . I have forgotten none of the fine regulations which he scrupulously applied: 'Never take up the pen unless you have something to say.' 'Setting, ideas, situations, characters, all these are not right until a very slow and instructive digestion has been gone through with, in which all nature, gifted in the least of its component parts, collaborates with the writer.' 'Style is a state of intensity. The greatest number of things in the smallest number of words. Don't fear to repeat yourself; according to Pascal's counsel, there are no synonyms.' 'Description of a character carried on to its final completion should not be made, except little by little, according as the character reveals itself, and according as life reacts upon it.' 'You must enter into the person you are describing, *into his very skin*, and see the world through his eyes and feel it through his senses.'"

These extracts give some idea of the interest of Leon Daudet's work. In "My Brother and I" Ernest Daudet sketches the life of Alphonse in association with his own, and throws a clear light on the author's character.

EARLY LETTERS OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS TO JOHN S. DWIGHT: Brook Farm and Concord. Edited by George Willis Cooke. 294 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1898.

The friendship between John S. Dwight and George William Curtis began at Brook Farm, where Curtis spent the two years following the spring or the summer of 1842. Curtis studied music there under Dwight's instruction, and the relations between the two were particularly cordial. When Curtis left the farm, an intimate and confidential correspondence began between them, and the interchange of letters continued almost to the end of Dwight's life. The letters of Dwight have not been preserved, with two or three exceptions, but those of Curtis still exist in unbroken succession and are presented to the public in this volume. Most of them were written between 1843 and 1847, but there are a number written afterward, the last being dated 1886. They are charming letters, written without reserve, and the reader will enjoy them both for what they contain and for what they show of the personality of the writer. Not the least interesting part of the book is Mr. Cooke's introduction, in which he sketches the early part of Curtis' career, and incidentally describes the life at Brook Farm and the story of Dwight's *Journal of Music*.

MUSIC AND POETRY. Essays on Some Aspects and Interrelations of the Two Arts. By Sidney Lanier. 248 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

Mrs. Lanier has earned the gratitude of writers and musicians both by collecting these essays, written from twenty to thirty years ago and scattered through various periodicals. The inter-relations of music and poetry were always vividly present to Sidney Lanier, and, as his son points out in a prefatory note, the various studies in these essays possess a far greater similarity of thought than any mere similarity of topics would imply. "The author's attitude toward the two arts to which he devoted his life (after giving up his legal studies in 1873) was the result, finally," says Mr. Lanier, "of a lofty conception of Art, in which Music, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, all of its manifestations, appear as various effects from a single Cause,—peripheral results radiating from an eternal and unchanging impulse; and more specifically it was the outgrowth of his minute and enthusiastic investigations in those regions of the physics of sound, so often neglected by the scientific specialist, where music and poetry meet and greet each other in a common language. His position is clearly shown in the essay 'From Bacon to Beethoven,' which may fairly be taken as the keynote to the present volume, while his theory of the whole physical side of the subject is set forth in detail in 'The Science of English Verse.'" Besides the essay mentioned, there are a dozen papers in the book, perhaps the most interesting being that on "Nature-Metaphors," which begins so truly: "Metaphors come of love rather than of thought"—love, here, being a term used to signify the general underlying principle of all evolution. Full of interest and suggestion, also, are the essays entitled "Chaucer and Shakespeare," "A Review of Hayne's Poetry," and "A Forgotten English Poet."

JOHN RUSKIN, SOCIAL REFORMER. By J. A. Hobson. 357 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

The main part of Mr. Hobson's book is, to quote from his preface, "devoted to a statement and a vindication of Mr. Ruskin's claim to have placed Political Economy upon a sounder scientific and ethical foundation than it had hitherto possessed, and to have built upon that foundation an ideal of a prosper-

ous human society. The particular qualities and defects of Mr. Ruskin's criticism and constructive policy are examined in some detail, his repudiation of democratic ideas and institutions receiving special attention. The important contribution which he made to educational theories and experiments, and its bearing upon the wider social polity, are discussed, and chapters are accorded to certain themes, such as his attitude toward machinery and his view of the position of woman, which seem to demand separate treatment. Finally, some account is given of the constitution of the Society and Guild of St. George, and of the industrial and educational experiments either directly associated with the Guild or animated by the spirit of Mr. Ruskin's social teaching." Some attention is paid to the outward circumstances of Mr. Ruskin's life, and to the artistic and literary interests to which he has devoted his attention, but these matters are subordinated to the discussion of his social teachings. Mr. Hobson has skillfully brought together, in logical form, the ideas and theories on social subjects expressed here and there in Mr. Ruskin's published works, and his book does a great deal to justify his expressed opinion that Mr. Ruskin will rank as the greatest social teacher of his age.

AN AMERICAN CRUISER IN THE EAST. By John D. Ford, U. S. N. Illustrated. Second Edition. 537 pp. Cloth, $2.50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1898.

Mr. Ford is chief engineer of the Pacific station, United States navy, and his book describes a cruiser's voyage to the Aleutian Islands, China, Korea, Japan, and the Philippines. Considering what a general interest is felt now in the islands and countries of the Pacific, the book is one of exceptional timeliness and value. Naval officers have unusual facilities for gaining information about the countries that they visit, and the opinions that they form are especially worthy of consideration because they are not influenced to any extent by political considerations. Engineer Ford's account of what he has seen and heard is modest and unpretentious, a plain statement of facts which is all the more valuable because he has not attempted to embellish it. His style, though simple, is agreeable, and the reader follows it with pleasure. The present prominence of the Philippine question gives especial importance to his chapters on the archipelago, which he visited in 1893, and again with Dewey in the year just ended. Writers who have occasion to discuss the question of expansion cannot afford to overlook what Mr. Ford says with reference to these islands. In fact, the book is packed full of information essential to newspaper writers and magazine contributors. Of historical value, also, is his account, given in appendices, of the battle of Manila, in which he took part, on the U. S. S. Baltimore, and of the capture of Manila, August 13, 1898. An account of the Japan-China war also is given in an appendix. The book is richly illustrated with half-tone pictures,—more than 150 altogether,—and is in all respects a handsome, well-made volume.

VACATION DAYS IN HAWAII AND JAPAN. By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. Illustrated. 361 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 1898.

Mr. Taylor is a Philadelphia business man, who visited Hawaii and Japan in 1896. His account of what he saw and learned during his journey of nearly 17,000 miles is straightforward and unaffected, and gives a great deal of useful and timely information. The chapters devoted to Hawaii particularly are of value, now that the Hawaiian islands have come under United States control. In Japan Mr. Taylor went out of the beaten track of travel, and he describes many odd scenes and incidents that came under his observation. Much new information is given about the manners and customs of the people, particularly of those living in the interior, in places not before visited by English-speaking travelers. The publishers have spared neither pains nor expense in bringing out the volume, which is in every way attractive. The half-tone illustrations, of which there are more than 100, are particularly fine, and all the more interesting because they are unlike other pictures of the kind that have been published.

A CORNER OF SPAIN. By Miriam Coles Harris. 195 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1898.

Mrs. Harris has a pleasant, lively style, and her account of journeyings and a sojourn in Spain is both entertaining and instructive. Her time was spent chiefly in Malaga and Seville. She lived among the people, and her keen eyes noted countless little things that illustrate the many peculiarities of Spanish life and character, and that might have been overlooked or left unmentioned by a less satisfactory observer. The book is a timely one, and it will serve a useful purpose by giving American readers a better idea than they have previously had of what the Spanish common people really are.

CORONA AND CORONET. By Mabel Loomis Todd. Illustrated. 383 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1898.

"Corona" is the corona of the solar eclipse of August, 1896, which Mrs. Todd viewed in the northern part of Japan with the astronomical party under Professor David P. Todd, of Amherst College, and "Coronet" is the name of the sailing yacht in which the party crossed the Pacific from San Francisco, via Honolulu. The book which has been thus happily named

is one of fascinating charm. Mrs. Todd writes in an easy, natural, delightful style, and she describes scenes and experiences of much more than ordinary interest. She tells in sprightly narrative of the incidents of the Pacific voyage, of the pleasant days spent in Honolulu, of the scientific preparations for viewing the eclipse, and of the eclipse itself, of cruising along the coast of Japan and yachting in the Inland sea, and of the queer people in the interior of the country, including the hairy Ainos of northern Yezo. A more interesting journey could hardly be imagined, and a journey could hardly be described in a more interesting way. A wealth of illustrations reproduced from photographs made by the expedition enhances the attractiveness of the well-made volume.

THE FALL OF SANTIAGO. By Thomas J. Vivian. Illustrated. 246 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: R. F. Fenno Co. 1898.

Mr. Vivian describes the Santiago campaign with fluent pen, and as accurately as nearly contemporaneous history can be written. He gives facts rather than opinions, devoting his book to a record of events rather than to a discussion of military technicalities. For newspaper men and writers generally his book has special value, since he has put together in convenient form the details of one of the two chief features of the Spanish war, so that the facts are easily accessible for references. A number of excellent photographic illustrations add to the attractiveness and value of the book. They have been particularly well selected, and together they form perhaps the best collection of pictures of the campaign in Cuba that has been offered to the public.

THE IMPERIAL REPUBLIC. By James C. Fernald. 192 pp. With five maps. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Funk & & Wagnalls Company. 1898.

Mr. Fernald believes strongly in expansion, and he makes a good argument in favor of it. His point of view is that of a scholar and a student of history, who is at the same time a thorough patriot and a firm believer in the power of the American people to reach yet higher ideals of government and civilization, and to extend their benefits over the widest reach of territory that may legitimately come under American control. His book is forcibly written, and it well deserves a careful reading.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. (Issued Quarterly.) December, 1898. 1,344 pp. Cloth, $5.00. New York: George P. Rowell & Company. 1898.

To the writer who is looking for new markets for his manuscripts, the "American Newspaper Directory" will be a useful aid. It describes all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, —21,360 in all,—giving information in each case about the paper's size, its publication day, its character, the subscription price, the date of its establishment, the names of its editor and its publisher, and its circulation. The list of papers is arranged alphabetically by states and towns, and information is given about every place in which a periodical of any kind is published. The book, therefore, serves to a considerable extent the purposes of a gazetteer. Following the main list are catalogues of newspapers, Sunday newspapers, and class publications, having a circulation of 1,000 copies or more. Part V. contains a list of new newspapers, arranged alphabetically by states and towns. The "Directory" is a standard publication, now in its thirtieth year, and its publishers spend a great deal of money every year in gathering information for it. It is the best thing of the kind available.

THE PURITANS. By Arlo Bates. 424 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1898.

Partiality for "P" is again shown by Mr. Bates in the name of his new novel, which follows "Pattie's Perversities," "The Pagans," and the "Philistines." "The Puritans" is a story of Boston life, and in the opening chapters the reader is shown in an amusing way how Bostonians of a certain class devote themselves to fads, from the Persian, whose sometimes sensual mysticism is the moment's ethical caprice, to the amateur spiritual medium, who ecstatically "materializes" some roses that one of the audience has seen her buy an hour before on Tremont street, and to Christian Science, that becomes vulgar and inane to its chief adherent when the priestess of it rolls on the floor and howls with the pain of an ulcerated tooth. The main theme of the book is the mental struggles of a young man, an inmate of the Clergy House in Boston, who, partly through the influence of a love affair, and partly from other causes, is led to sever his connection with the brotherhood. His friend and companion, on the other hand, goes in the opposite direction, and eventually becomes a Romanist. There are two love stories running through the tale, which has many interesting incidental characters. The story of the election of a bishop in Boston is one of its prominent features. The chief fault with the book is that Mr. Bates fails clearly to differentiate his two chief characters, and that generally his character drawing is not sufficiently clear and sharp. His chapter headings are all Shakespearian quotations. They are aptly chosen, but it would be hard for the average person who has read the story to recall the chapters separately by reading the headings in the contents table. Unless a chapter heading is indicative, it is merely decorative — which may be what Mr.

Bates intended his chapter headings to be. "The Puritans" is ably written, and from first to last it is an attractive story. The reader is sure to get keen enjoyment from it.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES. By James Riley. 131 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

Mr. Riley's poems are characterized both by sentiment and by homely common sense — a combination not unnatural in the case of a son of Ireland who has spent a large part of his life among the farming population of old New England. There is always substance to his verses, and both his "Songs of New England" and his poems of "Ireland and Her People" picture actual life as he has seen it. His miscellaneous poems are marked by delicacy and purity of thought, and there is much quiet grace in their expression.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated. 45 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1898.

"The Man Without a Country" is the best American short story ever written. This new edition of it is an attractive one, and its value is enhanced by a preface in which Dr. Hale tells how and under what conditions he wrote the famous story.

DOROTHY DEANE. By Ellen Olney Kirk. 325 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1898.

Mrs. Kirk writes stories for children as charmingly as she does stories for grown people, and that is saying a great deal. "Dorothy Deane" is a book which young people will read with delight, and with profit, too, for it is full of lively, pleasant incident, and it teaches unobtrusively some admirable moral lessons. Mrs. Kirk's children are natural and life-like, and the story of their sayings and doings will charm young and old alike.

PRISONERS OF HOPE. A tale of Colonial Virginia. By Mary Johnston. 378 pp Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.

"Prisoners of Hope" is a powerful and fascinating love story, the scene of which is laid in Virginia in colonial times, and which reproduces with historical fidelity both the essential features and the spirit of the life that it depicts. It is at the same time a delightful romance and a spirited portrayal of the Virginia of ante-Revolution days, the pictures of which are brought so vividly before the reader that they are as real to him as the phases of modern life that are presented to his vision every day. It is hard to realize that this is the author's first book, with such exceptional skill and power is the story told. It shows not only unusual creative faculty and ability for writing, but also careful study of the times that are depicted with such accuracy, and a remarkable understanding of the characters of the people whose types are reproduced with such felicity and wit.

THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN. By W. Clark Russell. 391 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. 1898.

Clark Russell's stories are always full of lively incident, and the reader never tires of their stirring narrative. "The Romance of a Midshipman" is a captivating tale, and admirers of the author will enjoy it all the more because it is largely autobiographical. The opening chapters picture in an engaging way the experiences of a boy, filled with a passion for the sea, at a school for boys in France, and the rest of the story tells of his adventures on shipboard, of an exciting shipwreck, and of experiences on a floating island on which the hero and the heroine are marooned.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS. No. 90. — Amerigo Vespucci's Account of His Third Voyage. No. 92. — The First Voyage to Roanoke. No. 94. — The Discovery of the Hudson River. No. 96. — The Founding of New Sweden. Paper, five cents each. Boston: Directors of the Old South Work, Old South Meeting-house. 1898.

THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO GENERAL LITERATURE. Eleven Charts on Cards (9x7 inches), $1.00. Philadelphia: Arnold & Co. 1893.

THE STORY OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC. Founded upon and written from the play of that name, which was written by Edmond Rostand. 171 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1898.

TALES TOLD IN A COUNTRY STORE, AND ACCOMPANYING VERSE. By Rev. Alvin Lincoln Snow. 311 pp. Cloth, $1.40 Creston, Ia.: The Snow Publishing Firm. 1898.

INLAND WINDFALLS. By Edwin T. Reed. 144 pp. Cloth, $1.00 Chicago: W. B. Conkey Company. 1898.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

L. C. Bradford, who wrote the story, "Why I Did Not Become a Smuggler," in *Lippincott's* for January, is a native of Clarke county, Virginia. His father was a professor in the Winchester Medical College, an institution which was razed to the ground by the Federal troops because of a story that John Brown's body had been used in the college as a subject of anatomical demonstration. This was not the case, since it is generally known that "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground" at North Elba, N. Y. Mr. Bradford drifted away from home when he was fifteen years old, and roamed about the Eastern cities and the Southern and Western states for years, clerking, cattle and sheep herding, and doing many other things, including a short course of reading law at Huntsville, Ala. He was married a dozen years or so ago in the island of

Jersey, and since then has been connected with the *New York Tribune* in an editorial capacity, and for six years has been correspondent in New York city for the *New Orleans Picayune*. Some years ago, when his time was not so fully occupied as it is now, he contributed occasional stories to *Lippincott's Magazine* and the *Youth's Companion*. His story, "Why I Did Not Become a Smuggler," is an actual experience, being one of many similar adventures.

Annie Eliza Brand, the author of the story, "Mrs. Russell's Sister," in the December *Lippincott's*, s an Englishwoman by birth, but has lived in the United States for a number of years. She has kept up her connection with the old country, however, and, in fact, the main action of the story in *Lippincott's* was suggested during a recent visit to England. "Mrs. Russell's Sister" is Mrs. Brand's ninth published story. Some of her short stories have appeared in English magazines. She is a fine pianist and musician, and has also written some music, especially settings of unfamiliar songs. She is an active officer of the successful ladies' musical club in her own city — the Friday Morning Club of Worcester, Mass. It is only lately that her attention has been turned to literary composition. Owing to an accident, one of her hands was disabled for a time, interrupting her playing. This led to the writing of her first story. In conversation Mrs. Brand expresses herself as opposed to anything like artifice in writing. Her sympathies are clearly with the realists. As regards phraseology, she has a decided preference for Anglo-Saxon over Latin-derived words, in spite of being a linguist and a well-informed student of the classic writers.

Abbie Farwell Brown, who wrote the verses, 'Points of View," in *St. Nicholas* for January, is but four years out of Radcliffe College, and has been writing for publication only since then. She has had rather varied experiences, however, and has tried almost all kinds of writing except blank-verse tragedy. "I have always lived in Boston," she said recently, "and always expect to. I have scribbled since I can remember anything, and I always expect to scribble as long as I can remember anything. As a little child I was encouraged to make tiny rhymes and stories for the manuscript magazine which my mother edited for our family circle; and in the Latin school I helped to start and was for four years editor of the school literary paper, where I got my first taste of Gore, and had the experience of preparing all kinds of manuscripts, from an advertisement or an obituary to an editorial. This is what has given me the desire to try all kinds of composition." Miss Brown has done short stories, essays, editorials, humorous skits, and verse. She has even written a play for Walter Baker's publishing house, and it has been successfully given many times. She has had stories in a number of papers and magazines, "A Mind Reader," in the January *New England Magazine*, for instance. The same magazine is to make a feature of her long article, "Noted Trees About Boston," fully illustrated, which is to appear during the coming year. Her verses appear often in *Life*, the *Munsey*, *Vogue* and other publications. Latterly she has been writing especially child-rhymes for *St. Nicholas* the *Youth's Companion*, *Babyland*, and other periodicals, and is expecting another season to get out a volume of these. She is also writing a regular column or two for one of the Boston papers, and — under a pen name — is correspondent for a large Western daily.

Alice Learned Bunner, whose poem, "Separation," was printed in *Scribner's* for December, comes naturally by her taste for writing. Her husband was H. C. Bunner, the late editor of *Puck*, and her brother is Walter Learned, who is the author of a volume of poems called "Between Times." It is, perhaps, due to such literary surroundings that Mrs. Bunner has cultivated her natural ability in writing. She has written a number of stories and poems, and has done a good deal of book reviewing. She is a New Englander by birth and education, and is at present living at New London.

Madge Sutherland Clarke, who wrote the unusually excellent story, "The Twenty-first Man," in the January *Atlantic*, has been writing under her own name but a short time, but since

her *Atlantic* story was accepted she has had two other stories taken by prominent magazines. She is a young woman, and for most of her life has been a student. For the past six years she has been a teacher of the English language and literature at the Packer Collegiate Institute of Brooklyn, one of the finest and best equipped schools for girls in the United States. Brooklyn has always been her home, but long and frequent visits in Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and smaller Western towns, with frequent visits to Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, have made her familiar with the distinctive phases of life, and types of people in the representative centres. She has also gained inspiration from European journeyings and from summers spent in the Adirondack woods and on the New England coast.

Clara Dixon Cowell, author of the sketch, "Time and Tide," in *Short Stories* for December, lives in California. "Although I have contributed short stories and verses to some ten or twelve different magazines," she wrote recently, "my studies and ponderings are chiefly along lines of ethical and philosophical thought, and it is probable that, if I ever do any serious work, it will be undertaken with earnest desire to serve my fellow-men where their personal needs are always greatest, in the discovering of somewhat that is good and true, and the inspiring of enthusiasm for high and noble living."

Helen A. Hawley, whose story, "A Harmless Earthquake," was printed in *St. Nicholas* for January, was born in central New York, and has always lived in New York State, and always in country villages. The largest of these was Seneca Falls, and although she has been in Clifton Springs for some years, she still regards Seneca Falls as her home. Her brother, who lives there, is Hon. Charles A. Hawley, LL. D., a lawyer of repute, and a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1894. Although Miss Hawley's life is a quiet one in a small place, yet, as Clifton Springs is a noted health resort to which thousands come each year, she is constantly meeting cultivated people from all parts of the world, and this variety has been a great inspiration in her work. She began persistent literary work about twelve years ago, although she had published three or four articles some time before that, and had also reported a little local news for the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*. Her writing has been largely for children and young people, and conveying moral or religious lessons. Still there have been many grown-up articles scattered through the years. The *New York Observer*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Sunday School Times*, the *Chautauquan*, the *Outlook*, the *New York Evening Post*, the *Churchman*, the *Interior*, *Wide Awake*, *Little Folks*, the *Youth's Companion*, and the *Christian Endeavor World* are only a few of the papers to which she has contributed more or less. Miss Hawley has published two books, "Friendly Letters to Girls" and "Friendly Talks with Boys," which have been successful. They are made up of articles which were originally published from week to week in the *New York Observer*, and which were brought out in book form in 1891 by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., of New York. More than half the letters to girls have been translated into Japanese, and published in a pamphlet in Japan. Miss Hawley has done a great deal of work for the Presbyterian Board of Publication, under the editorship of Dr. Miller, of Philadelphia. She has written considerable verse as well as prose. It is her habit to keep an accurate history of her articles, which shows that about four hundred have been published in a little less than twelve years.

Florence Hotchkiss, whose prize essay, "Carlyle's Dramatic Portrayal of Character," was printed in the January *Century*, lives in Chicago. It is an odd fact that at Vassar, where she was for two years an editor of the *Vassar Miscellany*, she worked on the paper with Miss Gallaher, who won the *Century* story prize. Miss Hotchkiss' department was the reviews, and her contributions to the magazine were chiefly criticisms. Last year she took a post-graduate course at Vassar, making a specialty of Carlyle and Ruskin. With the exception of a review in the *Chap-book*, and an article accepted, but not yet brought out, by

Education, Miss Hotchkiss has published nothing before the essay on Carlyle.

Gertrude Evans King, who wrote the paper, "Fin de Siècle Individualism," in *Lippincott's* for January, was born in Kentucky, but has always lived in Philadelphia until two years ago, when she came to New York. She has traveled a good deal, and has seen most of the world outside of the United States. She has contributed to *Puck*, *Life*, *Town Topics*, *Short Stories*, and various other periodicals, having tried her pen on pretty nearly everything, — short stories, novelettes, verses, and essays. She is now at work on a novel, which she expects to finish before spring. It will appear under her pen name, "Georgine Evans," under which most of her recent work is done. The *Lippincott* essay, by the way, was written eight or nine years ago.

Julie M. Lippmann, whose poem, "If You'll Not Love Me, Dear," appeared in the January *Century*, was born and educated in Brooklyn, and it was only upon the death of her father, a year ago, that she removed to Manhattan, where, with her mother, she now resides. She began writing when a mere child, and from the first has worked out her own salvation. Her good and faithful friend, Louisa M. Alcott, being appealed to in her behalf (by a family connection of her own who looked with sympathetic pity on the ambitious young writer's early struggles), replied: "The best help I can give her is to let her alone. If she amounts to anything, she'll make her own way; if she does n't, she'll only be in other people's, and all the pushing in the world won't help her: it will only injure her." Singularly enough, Miss Lippmann's first book, "Jock O'Dreams," appeared under the firm name of Roberts Brothers, Miss Alcott's own publishers, Mr. Niles accepting it a few years after her death, and but shortly before his own. Two other volumes (both girls' stories) have appeared since then, and Miss Lippmann hopes before long to bring out a book of her collected poems, as well as one of short tales that have appeared from time to time in the magazines. So far her poems have been of the "fugitive" order, and have been given place in such periodicals as *Harper's*, the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, and others of similar standing. Being upon the review staff of one of our leading weeklies, Miss Lippmann is naturally much engaged with critical work, and this, together with her own "many inventions," keeps her with her pen almost constantly in hand.

Lafayette McLaws, author of the story, "The Mystery of Cain," in *Lippincott's* for January, was born and reared in Georgia, where his ancestors settled years before the Revolution. He began to write for publication when he was fifteen, and two years ago came to New York to make a living in journalism. The greater part of his work has been done for the *Sun* and for McClure's newspaper syndicate. "The Mystery of Mr. Cain" was accepted by the Lippincotts last spring, and Mr. McLaws is now engaged on another story of about the same length for them. His second long story, which is somewhat longer than "Mr. Cain," was finished about two months ago, and will appear as a book later in this year.

Geraldine Meyrick, who wrote the paper, "Concerning Ethics and Etiquette," in the December *North American Review*, is a stenographer in a law office in Denver. She was born near London, Eng., but removed with her family to California when she was a child. She has lived in Denver for three years. Only her spare time has been given to writing, as she has been in business since she left school, except for a year spent among friends in England. She was one of the first women in California to receive an appointment as notary public. "I have practically no method in literary work," she says, "writing whenever a spare moment comes along, regardless of the interruptions incident to office work. As a general thing, however, I copy and recopy my manuscript, often several times. I prefer to write verses." Poems and sketches by Miss Meyrick have appeared from time to time in *Lippincott's*, the *Overland Monthly*, the *Independent*, *Life*, and other periodicals. In 1895 she published a little collection of poems under the

title, "Songs of a Fool and Other Verses." She is a member of the Woman's Press Club of Denver.

Edwin T. Reed, whose poem, "Red Cross," published in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for December, has been widely quoted, is superintendent of public schools at Rushford, Minn. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and also has an A.B. from Harvard, where he spent a year studying English and history. Since his college days he has had a number of poems published in prominent newspapers and magazines. He has also published a volume of poems, "Inland Windfalls," which has been favorably received both by reviewers and by the public.

Evaleen Stein, author of the story, "The Page of Count Reynaurd," in *St. Nicholas* for December, was born and has always lived in her present home, Lafayette, Ind. For several years she has been engaged in decorative designing, illuminating, and similar work, and the things she has written have been chiefly verses contributed to the *Indianapolis Journal*. A year ago last November Copeland & Day, of Boston, brought out a small selection of these, under the title, "One Way to the Woods," and the book went into a second edition the following January. Miss Stein's story, "The Page of Count Reynaurd," is her first attempt at anything of the kind. She thought she would try what she could do in the way of a child's story, and sent the manuscript to *St. Nicholas*.

Susan Hartley Swett, author of the verses, "The Guide-post," published in the December *Century*, has been for a great many years a writer of both prose and verse for leading periodicals. Her stories, contributed to *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, have been collected and published in book form by Estes & Lauriat, under the title of "Field Clover and Beach Grass." They are country stories of great charm in the way of spontaneity and genuine humor. Her verse has been contributed to all the Harper periodicals, the *Century*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other leading publications. Her literary career has been very much hindered by ill health. She has decidedly rural tastes, and cares little for society. Her great love of nature is apparent in her poems, and she has also a neat little knack at *vers de société*, of which she has written many for *Harper's Weekly*. She was born in Maine (of Huguenot descent), educated in Boston private schools, and inherits a taste for literary pursuits. She and her sister, Sophie Swett, alone since their father's recent death, live at Arlington Heights, Mass., together.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Thackeray. — Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, in her latest book, tells how her father worked. "The Newcomes" was written between the years 1853 and 1855. Thackeray used to travel around when he had a novel in mind. Mrs. Ritchie says: "At home in London, in Paris sunshine, through the Roman winter (which was trying in many ways), the work kept steadily on. I can remember writing constantly to his dictation all this year, though the details come to me only in a confused sort of way. On one occasion he was at work in a room in which he slept, high up in a hotel; the windows looked out upon a wide and pleasant prospect, but I cannot put a name to my remembrance he walked up and down, he paused, and then he paced the room again, stopping at last at the foot of the bed, where he stood rolling his hand over the brass ball on the end of the bedstead. He was at the moment dictating that scene in which poor Jack Belsize pours out his story to Clive and J. J., at Baden. 'Yes,' my father said with a sort of laugh, looking down at his own hand (he was very much excited at the moment), 'that is just the sort of thing a man might do at such a time.' It was in the same room in this hotel in past-land that he christened his heroine, still walking up and down the room, and making up his mind what her name would be. He used, as I have said, to dictate very constantly, but when he came to a critical point, he would send his secretary away, and write for himself. He always said he could think best

with a pen in his hand. A pen to an author is like the wand of a necromancer, it compels the spell."

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.

Filing Clippings. — I think I have a better plan for keeping scraps than that offered by the gentleman from Massachusetts, in the December WRITER. Scraps are among the most valuable of references, and their value is greatly enhanced if they are quickly got at, can be quickly replaced, and are so arranged that one or more can be taken out separately from the rest. I find my plan to possess all these advantages. I had a small cabinet of drawers made to order, the drawers being eleven inches square in the clear. I then bought a number of eleven-inch heavy manila envelopes, and put my accumulation of clippings in them, labeling each envelope by the card-index system. The envelopes stand on edge in the drawers and can be "run down" just like the cards in a file. I think the plan needs only to be stated to show its adaptability for utilizing clippings.

LEXINGTON, KY. *R. N. Roark.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

HENRY GEORGE IN CALIFORNIA. With portrait. Noah Brooks. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN. Franklin's Religion. Illustrated. Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

WHAT CHARLES DICKENS DID FOR CHILDHOOD. Illustrated. James L. Hughes. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

THE ENJOYMENT OF POETRY. Samuel M. Crothers. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE. — III. Julia Ward Howe. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. II. — Life in Edinburgh, 1873-1875. Edited by Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

A CENTURY OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION. — IV. Illustrated. Arthur Hoeber. *Bookman* (28 c.) for February.

WILL POETRY DISAPPEAR? H. E. Warner. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

THE SCIENCE OF OBSERVATION. Illustrated. Charles Livy Whittle. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for February.

THE EARLIEST WRITING IN FRANCE. Gabriel de Mortillet. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for February.

POETS ON THEIR OWN POEMS. Jeannette L. Gilder. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 3.

WILLIAM BLACK. With portrait. Marrion Wilcox. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 24.

ELLA HIGGINSON. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for January.

CLARK HOWELL. (Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution.*) *Donahoe's Magazine* (28c.) for January.

THE ANNA TICKNOR LIBRARY. Mary Morison. *Club Woman* (13 c.) for January.

LITERARY STATESMEN. Reprinted from *London Times* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 14.

WILLIAM BLACK. Justin McCarthy. Reprinted from *Academy* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 14.

PENNY FICTION. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 21.

SOME RECENT LITERATURE IN FRANCE. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 28.

HUMORS OF SPEECH AND PEN. Ernest G. Henham. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 28.

THACKERAY. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Electic* (48 c.) for February.

THE MADNESS OF MR. KIPLING. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Electic* (48 c.) for February.

DESTINY OF THE LETTER R IN AMERICA. W. D. Howells. *Literature* (13 c.) for January 17.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GRAY'S ELEGY. Illustrated. Henry C. Shelley. *Canadian Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

THE EDITORS OF THE LEADING CANADIAN DAILIES. With portraits. John A. Cooper. *Canadian Magazine* for February.

A CANADIAN HISTORIAN. (William Kingsford.) With frontispiece portrait. R. W. Shannon. *Canadian Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "ANGLICISM." T. Arnold Haultain. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for February.

EDITORIAL SKETCH OF LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. With frontispiece portrait. *Coming Age* (23 c.) for February.

COUNT TOLSTOI AT SEVENTY. Ernest H. Crosby. *Coming Age* (23 c.) for February.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON. Charles Malloy. *Coming Age* (23 c.) for February.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF EDWARD BELLAMY. Rev. R. E. Bisbee. *Coming Age* (23 c.) for February.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR AND THE OLD AUTHOR. (A "Literary Conversation" Reported.) Charles S Skilton. *Book Buyer* (13 c) for February.

THE NOVELS OF WILLIAM BLACK. Agnes Repplier. *Critic* (23 c.) for February.

THACKERAY AT CHARTERHOUSE. Illustrated. *Critic* (23 c.) for February.

HARRIET P. SPOFFORD. With frontispiece portrait. F. M. Hopkins *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has sailed for the Mediterranean on a trip that will include the ascent of the Nile and a visit to the Holy Land.

"Graham Travers" is Margaret G. Todd, and she is a physician.

William Black's will disposes of $125,000.

The London Academy says John Morley has been paid $50,000 for writing a biography of Gladstone, under whom Mr. Morley served twice as chief secretary for Ireland.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of the letters of his youth, published in the February *Scribner's*, tells of the hard work he was putting upon his essay upon Whitman: "I am indefatigable at rewriting and bettering, and surely that humble quality should get me on a little."

The International Press Union will hold a congress in Washington, from February 16 to 18, inclusive.

The convention of the International League of Press Clubs will be held in Baltimore early in April.

The *American Review of Reviews* for February has portraits of Thomas Nelson Page, Jacob G. Schurman, Dean C. Worcester, Chauncey M. Depew, Henry Cabot Lodge, Charlemagne Tower, General A. W. Greely, and Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

The *Anglo-American Magazine*, a new monthly publication in New York, is edited by Eaton B. Northrop and J. R. Henchy. Franklin C. Bevan is also concerned in its management.

The *Critic* is now published for the Critic Company by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Joseph B. Gilder and Jeannette L. Gilder are still the editors.

W. E. Price, editor of the *Book and News Dealer* (San Francisco), announces a new quarterly publication, to be called the *Book Lover*, of which the first number will be published soon. It will be, he says, everything about books and their authors except a conventional magazine of literary criticism.

The *Argonaut's* short story prize of $100 was awarded to C. W. Doyle, M. D., of Santa Cruz, Calif. His story was published in the *Argonaut* for December 19.

"What Charles Dickens Did for Childhood" is the title of an interesting paper in the February *Century* by James L. Hughes, inspector of public schools, Toronto, showing that Dickens was one of Froebel's earliest supporters in the English-speaking world.

The February magazine number of the *Outlook* has an illustrated article on Kipling by Robert Bridges, better known to many readers as the "Droch" of *Life*, and an article by Colonel Wentworth Higginson, entitled "My Literary Neighbors."

Kipling's short stories in *McClure's Magazine* have turned out to be the most successful fiction series that the publishers have ever secured. The January number is out of print, with nearly 15,000 unsupplied subscribers. The February edition of *McClure's Magazine* is 70,000 copies larger than that of February of a year ago.

Paul Leicester Ford began a new serial, entitled "Janice Meredith: A Story of the Revolution," in the number of *Collier's Weekly* for January 28.

The *Eclectic Magazine and Monthly Edition of the Living Age*, which has been enlarged to 160 pages since its consolidation, is now issued in Boston by the Living Age Company and in New York by E. R. Pelton.

John Russell Young died at Washington January 17, aged fifty-seven.

John Holmes died at Cambridge, Mass., January 27, aged eighty-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, MARCH, 1899. No. 3.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE UNKNOWN WRITER AGAIN. *Ruth Hall.* . . . 33
THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE LOST MANUSCRIPTS. *Zoe Anderson Norris.* 34
RULES FOR NEWSPAPER WRITERS. *Edward H. Wood.* 36
EDITORIAL. 38
Finding the Exact Word, 38 — Why Editors Do Not Read All Manuscripts, 38 — Beginning a Story, 39 — Mrs. Burnham's "A Great Love," 40 — Notes. 40
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 40
THE SCRAP BASKET. 40
QUERIES. 41
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 42
Anna Robeson Brown, 42 — Virginia Woodward Cloud, 42 — Wardon Allan Curtis, 43 — Julia Boynton Green, 43 — Roy Farrell Greene, 43 — Agnes Lewis Mitchell, 44 — Harriot Brewer Sterling, 44 — Arthur J. Stringer, 44 — Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, 44 — Isabel Nixon Whiteley. . . . 45
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 45
Fiona McLeod, 45 — Count Tolstoï. 45
BOOK REVIEWS. 46
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 47
NEWS AND NOTES. 47

THE UNKNOWN WRITER AGAIN.

A recent article of mine in THE WRITER has created so much discussion that I am impelled to add something to my assertions, several of which have not been quite fairly quoted in the criticisms. For instance, no one has given the words with which I proclaimed the existence of literary "rings," viz.: "One must possess some exclusive information indispensable to the publication addressed" in order to break through its barriers.

Some editors, in refutation of my argument, have triumphantly pointed to the long list of new names in current literature. The *Chicago Evening Post* and the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, on the other hand, reply that many magazine articles are written by authorities on certain subjects before the public. In short, they "possess some exclusive information indispensable to the publication" because of general interest in it. At present the magazines are crowded with matter by such "unknown writers" as Hobson, Shafter, Roosevelt, and Sigsbee. The *Chicago Evening Post* justly observed: "Andrée, could he send an account of his balloon trip to any one of our magazines, need not consider its literary merits. It would get in."

So it is with nine-tenths of the fiction accepted from young writers. It may have been good enough to stand alone, but it has almost invariably treated some fresh topic, or contained matter not widely accessible: exclusive information in a way. The newspaper stories, those dealing with stage-life or with society, and all the many dialect or historical essays in romance come within this limit. Leave these out, and any reflective reader will be surprised to see how few writers have come to the light of favor solely upon the merits of their productions.

In the February number of *Harper's Magazine* there are twenty-three articles. Of these, the two serials, three of the four short stories, one of the essays, and three of the six poems are by well-known authors. The fourth story is by an Indian, and treats of Indian life. Every other contributor has a name familiar outside literary circles and possesses "exclusive information." In the "Drawer" Ruth McEnery Stuart furnishes one story and Carlyle Smith and Albert Lee the other story and some verses; but "Carlyle Smith" happens to be one of the pseudonyms of the "Drawer's" editor, John Kendrick Bangs, who has a number of literary aliases and a fatherly predilection for his own work. The February

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

Harper's, then, contained, out of twenty-three articles, only three signed by absolutely "new names"; i. e., names not celebrated in any field.

The February *Century* has twenty-seven contributions. Of these, eleven are by popular writers, nine by those who have made a name otherwise than by writing, with six poems and one belated dialect story — but the *Century* clings to dialect — under unknown names, seven out of twenty-seven articles.

The minor magazines are, of course, not quite so difficult of access, although *McClure's Magazine* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* have long catered to a desire set forth by one editor to me in the remark: "We must have some big names on our cover to sell the number."

One would suppose that the increase of periodicals had vastly increased the chances of the literary beginner; but it works in two ways. Over-production has brought about tremendous competition. The war-cry now more than ever is: "Anything to sell the magazine!" and big names are, after all, the most important factor in that endeavor. We — the readers for whom the publishers are looking — know that we glance down the table of contents each month seeking for the names of authors whom we know. As *Puck* once said, speaking of the folly of using a pseudonym: "When we buy Jamaica ginger we buy a brand with which we are acquainted; when we select reading matter we are apt to be guided by the same principle." The publishers are certainly right, from a business point of view, unless they go too far. We are not talking of the publisher's side, however; it is the chance of the unknown writer with which we are dealing, and that, I repeat, lies almost wholly in doing something not attempted by those authors who are well established in favor.

My contention as to the present-day force of "name" will be understood when I point out that *Harper's*, some years ago, published all its contributions anonymously. Imagine its trying to do anything of that sort in the fierce race for patronage of the present day!

Ruth Hall.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE LOST MANUSCRIPTS.

I have solved the problem of the lost handkerchiefs and the lost hairpins — the hairpins are dropped on the street (I have seen them, dozens of them), and the washerwoman gets the handkerchiefs — but what I want to know is this — What becomes of the manuscripts that get lost in the newspaper offices?

A few months ago I wrote an article and sent it to a New York newspaper. Though it was a timely and rather interesting article, I thought, I half expected it to return to me on the third day. Contrary to my expectations, it did not. I waited a week; still it failed to appear.

Then I began to buy the paper and to pore over column after column — weary work! — in search of my article. I pored in vain.

Finally, after three weeks or more, I boarded a car and went down to look for it in person.

I entered the office and timidly begged to know of the man behind the bars if he had seen or heard anything of my article, giving its name and my own.

He lifted a face which was remarkable for nothing so much as the blankness of its look, and said, no, he had n't seen a thing of it.

With that he dropped his lids and appeared to study a while, raised them once more, took a second glance at my stricken countenance, and, diving under the counter, presently emerged with a book, which he handed to me through the window.

"Better look through the files," said he. "Maybe you will find it there."

The book was one of such exceeding weight and thickness that I bent double beneath the burden of it. At last, however, I succeeded in reaching a counter, placed it thereon, and opening it in

the middle, stood appalled at the immensity of the ordeal which lay before me. How was it possible to go through a book like that and find anything in it under a month or six weeks? My heart sank within me.

Summoning all my courage, I braced up and commenced at the commencement. I turned over leaf after leaf, looking up and down, up and down, at first one column and then another, until my eyes got to going that way, and kept it up at intervals for the period of a day or so afterward. Though I was growing very weary, I labored steadily enough, managing to keep a pretty stiff upper lip until I came to the Sunday paper. Here sheet after sheet unfolded itself before me in dazzling, many-colored pictures, flaring headlines, and unlimited columns, that stretched out, and out, and out, until the interminable length and breadth of them exhausted my last remnant of courage, and I felt my vitality oozing slowly but surely out at my finger-tips. Propping my elbows on the great book, I dropped my head on my hands and tried to think.

By and by, finding the effort useless, so scrambled had my brain become with the wildly variegated mass of matter through which I had been forced to wade, I turned an agonized face to the man at the window.

"Tell me where my article is," I implored. "I can't find it in this. It would take a year. It would take a lifetime!"

Accustomed as he probably was to the agony of writers who daily pored over those files in search of their work, the utter helplessness of my condition appeared, nevertheless, to appeal to him. He paused in the stress of his business to offer a suggestion: —

"If you will go outside in the hall and take the elevator to the next floor," he said, "then go to room No. 11 on that floor and ask for the managing editor, maybe he can tell you something about your article."

I thanked him, went out into the hall, took the elevator, found room No. 11, entered and confronted many heads bent over tables above which hung incandescent lights that shone down upon pencils scratching busily over innumerable quires of blank white paper.

I stood there at the door waiting for somebody to look up. At last somebody looked up, and a man at a desk in one corner arose and approached me.

"What is it, madam?" He inquired.

"I sent an article here some three weeks ago," I explained "Can you tell me what became of it?"

I followed the question with my name and address, which he scribbled hastily upon a tablet he held in his hand.

"I don't know a thing about it myself," said he — and, like that of the man at the window in the office, his face would have rivaled a great stone wall for blankness — "but I will see the managing editor."

Going over to a desk near the window, he saw the manging editor. In an incredibly short space of time he was back again.

"The article you are speaking of was a special article suited for a Sunday paper, wasn't it?" he asked.

"I think so," I replied.

Later it occurred to me that, considering he did n't know a thing about it, it was strange that he should have guessed with such accuracy at the quality of the article in question.

However, most of our best thoughts come later.

"The managing editor never attends to articles of that description," he announced; "you will have to see the Sunday editor."

"And where is the Sunday editor?" I gasped, for I had spent many hours over the files, the sun rays were beginning to slant perceptibly outside, and I was a long way from home.

"Go out of this building altogether," said he, "and around the corner into the side street. Then look for No. 21, take the elevator there to the sixth floor, and you will find the Sunday editor in his room on that floor, unless he is out."

I thanked him, went down the elevator, left the building altogether, skirted the corner, found No. 21, took the elevator there and ascended to the sixth floor, where I came upon a boy who was placed on guard at the door to the Sunday editor's sanctum.

"Is the Sunday editor in?" I begged to know.

"What's your name?" he asked.

I gave it, adding that I was on a still hunt for

an article I had mailed to that paper some three weeks before.

"I will see if the Sunday editor is in," said the boy, "and if he is, I will ask him about your article."

He disappeared within the sanctum and closed the door after him. I took a seat outside and waited. While I waited I occupied myself with wondering how it was that the boy was so uncertain as to whether or not the Sunday editor was in, since it was radically impossible for him to pass through the door at which he stood on guard without his seeing him unless he was blind, and the boy did not appear to be blind.

Coming to the conclusion that the Sunday editor was possibly in the habit of taking flying leaps from the window — and pretty dangerous leaps they must have been from a sixth-story window — or of climbing down the fire escape on the spur of the moment, I glued my eyes to the sanctum door in the endeavor to mesmerize the boy into coming back again. I was tired. I wanted to go home.

In an hour or so he reappeared.

"The Sunday editor says he has n't seen anything of your article," he informed me, "but I will take your name and address down on this piece of paper, and if we come across it, I will drop you a line."

It is hardly necessary to state that the line was never dropped.

Thus dismissed, and by such a comparative youth too, I gave him my name once more, added the address, and descended to the street.

As I took my life in my hand and crossed the crowded thoroughfare to the Park, I cast a hunted glance back over my shoulder at the magnificent edifice in which my search for my lost article had been like nothing so much as looking for a needle in a haystack, made my weary way to the elevated at Park Place, boarded a car and stood up all the way home.

Since that experience — with the exception of one paper — the *New York Sun* — in whose office my articles are never lost — I have fought shy of newspapers and confined myself to the syndicates and a few magazines.

Zoe Anderson Norris.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

RULES FOR NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

These rules for preparing copy, recently issued by the *New York Press*, should be of interest to newspaper writers generally: —

DO and DON'T.

DO.

Do use a dictionary, The Press Almanac, and the reference books in the library.

DON'T.

Don't begin a story with "Yesterday," "Last night," and the like.

Don't begin a story with "The," "An," or "A" oftener than once a week.

Don't omit "No." before a number in a street.

Don't "put in an appearance" or "make an appearance"; just appear.

Don't say "a dinner occurred," and "an explosion took place." Things occur by chance or accident; they take place by arrangement.

DON'T MISUSE

"Ability" for "capacity."
"Allude" for "refer."
"Amateur" for "novice."
"Anticipate" for "expect."
"Apt" for "likely."
"Audience" for "spectators."
"Balance" for "remainder" or "rest."
"Bountiful" for "plentiful."
"But" for "only." When in doubt, use "only" for "but."
"Caption" for "heading."
"Captivate" for "charm."
"Conclude" for "close." To conclude is a mental process.

"Consummate," referring to a marriage. Look for the word in the dictionary.

"Convened." The delegates, not the convention, convened.

"Crime," a statutory wrong; "sin," a violation of creed; "vice," a moral wrong. (One may murder one's father and not be vicious; also, one may cast one's wife away and take two wives and not be sinful, according to some creeds.)

"Depot" for "passenger station," or "station" for "freight depot."

"Dock" for "pier" or "wharf."

"Don't" for "does n't."

"During" for "in." "During the night" means throughout the night.

"Every" for "all."

Don't separate the parts of infinitives, or needlessly separate the parts of verbs; say "to begin again," not "to again begin"; say "probably will be," not "will probably be."

Don't say "he was given a dinner," when the dinner was given for him or in his honor.

Don't use "Mr." before a full name; but do say "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith," "Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith."

Don't make titles; use "Smith, a car conductor"; not "Car Conductor Smith."

Don't give "ovations" to anybody.

Don't stab any one "in the fracas."

Don't "administer" blows or punishment.

Don't use "he graduated"; say "he was graduated"

"Event" for "incident," "affair, "occurrence," or "happening."

"Exemplary" for "excellent."

"Exposition" for "exhibit."

"Groom" for "bridegroom."

"Inaugurate" for "begin."

"Initial" for "first."

"Jewelry" for "jewels."

"Learn" for "teach."

"Leave" for "let." "Leave" as a verb, unless referring to things which leave, must have an object.

"Loan," as a verb, for "lend." "Lend" money.

"Lurid" for "brilliant." "Lurid" means pale, gloomy, or ghastly.

"Marry." Don't "marry" a man; the woman is married to the man, and the clergyman or magistrate marries both.

"Murderous" for "deadly" or "dangerous."

"Notable" for "noteworthy."

"Observe" (to heed) for "say."

"Partially" for "partly."

"Patrons" for "customers."

"Party" for "person."

"People" for "persons."

"Posted" for "well informed."

"Render." You sing a song, but "render" lard or a judgment.

"Retire" for "go to bed."

"Remains" for "corpse" or "body."

"Reliable" for "trustworthy."

"Spell" for "period."

"Stopped" for "stayed." "He stayed in a hotel."

"Tender" for "give." "Tender" a payment; "give" a reception.

"Transpire" for "occur."

"Unwell" for "ill."

"Ventilate" for "expose" or "explain."

DON'T USE

"Accord" for "give."

"Aggravate" for "irritate."

"Approve of" for "approve."

"Cablegram" for "cable message" or "despatch."

"Canine" for "dog."

"Claim" as an intransitive verb. You can claim your hat, but you cannot "claim" that your hat was stolen.

"Commence" for "begin."

"Considerable."

"Derail."

"Divine," as a noun.

"Locate," unless you locate a railroad, a canal, a claim, and the like.

"Magnate."

"Matter" oftener than once a week.

"Mrs. General" or "Mrs. Doctor," unless the woman is a general or a doctor.

"Necessitate."

"Notified." Use "informed," "sent word," or "told."

"Obsequies."

"Progress," as a verb.

"Standpoint." Use "point of view."

"Stated" so much. Let a man merely "say" this or that once in a while.

Slang, stock expressions, or cheap phrases. This covers a multitude of sins.

"The deceased," "the unfortunate," "the accused," and the like.

"Very" oftener than once a week.

"Via," "per diem," and the like; say "By way of," "a day," and "a week."

"Vicinity" without "its": "Its vicinity."

HELP THE COMPOSITORS.

Always leave a margin of at least an inch on the top of each sheet of copy.

If you have a particularly illegible piece of copy, don't pass it over and send it down stairs in the hope that perhaps the "intelligent compositor" may be able to read it.

Edward H. Wood.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

In pointing out these common errors the editor of the *Press* has done useful work.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),

P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. MARCH, 1899. NO. 3.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Writing — in *Scribner's* for March — of Daniel Webster as an orator, Senator Hoar says: "He had a singular habit, which made it wearisome to listen to his ordinary speech, of groping after the most suitable word, and trying one synonym after another till he got that which suited him best. 'Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated, come together here, this great number of inhabitants, dwellers; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together here? Is it not because we have here a sufficient, ample, safe, secure, convenient, commodious, port, harbor, haven?' Of course, when the speech came to be printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out."

* * *

What Daniel Webster used to do in public is exactly what every writer ought to do mentally in making manuscript, never resting content until he has found the word or phrase best suited to express his meaning. The study of synonyms enlarges a writer's vocabulary, and enables him to make his writing more effective by a discriminating use of words. Sometimes one of two words that mean almost the same thing will be much better than the other in a given place because it will fit better the rhythm of the sentence. A writer's style will always be improved if he studies daily some good book of synonyms — for instance, Smith's "Synonyms Discriminated" — and keeps Roget's "Thesaurus" always within reach for frequent reference upon his desk.

* * *

The editor of the *Independent* explains anew — clearly, if unnecessarily — why editors do not need to read religiously every manuscript that comes to them. "Once more," he says, "the tale goes round of the author who sent a story to three journals and had it returned by every one without having been read. He knew it, because he had pasted two of the leaves together. Very likely. We do not think of reading through a half or a quarter of the articles that are sent to us. It often does not take half a minute to discard what one knows he does n't want. It is an old saying that one does not need to eat a whole oint to learn whether it is tainted.

"It would be a revelation to some of these writers to see how fast an experienced and conscientious editor can, at times, go through a big pile of essays, stories, or poems. The

title is often enough, and he would say, 'We don't want an article on that subject.' The next article begins with a page or two of commonplace introduction, and that is thrown aside in half a minute's inspection without turning more than the next page. The next begins with a platitude — 'We can't print that stuff.'

"The first verse of this next poem has false meter, and is tossed aside. The next begins in schoolgirl style, with 'dove' and 'love'; it is not read through. Of the next the editor reads ten lines. It is simply a dull description of a stream in a forest — not wanted. The next poem begins in a fresh way, seems to be constructed according to the rules, is pretty good. It is put one side to see if other better poems will crowd it out. The next is a story. The first page is promising, but the second shows a coarse strain, and the reading stops there.

"Ten articles are decided upon, and with sufficient good judgment, in ten minutes; for a minute to a manuscript is often twice as much time as it needs. It does not take that long for a dealer to stick an iron skewer in a smoked ham, draw it out and smell of it. Not one article in a dozen perhaps needs to be read through."

***

In a letter to the editor of THE WRITER, John J. a'Becket says: "I always read THE WRITER with interest, and I have been moved to write to you on two or three points suggested by the perusal of the January number. Your second editorial paragraph (about the need of enlisting the reader's interest in a story by arresting his attention from the very beginning) is undoubtedly true in substance, if a bit too precise and absolute. (I am thinking of the 'only' and the 'first.', But your examples for illustrating your assertion do not seem to me quite convincing, I think a fetching article could be written on 'The Emotionality of the Meteorological Commonplace.' Is not a strongly pictured phase of inanimate nature provocative of interest and even curiosity? Of course, nothing is of such charm to Man as Man, and the stimulating presentation at the beginning of a story, or novel, of a striking personality or moving human action is more alluring than anything else; but I, for one, would not abandon the story which began with the description of the wet, depressing November evening which you give as a deadly blow to a reader's interest! The English like to have their painters put a story into their pictures. But surely the noble or winning landscape or marine, bereft of any human figure or aught to suggest man, is as attractive to the lover of painting. Thus in writing, while human action, and motive, and character are the great and more cognate subjects of art, is there any doubt of the pleasure and approval which are occasioned by graphic portrayal of inanimate things? Witness Stevenson's description of the snowy night in 'A Lodging for a Night'; Kipling's Turnerian picture of the upheaving sea in 'A Matter of Fact'; countless passages in De Maupassant's stories, etc., etc. I have run through the beginning of all the stories of Quiller Couch in 'Naughts and Crosses,' and I find five or six in which the opening paragraph is of the kind you condemn as interest-killing. I hope you will take in good part my gratuitous antagonism to your position in the editorial. It is because you are so friendly to pen-workers that I felt drawn to write as I have."

***

The editor of THE WRITER is always glad to have readers of the magazine express their views regarding anything that may be printed in it, especially when they do not agree with something that he himself has said. THE WRITER is meant to be an open court for the discussion of questions of interest to writers, and anything that the editor says in it is said only with the authority of individual opinion. As regards the matter of beginning a story, there is really no disagreement between what Mr. a'Becket says and the editorial paragraph in the January WRITER. The paragraph said that a story should begin with an incident or a picture striking enough to catch the attention of the reader at the outset. The picture need not be a portrait. It may well be a description of scenery. The important thing is that it should not be commonplace, — as the sentences about the dull November evening in the January WRITER were meant to be, — but should be

sufficiently out of the ordinary to catch and hold the attention of the reader. An example of a landscape description which is a good beginning for a story is found in Mr. a'Becket's own work, in his story, "One of the Unnumbered," which was printed in the February number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* Here are the first two paragraphs of the story: —

It was six in the morning of a cheerless December day. The lowering sky hung in dismal grayness above the bare brown fields. The country road, stiff with the frosts of the night, stretched a forlorn streak of solitude. The dawn seemed breaking dispiritedly on the chilly world. A few fitful snowflakes, dry minute particles, floated about in the air, not even hardy forerunners of a cheering storm. It was an hour and a morning which they best enjoyed who were snugly bestowed in warm beds, asleep.

The numbing dullness of the scene was punctuated by one living thing. An old woman past seventy-five Winters (she did not suggest past Summers) was toiling along the road with resolute slowness. Her burden of years lent a feeble roll to her gait, humorously suggestive of a mariner's.

This opening may not capture the reader in the first sentence, possibly, but the first paragraph as a whole is not commonplace, and the second paragraph adds a figure that makes the whole a vivid picture. Even better is the opening of "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain," by Jesse Lynch Williams, in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, because in that the picture is completed in the first two sentences: —

A Mr. Knox sat swinging a pair of good legs over the end of the dock at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, smoking vile cigarettes and wishing something would happen. Small monotonous waves slapped the green-coated piles below, which smelled oozy."

Mr. a'Becket is right in saying that the stimulating presentation of a striking personality or moving human action is more alluring than anything else. For instance, compare the opening of "Little Dorritt" and that of "Bleak House" with the opening of "Our Mutual Friend." The scene on the river will stay in the memory of any reader long after the pictures of foggy London and of sun-baked Marseilles have been forgotten.

* * *

Referring to the review of "A Great Love" in THE WRITER for January, Mrs. Burnham says in a pleasant personal note: "So many reviewers have said that I built the story about the title, or contorted it to suit the title, that it will relieve me to say to your reviewer that the book had been finished for weeks before I thought up the title at all. 'Sweet Clover' is the only one of my books that was named before it was finished. The slang in 'A Great Love' was really uttered by the real Althea, who is drawn from life. She lives in California, but lived in the same house with me in Chicago for two seasons. She amused me so much with her paradoxes that I could n't keep my hands off her; so, with her consent, I photographed her."

* * *

Clear thinking must invariably precede good writing.

* * *

It is hard to write sharp paragraphs with a dull pencil. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

To indicate from whence the bullets came. — *Theodore Roosevelt, in March Scribner's*	To indicate whence the bullets came.
It seemed best to tell the story of the four national conventions of which I was a member in one paper. — *Senator Hoar, in March Scribner's.*	It seemed best to tell in one paper the story of the four national conventions of which I was a member.
Gradually ship's stores were sent on board, instrument-packing completed, the protecting paint holy-stoned off the deck, and staterooms put in sailing order. — *Mabel Loomis Todd, in "Corona and Coronet."*	Gradually ship's stores were sent on board, the instrument-packing was completed, the protecting paint was holy-stoned off the deck, and staterooms were put in sailing order.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Your useful and usually vigilant little publication will be a good many days older before it is able to note worse newspaper English than this from a paragraph in the editorial columns of the *New York Tribune:* "We were pledged in advance *not forcibly to annex* Cuba, but to assist the island to establish if possible a satisfactory government of its own; but not the ghost of any such pledge was made or im-

plied, or *could properly have been*, in the case of the Philippines." Note the writer's awkward avoidance of the split infinitive and still more awkward perpetration of the split past perfect, "could properly have been." I correct thus: "not to annex Cuba forcibly," or, better still, "not to seize and annex Cuba," and "but not the ghost of any such pledge was made or implied, or *properly could have been*, in the case of the Philippines." F. H. M.

BOSTON, Mass.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Some time ago "D. C." asked the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* where he could obtain a copy of "Ships That Pass in the Night," and if the editor could recommend it for summer reading. The answer was: "Any book store. It's tommyrot." Later, "N. P. S." questioned the propriety of the word "tommyrot," giving as a reason that it was not "euphonious," and, if anything, vulgar. The editor defended the use of the word upon the ground that its chief merit was because it was not euphonious nor classic, and because certain "robust" writers, like Labouchere and Englishmen generally, used it. I cannot understand why a cacophonious word should be preferred to a euphonious one, even if used by robust writers. Some time ago one of these robust writers described woman as "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." It illustrates the kind of literature that "tommyrot" leads down to. I think the tendency to copy all the "swagger" words and "cockneyisms" of our English brothers by our daily papers a bad practice. I read in my daily paper that a certain toilette worn at a social event (pardon me, "function") was "fetching." The magazines have lately got in the way of speaking of certain literature as being good "newspaper English." Don't you think that the daily newspaper should aim to give its readers as good English as the magazines?

J. H. B.

["Tommyrot" is an unfit word to apply to "Ships That Pass in the Night," whether it be regarded as literary criticism or as a word by itself. "Tommyrot" is an offensive vulgarism, which has for its existence neither the excuse of wit nor the reason of utility, and it should be banished from writing and from conversation everywhere. It is a mournful fact that people are prone to imitate the bad manners, rather than the good manners, of the people of other nations. In matters of language especial care should be exercised to import only good and useful words and phrases, and foreign slang should be justified either by its wit or by its usefulness before it is added to our language.—W. H. H.]

I want to have all my stories published under a pseudonym. What arrangement shall I make with editors to ensure the use of my pseudonym instead of my real name? J. D. C.

[Let us suppose that a writer's real name is Edward Johnson, and that his pseudonym is "Mark Smith." Under the title of his story he should write "By Mark Smith," and it will do no harm for him to write the pseudonym "Mark Smith" also at the end of the manuscript. Then, when the manuscript is sent to the printers, the editor will have only to cross out the signature that he does not want. This procedure will make it reasonably sure that the story will be printed under the author's pseudonym. To connect his real name with the manuscript, for the editor's convenience, he should write at the top of the first page his real name and address, together with his pseudonym, thus:—

Edward Johnson ("Mark Smith"),
349 West Ninety-eighth street,
Bedford, Mass.

He should also use both his real name and his pseudonym in his letter to the editor accompanying the manuscript.—W. H. H.]

Will THE WRITER help me out on this matter? A has written a story (a book) and does not care to give it to a publisher for a ten per cent. royalty—not that A is so sure the manuscript would be accepted even on these terms, which, if honestly carried out, would be quite satisfactory to him, but we hear a great many complaints and doubts on such matters to-day, which makes A loth to trust a publisher any further than the publisher trusts him: hence his desire to learn a better way of getting at his own. Is it not better to publish at his own expense? What would 1,000 copies, 400

pages, 16mo, in cloth, cost? and what would be the expense of selling the edition? M. M. S.

[Authors have not the slightest reason to doubt the honesty of the leading publishers of the United States. Such firms as Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, Little, Brown, & Co., the Century Company,—many others might be mentioned,—have shown in years of honorable business dealing that they are worthy of all confidence, and there is no more reason to suspect that such firms would try to cheat authors out of royalties than there is to fear that Bishop Potter will ever try to steal President McKinley's watch. If "M. M. S." can get any publisher of this class to bring out his book, he may be sure that he will get all the royalties to which he is entitled, and that if no royalty checks come to him, it will be because his book has not been a success. Most of the complaints about the dishonesty of publishers have come from unsuccessful authors, who cannot believe that their books have not had a profitable sale, and who consequently accuse their publishers of fraud. All business men, publishers included, should be judged by their general standing in the business world, and it is not reasonable to charge a man of high standing with petty theft, unless the accuser has definite evidence to prove that the man accused is guilty. The leading publishers of the United States have as high a reputation as the leading firms in any other line of business. In dealing with them an author may be sure of honest treatment. Dealings with minor publishers may involve a certain amount of risk, but even this is not so much because the men are inclined to be dishonest as because of their limited resources. An author will generally do better to have his book brought out by one of the best of the minor publishers, even, than to undertake to publish it himself. Printing and binding a book and publishing it are two things widely different. To print and bind 1,000 copies of an ordinary novel may cost $300 or $400, but when the work has been done, the book has not been published, in the practical meaning of the word. Publication means putting on the market, dealing with the public and with booksellers throughout the country, advertising, sending review copies to the publications whose reviews of books have financial value—doing things, in short, that can be done to the best advantage only by a firm having experience, capital, and the machinery of a well-conducted publishing house. A book "published by the author" is practically never a success, financially or otherwise.—W. H. H.]

After a break in a narrative—say for the insertion of a letter set in small type—when the use of the large type is resumed, how should a compositor be instructed on the manuscript not to make a new paragraph at the beginning of the large-type matter? M. T. B.

[If the line following a letter quoted in a narrative and set in small type should not begin a paragraph, the words "Begin flush." enclosed in brackets, should be written just above it, as an instruction for the compositor. If the letter is set in the same type as the rest of the narrative, the instruction "No ¶" may serve as well. The compositor "begins flush," in setting type, when he omits the em quad regularly used at the beginning of a paragraph.—W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Anna Robeson Brown, author of "A Comedy in a Cabriolet" in *Short Stories* for January, has written a great deal. As a school-girl she published several ballads in *St. Nicholas*. Her first long story appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and was called "Alain of Halfdene." Since its appearance she has had stories and articles in the *Chap-book*, *Godey's*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McClure's*, and other periodicals, and the Appletons have issued in book form a story of hers called "Sir Mark." A new story written by her will appear in *Lippincott's Magazine* before long. It is a romance of the last century on the New England coast, and is called "The House of Pan."

Virginia Woodward Cloud, author of "Down Durley Lane and Other Ballads" (The Century Company), is a native of Baltimore, Md. She has had a large number of poems in

the magazines during the past few years. Among those which have been widely copied and which have brought many letters of appreciation are "Leisurely Lane" and "The Mother's Song," which appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, illustrated by W. L. Taylor, and the Revolutionary ballad, "Sweet P," and "The Witch," a dramatic poem, which appeared in the same publication, illustrated by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens. The ballad, "Sweet P," has had quite a vogue as a dramatic recitation, and the author has just completed a Revolutionary drama founded upon the same theme. Miss Cloud has had several requests from publishers to include in books of recitations some of the poems mentioned, but has refused, wishing to bring them out first in a new collection of her own. A number of the lyrics and poems that she has published in the *Bookman* and elsewhere have been republished to music. Miss Cloud has recently completed a set of Revolutionary and colonial tales, which will appear in serial form, and also another collection of poems which has not yet gone to press.

Wardon Allan Curtis, author of the story, "The Tale of the Doubtful Grandmother," in *Lippincott's* for February, is a New Mexican by birth, of New England parentage, Yankee since there were any Yankees. His life has been passed in Vermont, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Missouri. He was educated at Shattuck school, Faribault, Minn., and at the University of Wisconsin. He has contributed to a large number of periodicals, among them being *Lippincott's*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Round Table*, the *Independent*, *Puck*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Short Stories*, *Collier's Weekly*, and *Leslie's Weekly*, though not extensively to any one. The *Saturday Evening Post* is now publishing a series of stories by Mr. Curtis, entitled "The Modern Münchausen Papers." Most of his stories have been extravaganzas, and generally humorous.

Julia Boynton Green, author of the verses, "Two Points of View," in the December *Century*, lives in California. Her home, which is called "El Nido," is in an orange grove at Redlands. She and her husband removed from Western New York five years ago. Mrs. Green is astonished that her humorous poems should be so successful, for she has always thought herself deficient in humor; but besides "Two Points of View," she has written poems in a light vein for *Life* and for *Vogue*, some of which, although accepted, have not yet appeared. Mrs. Green would prefer to be judged by her serious poems, many of which have appeared in magazines during the past ten or twelve years. While living in the East she did a good deal of work for the *Boston Transcript*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *Rochester Post-Express*. She has also written, and is now writing, for several children's magazines, and since becoming a Californian she has been a frequent contributor to the magazines of the coast. Several of Mrs. Green's poems have been placed in anthologies. One sonnet, "Divided," appears both in Higginson's "American Sonnets" and in Crandall's "Representative Sonnets by American Poets." Ten years ago G. P. Putnam's Sons published a volume of her verse, entitled "Lines and Interlines," and she now has material, more mature in its character, for another volume, which she expects to bring out soon, with designs from her own drawings. Recently Mrs. Green has taken up prose writing, and she now has two or three short stories about completed.

Roy Farrell Greene, whose poem, "When She Tripped the Minuet," appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* for January, was born in Michigan in 1873. He removed to Kansas with his parents in 1879. His father owned a ranch in the Indian country, now Oklahoma territory, for five years, and although life in the then wild country retarded scholastic progress, it brought back health and strength to the boy, who, for some years previous to his beginning ranch life, had been afflicted with rheumatism, necessitating the use of crutches. After five years' ranch life he returned to Kansas, and became a resident of Arkansas City (four miles from the Oklahoma line), where he was educated in the common and high schools. He began writing for New York journals in 1895,

but before that he had done much local newspaper work. He has contributed to *Peterson's*, *Munsey's*, the *New England Magazine*, the *New Bohemian*, and other magazines. Most of his work has appeared in *Life*, *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Truth*, and in the late *Up to Date* (Chicago). A good deal of his work appeared in *Leslie's Weekly* during 1898, signed and unsigned, and nearly every week he has verses in *Town Topics* under a pseudonym. Mr. Greene inclines greatly toward society verse, but he is also doing much dialect work in Western verse, almost all of it depicting farm and ranch characters. Mr. Greene makes it a rule to do some writing every day, either prose or verse. He is now preparing two volumes of verse—nearly all of which has been previously published in *Leslie's Weekly*, the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and the periodicals already named—for early publication. One is to be a volume of society verse, and the other will be made up of Western verse, dialect, etc.

Agnes Lewis Mitchell, author of the verses, "The Goblin and the Tide," in *St. Nicholas* for February, has for some years been a contributor to *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*, and has had occasional verses published in other periodicals. She has written verses ever since she can remember, and she hopes some day to publish a volume of children's verse, for which she has the material, some of it having been published in magazines, and some of it being still in manuscript. Mrs. Mitchell is particularly fond of writing juvenile verse, and several years' experience in teaching has given her an insight into the sayings and doings, likes and dislikes of little folk, which has made her verses attractive to all young readers.

Harriot Brewer Sterling, whose verses, "The Seamstress," were published in *St. Nicholas* for February, wrote them to please her elder son, and the heroine is the author herself in her early days. Her home is in Ohio. Her mother comes from Vermont stock, and is related to the present Senator Fifield of that state. Her father was a Bostonian, descended from General Heath and other Revolutionary and colonial worthies, a cousin of the Brewer whose name is written so large in early Hawaiian history, and was himself a civil engineer of prominence. Mrs. Sterling was born on the Western Reserve, and was educated in Sandusky's public schools and at Wellesley. After leaving college she taught for a year or two, spent another year or two in the South, and then, from her father's Chattanooga home, married Guy Sterling, irrigation engineer and inventor, and has spent the greater part of her married life in the far West. She began writing for publication while at college, but has done little besides the jingles and short poems which have appeared in *Little Men and Women*, the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, and other children's magazines. Her prose work is very practical, being limited, for the most part, to articles on child-care and child-culture, subjects with which she is well qualified to deal by reason of possessing two beautiful boys, whose welfare and development are her constant study.

Arthur J. Stringer, author of the poem, "Remorse," in *Harper's Magazine* for February, is one of the younger Canadian poets. He studied at the University of Toronto and afterward at Oxford. Then he traveled on the continent, and wrote for London papers. He is now in New York City doing literary work. Although only twenty-four years old, Mr. Stringer has published three volumes of verse, "Watches of Twilight," "Epigrams," and "Pauline and Other Poems" (F. H. Warren, London). While an undergraduate at Oxford he wrote the poem on Shelley which Professor Alexander has included in his anthology. His Shakespeare studies have attracted considerable attention. Mr. Stringer has three poems in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*, under the heading "Stories in Verse," and in *Ainslee's Magazine* for March is printed the first installment of his short stories of child life, called "The Loom of Destiny." The same number of *Ainslee's* has a poem by Mr. Stringer, "On Re-reading Hamlet."

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, author of the storiette, "The Angle of Vision," in *Munsey's*

Magazine for February, is a California girl, who is now editing the *Puritan* in New York. She graduated at Vassar in 1891, following her sister, the author of "Her Majesty" and "The Broken Ring," who took her degree three years before. She has been writing verses all her life, and of late years has found ready acceptance for them, but her successes have been short stories. She spent a year in San Francisco working for the *Wave* and the *Examiner*, and then in September, 1897, came East to take an editorial position on Mr. Munsey's staff.

Isabel Nixon Whiteley, whose story, "For the French Lilies," was the "complete novel" in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, is the author of "The Falcon of Langéac," which was published in 1897 by Copeland & Day. She is the daughter of Rev. J. H. Nixon, D. D., and was born in Cambridge, N. Y., but lived during her childhood in Indianapolis and Missouri, and has resided in Delaware and Philadelphia since her girlhood. Her first story, entitled "Wanted a Situation," was published in *Harper's Bazar*. She has written very little outside of the two novels named, as her time is fully taken up with the cares of her family and with charitable work. She is very fond of historical study, and never leaves a point until convinced that she has thoroughly followed it to its remotest details. She often reads a dozen books for the chronology, or costume, or setting of a single sentence. She is much interested in the work of the Catholic Historical Society, and is a member of its committee of historical research, which passes upon many interesting manuscripts relating to the early history of this country. She is descended from a dozen or more of the colonial families of New England, many of her direct ancestors being among the original colonists. One of them, Samuel Marshfield, held important offices in the colony, and purchased the house of Roger Williams in Salem when the latter fled from it. Mrs. Whiteley is the sister of Mary F. Nixon, whose "With a Pessimist in Spain" was pronounced by Spanish critics to be the best book on Spain ever written by one not a Spaniard. Miss Nixon is as devoted to Spanish scenes as Mrs. Whiteley is to French ones, both of the latter's books having the most accurate atmosphere of the Breton and Dauphinese scenes which they describe.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Macleod. — Apropos of "C. E. Raimond's" protest in the *Daily Chronicle* as to the revelation of her identity, it may be interesting to refer to the efforts made to maintain the secret of the personality of Miss Fiona Macleod. We are told that Miss Macleod's letters have to be re-addressed three or four times before they come into her hands. She is known to a small circle, who keep the secret well; her forcible handwriting is known to many. No editor has managed to get her photograph, though one had it in his hands. We doubt if Miss Macleod's publishers have met her. At first Mr. Sharp did a good deal of her business work, but she superintends it herself now. The mystery as to her identity is not one that will arouse the suspicion of the literary, but certain Gaels, whose dislike for Miss Macleod's work amounts to a passion, have sought assiduously to force her to reveal her personality. Every sort of criticism except that which is literary has been applied to her work. One ardent Gael turned up the files of a Glasgow paper to see if any of the tragedies Miss Macleod depicts actually occurred; another took a census of Iona — no difficult task — to discover the originals of her characters. It is startling to learn that their researches were unavailing. Still another Gael is said to have done detective duty opposite a house in Edinburgh where Miss Macleod sometimes stays, and Miss Macleod is as unknown as ever. — *London Academy.*

Tolstoi. — Count Tolstoï's methods resemble in a great measure those of the painter. As soon as he has collected his materials, he makes, so to say, a large charcoal drawing of his subject, paying no heed to minor details. The rough outline, as a rule, is then handed to his wife or daughter, with instructions to make a clean copy, leaving large empty spaces between the conclusion of one subject and the beginning of the next. As soon as this has been satis-

factorily accomplished, Tolstoï begins to fill in the outlines, or, in other words, to expand his ideas. It might be mentioned that he writes on quarto paper of the very commonest description. He begins his literary work at nine o'clock in the morning, and ceases at three o'clock. The completed outlines drawn to his satisfaction, he begins to elaborate his story, section by section. It often happens that he will make ten copies of a section before he is finally satisfied with his work. It is the rarest thing that he writes an inspired chapter; that is to say, a chapter which does not undergo drastic changes. But one of these inspired bits is the famous chapter in "Anna Karénina," where the races are described, and the reader first meets with Prince Obolenski. During his forenoon's work he rises two or three times from his desk to play a game of "Patience." He says it enables him to attack his work with greater concentration. A section of his work ended, he usually reads it to the countess or his daughter, inviting their severest strictures. He would not invite their criticisms, did he not attach considerable value to them; but, as a rule, they do not move him to modify anything he has written. Tolstoï is, perhaps, one of the most difficult authors to print. His handwriting is legible enough; but in his proof-reading he makes so many changes, recasts so many sentences, that the type has often to be broken up and recomposed. — *Christian World.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC. By Alphonso G. Newcomer. 382 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1898.

Professor Newcomer's "Elements of Rhetoric" differs from most rhetorics in respect to its arrangement. The author's theory is that composition must begin with ideas, and accordingly he gives his attention at the beginning of his book to methods of gathering and arranging material in composition, and puts at the end his discussion of the proper use of words. His book, therefore, takes up first "the whole composition," then "the paragraph," then "the sentence and its clauses," then "words and phrases," and finally "mechanical processes in writing." It may well be questioned whether this arrangement really is the scientific one. Before a girl is taught to dance, she must generally learn to walk, and the common idea is that a pupil should learn the best use of words in simple sentences before he is called upon to put sentences together to express consecutive ideas in formal composition. Professor Newcomer would be right in saying that "diction is the very last consideration in the process of constructing an essay"—if he should add "so far as any particular essay is concerned." The common theory has been, however, that it is unwise for a pupil to attempt the construction of an essay until he has studied diction and can write simple sentences without violating the ordinary laws of English usage. For instance, it seems reasonable to teach a pupil that a split infinitive is a violation of good usage before asking him to write a paper on "The Blue Color of the Atmosphere," or even on "My First Day's Fishing." In a certain sense "to eloquently urge" and "he ain't" are faults of the same kind, and the pupil should receive instruction in all such matters before undertaking set composition at all. After he has learned to write simple sentences that are grammatically and rhetorically good, he may well study first "the whole composition," and then the "paragraph"; to ask him to begin consecutive composition without first teaching him the right use of English in making simple sentences is something like asking a bricklayer to build a house and compelling him to make his bricks as he goes along. So far as "mechanical processes" are concerned, Professor Newcomer tacitly admits that the arrangement of his book is unscientific, since he says in effect at the end of the third section of Part I. of his book: "Part V. should be studied here."

Leaving aside the matter of arrangement, Newcomer's "Rhetoric" is a book to be commended. Its teaching is sound, its examples are usually excellent, and although the author says he is disposed to make little claim to originality, he puts many things in a new way. A useful feature of his book is the appendix giving examples of disputed and faulty diction, in which attention is called to the more frequent and important errors in the use of English words and phrases.

ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES IN NORTHERN EUROPE. By Charles F. King. Illustrated. 351 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1898.

An astonishing amount of information is crowded into Mr. King's account of the travels of the Cartmell family through Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, and nearly 250 fine half-tone pictures add to the interest and value of his book. Any one intending to visit the countries named will find the volume a helpful companion, with information correct and up-to-date, while the stay-at-home reader may get from it much of the instruction and delight of travel. A list of the best books

to be consulted for further information, as well as a list of poems connected with the places described, is given at the close of the volume.

A CRUISE UNDER THE CRESCENT. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Illustrated. 357 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1898.

Mr. Stoddard is a picturesque writer, and his account of his journeyings through the Holy Land, Greece, and Turkey is full of vivid coloring. His descriptions are accurate and artistic both, and the reader follows them with pleasure. The book is illustrated with pen drawings, which aptly fit the text. It is a notable addition to the literature of foreign travel.

THE STORY OF THE THIRTEEN COLONIES. By H. A. Guerber. 342 pp. Cloth, 65c. New York: American Book Company. 1898.

"The Story of the Thirteen Colonies" is intended as an historical reader, an elementary text-book in the history of the United States, or as an introduction or supplement to any of the excellent text-books on American history now in use. Designed primarily for use in schools, it is well adapted for home reading, and is so written that children above the age of ten can understand it and are likely to be attracted by it. The author has taken pains to relate all the well-known anecdotes and to quote the famous speeches to which constant reference is made in current literature, but not always with the discrimination of the trained historian. For instance, the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree is related with no comment to show the young reader that it has no foundation in fact. Taken as a whole, however, the book is an attractive one, and it will serve a useful purpose.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE VITAL TOUCH IN LITERATURE. John Burroughs. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

WRITERS THAT ARE QUOTABLE. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. From the French Riviera — Mentone. Edited by Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE. — IV. Julia Ward Howe. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THE CUB REPORTER AND THE KING OF SPAIN. A newspaper story. Jesse Lynch Williams. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March.

BRAINERD'S IDOL. A newspaper story. William T. Nichols. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

THE CULTIVATION OF LITERARY STYLE. T. J. Allen. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for March.

WRITING AS A MEANS OF IMPROVEMENT. B. F. Cochran. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for March.

EDOUARD ROD. With portrait. *Parisian* (18 c.) for March.

MY FIRST PLAY. Ernest Legouvé. *Parisian* (18 c.) for March.

THE HOME OF CORNEILLE. Illustrated. *Parisian* (18 c.) for March.

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R. A. — I. Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for March.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Thomas B. Reed. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for March.

THE REAL "ARABIAN NIGHTS." Illustrated. Anna Leach. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for March.

A THEORY OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM. Norman Hapgood. *Forum* (38 c.) for March.

THE MISSOURI PRESS IN CONFERENCE. *National Printer Journalist* (23 c) for January.

HENRY S. CANFIELD. With portrait. Frederick Boyd Stevenson. *Journalist* (13 c.) for January 14.

HON. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG. With portrait. Reprinted from *New York Herald* in *Journalist* (13 c.) for January 21.

A FORTUNE IN JOURNALISM. David A. Curtis *Journalist* (13 c.) for January 28.

THE NEW YORK PRESS AND ITS MAKERS. *Printer and Bookmaker* (13 c.) for February.

HALL CAINE ON AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS. Reprinted from *London Daily Telegraph* in *Printer and Bookmaker* (13 c.) for February.

THE NEWSPAPER, THE MAGAZINE, AND THE PUBLIC. Richard Watson Gilden, interviewed by Clifton Johnson. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 4.

MY LITERARY NEIGHBORS. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 4.

DR. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON. *New York Observer* (13 c.) for February 9.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE. "A. B. P." *Journal of Education* (8. c.) for February 16.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The American Authors' Guild has changed its name to The Society of American Authors. The following are the recently elected officers and managers of the society: President, Rastus S. Ransom; vice-presidents, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, General Lew Wallace, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, Hubert Howe Bancroft, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and Miss Grace Denio Litchfield; treasurer and counsel, Morris Patterson Ferris; secretary, John Beverly Robinson.

In Lantern Land is a new monthly magazine edited by Charles Dexter Allen and published at Hartford, Conn. Typographically, it is modeled after *Time and the Hour* (Boston).

The Catholic Authors' Guild intends to hold in New York City during April a convention of Catholic writers from all parts of this country and Catholics who are in any way interested in literature.

The Frank Leslie Publishing House of New York city has been incorporated, with a capital of $5,000, to acquire and carry on the the printing and publishing business of Frank Leslie's Publishing House. The directors are: Frank Leslie and William P. Chapman, Jr., of New York city; Frederick B. Colver, of Tenafly, N. J.; Chas. W. Parsons, of Brooklyn; and B. H. Cramer, of Saratoga.

Colonel George B. M. Harvey has bought the *North American Review* from General Lloyd S. Bryce. The price is reported to have been $225,000. Colonel Harvey has taken possession of the property, and will assume editorial direction of the magazine with the May number. He says: "The policy of the *North American Review* will be more poignant in the future. Its articles will be written by men of the hour. They will be popular in their character, while possessing at the same time dignity and weight. There will be no political partisanship."

Dr. Henry M. Field has retired from the editorship of the *Evangelist*, after forty-four years' of service, and Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, who has been on the staff for ten years, has assumed editorial control.

The *Midland Monthly*, founded in Des Moines by Johnson Brigham five years ago, has been sold to a syndicate of St. Louis men, and will hereafter be published in St. Louis. Mr. Brigham will remain the editor of the magazine.

The *Illustrated American* (New York) is now published monthly, and is called the *Illustrated American Magazine*.

The *Humane Alliance* (New York) has changed its name to the *Animal World*. It will continue to be the organ of the National Humane Alliance.

Lamson, Wolffe, & Co., of Boston and New York, have failed, with liabilities of $73,105 and nominal assets of $26,748. The firm has been doing business for five years.

The literary world suffered an irreparable loss Sunday, February 12, in the total destruction by fire of the publishing house of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Rare old folios, exquisite bindings, and scores of autograph copies of various works, *de luxe* editions, and hundreds of first editions bearing date of almost every year of the present century were destroyed.

In a recent report the *London Times* referred to a certain lady as a widow. Learning that the lady's husband was still alive, the *Times* hastened to correct the error in this way: "We regret that Mrs. Holiday was incorrectly described as a widow."

A most interesting children's magazine is the *Rotary*, published at Lisbon, N. D., by W. G. Crocker. It deserves to have a national circulation.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, offers prizes amounting to $600 for the best manuscripts of a First Reader submitted by regular teachers.

Another newspaper story by Jesse Lynch Williams in *Scribner's Magazine* for March tells the famous tale of a college lark that helped to make history.

An article on Salem, Mass., in the *Photographic Times* (New York) for February has among its illustrations pictures of Hawthorne's birthplace, Dr. Grimshaw's house, and the House of Seven Gables.

Among the literary features of the *Eclectic* (New York) for March are a critical appreciation of Charles Dickens by Andrew Lang, and an article on Dumas.

Frederick Beecher Perkins died at Morristown, N. J., January 27, aged seventy years.

Rev. Dr. Charles Seymour Robinson died in New York, February 1, aged sixty-nine.

Irving Browne died in Buffalo, February 6, aged sixty-three.

Archibald Lampman died at Ottawa, February 10, aged thirty-seven.

Henry Jones ("Cavendish") died in London, February 15, aged sixty-seven.

Walter Storrs Bigelow died at Savin Hill, Mass., February 22, aged forty-one.

BROOKLYN LIBRARY, MONTAGUE ST.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1899. No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

REVISION. *William Curtis Stiles.* 49
AN EDITOR'S ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS. *John Brisben Walker.* 50
ASKING FOR PAY FOR MANUSCRIPTS. *Julius Robinson.* 51
EDITORIAL. 52
A Magazine for Poets, 52 — New Cases of Plagiarism, 53 — The *Bookman* Returning Manuscripts. 53
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 53
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 53
Walter Barr, 53 — Robert Mowry Bell, 54 — Frances Bent Dillingham, 54 — Edwin Emerson, Jr., 54 — William Goodell Frost, 55 — Julia Larned, 56 — "George Madden Martin," 56 — Ernest McGaffey, 56 — Ethel W. Mumford, 56 — William T. Nichols, 57 — Frank Norris, 57 — Emma A. Opper, 57 — Doane Robinson, 58 — Annie C. Steele, 58 — Caroline Ticknor, 58 — Albert White Vorse, 58 — Hattie Whitney. . . . 58
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 59
Mrs. Craigie, 59 — Ralph Waldo Emerson, 60 — Erckmann-Chatrian. 60
HOW MAGAZINES HANDLE MANUSCRIPTS. 60
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 62
Substitute for Mucilage, 62 — To Remove Ink Stains from Paper, 62 — Enclosing Stamps with Manuscripts. 62
BOOK REVIEWS. 63
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 63
NEWS AND NOTES. 63

REVISION.

The first page of one of our well-known dictionaries was revised more than one hundred times. It is probable that some improvement was made with each successive revision. Satisfactory results were attained only after the page had passed the inspection of a great number of skilled lexicographers.

In all literary work, even of the most ephemeral and simple kind, there is rarely a writer who cannot get benefit from the criticism of another writer. Working in an office with thirty editors, I found it there a truism that every man could be corrected. There was scarcely one who could always be depended on to take care of his own defects. Because they are his own defects, a writer does not see them. After long experience with criticism and revision of the work of others, I have come to the settled decision that it is best never to submit to the public any work that has not first passed under another's eye.

Experience has shown writers, even those of experience, the desirability of taking advantage of the "literary bureau." Merely as an agency for revising one's work, the skilled critic, professionally overhauling one's contributions, is certain to give useful help. His revision may be but a touch, a word added or elided here and there, corrections in punctuation and in spelling, a transfer of a sentence, the substitution of an adjective better fitted to express the exact shade of meaning — only a little, often, but that little, sometimes, will make the difference between acceptability and a rejection.

There is an instinct developed through experience with manuscripts that enables an expert Reader to classify them quickly. The skilled reviser knows usually at one reading of a manuscript whether there is hope for the writer. After reading some manuscripts he knows instinctively whether the authors should continue literary work or not. Other manuscripts, showing genius and capacity, have such faults that they are worthless without revision. Still others that almost strike the high level of availability have a killing sentence, a slip, or a mistake, that never would pass the editor whom the reviser has in mind. Among these classes, shading up and down, the expert Reader distributes manuscripts with keen discrimination. He will make mistakes, but he

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

will generally strike the mark. What an expert reviser should deliberately condemn it would ordinarily be useless for an amateur author to press upon editors.

Authorship is all the way a process of education in the modes of writing and in the wants of publishers. It is possible for great genius to dispense with intermediaries, but the ordinary mortal with pen in hand is at the beginning lost in a wilderness of ignorance. To him, if he can write well, the reviser is the guide to the sanctum and the printing press. If he has taken a pen without having the ability to wield it, the reviser will stand as a buffer, to be welcomed, between the author and the hard fall into the waste basket.

William Curtis Stiles.

STONINGTON, CONN.

AN EDITOR'S ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The editor of the *Cosmopolitan* gives some interesting advice to would-be contributors to his magazine, in the form of a letter addressed particularly to those who constitute the largest class of writers of indifferent manuscripts, — namely, those who select subjects almost devoid of interest, and who write carelessly and with but little study. The letter is as follows: —

Dear Sir: —

Two chief defects seem to present themselves in your manuscript: First: Its uninteresting character. Second: A rambling, disconnected style. Both arise, in a great measure, from the same cause. You failed, in beginning your manuscript, to think out clearly just what you desired to do. On the contrary, you evidently took up your pen and proceeded to put on paper such things as might chance to come into your mind while in the process of writing.

The first essential for good writing is clear thinking. If you do not know what you want to say, the chances are strongly against your saying it. Consequently, before beginning your description, you should have taken a sheet of paper and jotted down in regular order what seemed to you the important points of interest at your disposal.

The chief labor in writing is *thinking*. This must be done before you put the result on paper. If you had made any effort to find the points of interest in the subject chosen, you would probably have discovered that you had taken a theme that was of trivial importance and of little interest to any one. You cannot make soup out of stones alone. There are, in this world, an endless number of subjects of the widest interest. You must be familiar with some; and certainly can become familiar with many more. Select something that is worth while. If you find, after thinking it over, that your information is insufficient, visit a library, make a thorough study of the matter of which you are about to treat, and then, with the fullest information in your possession, set about a careful analysis of all the points connected with it, using large brackets against the main heading, dividing it into such general headings as the subject seems capable of, subdividing these headings into minor ones, and these minor ones into still further ramifications of the subject. You will then have before you a bird's-eye view of your theme. You may now proceed to select what seem to you the chief points of interest, rejecting those which are unimportant or trivial.

Your next thought will naturally be how to build up this information in a manner best calculated to attract and hold the attention of the reader. You will accordingly make a new group, marked 1, 2, 3, etc., in the order in which you purpose to treat them. Then proceed to write your composition. You will find the labor a comparatively easy one, because the work of preparation will have been done thoroughly.

When the last sentence of your composition has been written, go back over the work and make a study of the faults of rhetoric, looking carefully to see if you have duplicated your ideas. Cut out unsparingly unnecessary words and phrases. Study how to express yourself with greater force, with more grace and elegance. Above all things, seek clearness of expression.

After you have done this, read your manuscript over again in order to get an idea of the general impression it would make on the mind of the average reader. Determine whether you have omitted anything of importance to your

argument or description; and see if by any new arrangement a better effect might be produced upon the reader.

Then go over it to correct any faults of grammar or spelling. Finally, if you have the perseverance necessary for really good work, you will lock up your newly completed essay in a desk so that it will be hidden from view, and sit down and make a new analysis of the subject without regard to the old one, repeating all the processes that have been described for your direction. You will be surprised at the marked improvement that your second paper will present over the first. A man may make much greater progress in writing on one subject ten times than he may achieve by writing on ten different subjects once each.

Successful writing means *work*. Thus men like Balzac and De Maupassant have been hard workers, revising their manuscripts endlessly. Great geniuses do not have the power to throw off masterpieces. They are men who labor patiently, sometimes developing one thought through weary months. Upon one occasion, Daniel Webster, after an apparently extemporaneous speech in the United States Senate, was congratulated upon the genius that enabled him to use an expression which seemed to his auditors to be particularly felicitous. "Extemporaneous?" he replied. "Why, that was the work of my three weeks' fishing trip last summer"; thus illustrating the saying that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *John Brisben Walker.*

ASKING FOR PAY FOR MANUSCRIPTS.

The *Watchman*, a prominent denominational paper published in Boston, subjoins to its full directions about subscriptions and related matters information for contributors. Among other things, it says: "No article of any kind will be used as a 'paid article' unless it is stated that it is sent with that expectation."

It is probable that the paper takes no undue advantage of this notice, though at first the inference would be natural that an available manuscript sent by one of the hundreds of writers who never saw the paper might be used as a gratuitous contribution. I have other reasons for thinking that manuscripts evidently out for a market will either be fairly paid for at the editor's discretion, or else made the subject of private preliminary correspondence with the author. However, the notice provides direction to those who send manuscripts to the *Watchman*, with a suggestion to such as forget that other editors prefer to know what idea of the value of matter contributors may have.

No editor expects to pay for some things. A communication like what I am now writing would not fall into the class of paid matter. Yet if I had never written for THE WRITER, or my name was new to the editor, how would he know that I was not some novice expecting pay?

It is better to leave no doubt about the writer's own idea, and where the manuscript itself does not make it unmistakable, a word in the accompanying letter should. It is enough to say, for example: "If the enclosed manuscript is of no value to the *Chanticleer*, please return it"; but wherever the author has a definite price to ask, it is proper to name it. Novices, not to say many others, would better omit figures and merely submit matter as to be paid for.

It would be proper to say, "The enclosed manuscript is offered at usual rates." Anything that makes it clear that you are in the market in the usual way and with the ordinary understanding, is enough for the editor. But if you wish to give him what you write, tell him so, except in cases where the kind of matter makes it so obvious that to say it would be superfluous. In other cases don't give away your manuscripts. Do nothing to cheapen the market for other writers who must work for bread. *Julius Robinson.*

WEST BOYLSTON, Mass.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),

P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. APRIL, 1899. NO. 4.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

A flowery circular emanating from Washington, D. C., makes known the interesting fact that the down-trodden poet, maltreated by editors, and neglected by the reading public almost since time began, is at last to have — so to speak — a show. After noting, by quotation, that

> "From Helicon's harmonious springs
> A thousand rills their mazy progress take,"

the circular announces: —

> We have copyrighted and are preparing to immediately publish a monthly magazine entitled *Columbia Poetica*. It will be devoted exclusively to such songs, rimes, and other American verse as may be contributed *originally* to its columns. These contributions will be subject to that inevitable terror, editorial supervision; but in this instance there will, of course, be much more liberality to contributors than in the instances of magazines confined almost wholly to prose.

To the down-trodden poet this will, indeed, be welcome news. Accustomed to cruelty from editors ever since he began to write, he would hardly expect absolute liberality from any of the guild, but it must fill his heart with joy to be informed that the editor of *Columbia Poetica* will restrain his natural evil propensities as far as possible, and when he is cruel, presumably, will be so only to be kind. The circular continues: —

> The size and shape of the *Columbia Poetica* will be substantially those of other monthly dollar periodicals of the day and its price the same.
>
> The void we essay to thus fill is quite obvious. Many whom we now address know well the difficulty of reaching, through other prints, even the limited public of their own neighborhoods.

Alas, they do!

Dr. Holmes, with sad faithfulness to the simple truth, thus expresses it:

> "Where go the poet's lines?
> Answer, ye evening tapers!
> Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
> Speak from your folded papers!"

With fair countenance and assistance we can effect a happy modification of the untoward state of case here facetiously and "Autocrat"-ically described.

Without doubt, too, all plyers of the "poet's pen" will rejoice at the prospect of a proper arena in which to vie with their fellow-craftsmen in their gentle art.

Our province of endeavor, please observe, is a virgin one; our emprise thoroughly novel. For the first time a periodical in the single interest of the modest, every-day, unheralded poet of our time and country is to be embarked upon the ocean of *belles-lettres*. It need no longer be more than very measurably true that

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Perhaps no longer need any aspiring poet "live and die unheard with a most voiceless thought."

That our fair barque, the *Columbia Poetica*, may be choicely freighted and make prosperous sail will doubtless be your wish

as it is ours; for such success will be, in part, your own; certainly in a literary and probably in a money way. We have learned of you as writers of poetry. To achieve distinction you must reach the reading public, and we offer you the means to that end. You furnish the material and we supply the medium. Come, then, and mingle your "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" with those of your fellows of the realm of written imagery. Send us your verse and your subscription and we will send you our magazine.

The projectors of the enterprise, it will be seen, are practical as well as poetic. "You furnish the material and we supply the medium" may not be quite so epigrammatic as "You press the button and we do the rest," but it amounts to the same thing. The generous offer made, however, is not entirely unlimited. The circular continues with a timely caution to long-winded poets: —

Remember, however, to consider brevity, not only because it is the "soul of wit," but for the reason that, like Sam Weller's "wision," our space is necessarily "limited."

Then comes the golden promise: —

Fame and consequent profit will be yours as well as ours when our magazine shall attain the distinction which surely awaits it.

The first number of *Columbia Poetica* is to be brought out "with all possible expedition." Its appearance will be awaited with breathless interest by the literary world. In the mean time thousands of hitherto unappreciated bards throughout the country are being made happy by the receipt of copies of the circular which has been quoted, addressed with such flattering inscriptions as: —

John Walsingham Smith,
Squashville,
POET. South Carolina.

* * *

Two more cases of plagiarism have come to the attention of THE WRITER. In the *Overland Monthly* for April is printed as an original contribution from Lue F. Vernon the poem, "A Lay of a Laugh," which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* three years ago, and which was afterward printed in *Judge*, in the early part of 1896, over the signature of George Newell Lovejoy. This poem seems to have a peculiar attraction for plagiarists. In the other case of plagiarism, W. J. Morgan, of Oswego, N.Y., is the offender. He offered to the editor of the *Argonaut* as his original work a word-for-word copy of Maurice Thompson's story, "Hodson's Hideout," which was first printed in the *Century* for March, 1885.

* * *

The *Bookman*, which used to publish in each number an objectionable paragraph to the effect that rejected manuscripts would not be returned even if accompanied by the necessary stamps, has seen the error of its ways, and virtuously announces in the March number: "We are returning manuscripts now." Writers would be better pleased if the *Bookman* were accepting them. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

It ought to have been possible for orders to have reached Washington. — *New York Tribune.*	It ought to have been possible for orders to reach Washington.
The English sparrow is the worst pest in bird form that has ever infested America. They are a nuisance that any community would get rid of gladly. — *C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist of the agricultural department at Washington.*	The English sparrow is the worst pest in bird form that has ever infested America. The birds are a nuisance that any community would get rid of gladly.
Watch pendants for ladies in the shape of beetles have wings of blue enamel and rubies serving for the eyes. — *Jeweler's Weekly.*	Ladies' watch pendants in the shape of beetles have wings of blue enamel and rubies that serve for eyes.
It is believed that Spain has, or will offer several million dollars to Aguinaldo for the ransom of the Spanish prisoners he now holds. — *Lewiston Journal.*	It is believed that Spain has offered or will offer several million dollars to Aguinaldo for the ransom of the Spanish prisoners whom he now holds.
Miss Hattie M. Gilman, daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Gilman and Amos S. Clark of Sandown, N. H., were united in marriage at 4.30 Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother. — *Lowell Courier.*	Miss Hattie M. Gilman, daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Gilman, and Amos S. Clark of Sandown, N. H., were married Wednesday at 4.30 at the home of the bride's mother
Can it be possible? — *New York World.*	Is it possible?

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Walter Barr, whose story, "The Verdict in the Rutherford Case," was published in the March *Cosmopolitan*, is better known in the middle West as Dr. G. Walter Barr, of Keokuk, Ia. He was born in Ohio in 1860, and was reared on a farm in southern Illinois, graduat-

ing from DePauw University, to enter newspaper work, in which he had been engaged for some time as an avocation. A little later he studied medicine, graduating at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1884, and attained considerable reputation as an investigator of drug action and a writer on scientific subjects, being a professor in the oldest medical school west of the Mississippi, at Keokuk, from 1890 to 1897, when he left medicine for an editor's desk again. He had been active in politics in the mean time in Illinois, and finally wrote "In the Third House," merely to be able to say that he had written a story. *McClure's* took it and asked for more, and, to his surprise, he says, he found that his stories would sell to the good magazines. "A Woman Who Hesitated" (*McClure's* for April) was written next, and was followed by "In the Last Ditch," which may be read in *McClure's* for May. All these stories are about one practical politician, and, after writing them, Dr. Barr went back and wrote "The Verdict in the Rutherford Case," the story in the *Cosmopolitan* already referred to, in order to start his hero in politics and give a study of country politics in "Egypt." The *Cosmopolitan* also has for publication "Jimmy McNoogan's Cow," giving the post-political work of Senator Shacklett, and there are to be other stories about the same man. The author is now working on a series of stories laid in southern Illinois when that country was much behind the times, including a study of the political influence of rival church denominations there. He is of an old Pennsylvania family on the paternal side, and his mother's family was in Virginia in early times. He resembles his mother most, and says of himself that he is of the Southern type of man. He is now on the editorial staff of a morning paper at Keokuk, secretary of the board of education, and doing work in several other lines.

Robert Mowry Bell, whose sonnet, "The Clew," was printed in *Harper's Magazine* for February, is a physician, obliged by ill health to give up practicing, and now living in Los Angeles. He was born in Chicago. He received his education at the Minnesota State University, the Harvard Medical School, and in Germany, and has lived mainly in Minneapolis, but for the last few years in California. He has devoted himself to literary work only for a short time, and has published only a few scattered poems. He hopes before very long, however, to bring out a small volume of verse.

Frances Bent Dillingham, who wrote the verses, "A Little School Girl," in *St. Nicholas* for February, is a New Englander by birth and residence. She graduated from college in 1891, but although she had always written for her own pleasure, it was not until two or three years later that she thought of literature as a profession. Since that time she has written stories and verses for many magazines, among them the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Lippincott's*, the *Illustrated American*, the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, the *Congregationalist*, and the various household periodicals. The Pilgrim Press this year issued a story of hers for little girls called "A Proud Little Baxter."

Edwin Emerson, Jr., whose story, "The Snowman," was published in *St. Nicholas* for March, has but lately entered the realm of children's tales. He is more widely known as the war correspondent who distinguished himself last summer by a flying trip through the Spanish lines in Porto Rico, undertaken for our military secret service at the instance of Captain H. H. Whitney, U. S. A., one of the trusted emissaries of the war department in the West Indies. Mr. Emerson's own narrative of certain of his adventures while on that perilous mission was published first in the pages of *Leslie's Weekly*, the journal that had despatched him to the front as its war correspondent, and later in the *Review of Reviews* and the *Century Magazine*, cast into the more thrilling form of a true story of adventure. After the successful accomplishment of this first mission, the adventurous author received a personal summons from Theodore Roosevelt to join the Harvard contingent of the "Rough Riders." Hastening once more to the front, he arrived in Cuba in time to take

part in the last engagements before Santiago. His continued correspondence from the field during this time attracted so much attention that General Wheeler requested his transfer from the ranks of the "Rough Riders" to the general headquarters of the cavalry division. While serving thus on the staff of General Wheeler the young soldier's talents as a writer were called into play in the preparation of General Wheeler's exhaustive treatise on the Cuban campaign, subsequently published by Lamson, Wolfe, & Co., in Boston. Mr. Emerson's own contributions to the literature of the war were published periodically in the pages of *Collier's Weekly*, and have now been gathered into book form in two separate volumes under the titles "In Peace — In War" and "Told by a Trooper," published respectively in New York and in Boston. Another book of quaint personal jottings in seventeenth century English, dealing in part with the stirring events of the Spanish-American war, is about to be published by the Boston firm of Badger & Co., under the title of "Pepys' Ghost." Since the close of the war Mr. Emerson has continued his contributions to *Collier's Weekly* as the staff correspondent of that journal in Havana during the critical days of the Spanish evacuation and the American occupation of Cuba. Other articles on this and kindred subjects have likewise been appearing over his signature in *Munsey's Magazine* and the *Review of Reviews*. To those who are familiar with Mr. Emerson's observations on these stern topics, his sudden flight into the field of children's stories comes as a pleasant surprise.

William Goodell Frost, whose paper, "Our Contemporary Ancestors in the Southern Mountains," was one of the features of the March *Atlantic*, was born in western New York in 1854, of Vermont and Connecticut ancestry, being named after his mother's father, William Goodell, who was an active anti-slavery man in early times, associated with Whittier, Garrison, and Gerrit Smith. He began his college course at Beloit, Wis., graduated at Oberlin in 1876, studied theology there and at Andover, took post-graduate work in Greek at Harvard, and taught Greek for a dozen years at Oberlin. In 1891 he had a year's leave of absence, and resided at the University of Goettingen in Germany, making excursions to visit schools in England, and also making a tour of the Mediterranean countries. While at Oberlin Mr. Frost prepared a book for beginners in Greek, which has been widely used and still more widely imitated, and was a somewhat frequent contributor to the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and to the religious and political press. On his return from Europe he was for the second time invited to the presidency of Berea College, having several similar invitations already, East and West. He accepted the invitation to Berea, then a small school, and one in a derelict condition (having been without effective management or representation for many years), because the opening seemed a great one for a special piece of educational and patriotic philanthropy. He found the school with a good "plant" of buildings and grounds, but without reliable income or influential friends. He has seen it double in size, and the trustees have adopted many important adaptations, which enable the college to reach effectively the immediate needs of the belated population around it. It has been a high diplomatic mission to secure the attention of those who could judge of the importance of the mountain region. The college has begun the publication of the *Berea Quarterly*, for which articles have been secured from General Cox on the mountain people in the war, and from Dr. Hayes of the Geological Survey on the physical features of the Southern mountain regions, besides briefer communications from George W. Cable, Dr. A. D. Mayo, Professor N. S. Shaler, and others who may be regarded as best able to speak with authority on the needs, peculiarities, and promise of the mountain regions of the South. Dr. Frost has done a great deal of "extension" work in the mountains himself, and is commonly accounted a man of unusual versatility, — one who can interest an audience on "Hell-fer-sartin Creek" or address a gathering of the Alden Club of New York with equal success. The arduous work of gathering a constituency and getting a hearing for his college

has interfered with his scholarly pursuits and literary work. Several contracts with publishers for works on the Greek classics have been cancelled because of more urgent engagements, and his book on "Inductive Studies in Oratory" has gone out of print because he has thus far been unable to prepare it for a second edition.

Julia Larned, whose poem, "The Washington Monument," appeared in *Scribner's* for February, was born in Chicago, but has spent about as much of her life in New England (the early home of her parents) as in the West. Her home at present is with her brother, Walter Cranston Larned, who lives in Lake Forest, near Chicago. Miss Larned has always been fond of verse writing, but has been prevented by ill health from entering seriously upon a literary career. Her longest poem, a narrative entitled "The Story of a Hunchback," was published by Jansen, McClurg, & Co., in 1885, over the initials "J. L." A few of her short poems have from time to time appeared in different periodicals, but, for the reason already mentioned, Miss Larned has not been able to devote herself to literary work with the persistence and continuity which she regards as necessary for satisfactory artistic development.

"George Madden Martin" (Mrs. Attwood R. Martin), whose story, "The Case of Mrs. Burrows," appeared in the March *St. Nicholas*, is a Kentuckian, and lives at "Martinwood," a pretty country house in the valley so loved of Mrs. Burrows. "Pewee," not "Sycamore," however, is its name, and it lies several miles to the east of Louisville. For the past six years Mrs. Martin has been a constant writer for magazines, her stories, all marked by a refined humor and peculiar attention to nicety of style, appearing in *Harper's Weekly*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Short Stories*, *St. Nicholas*, *Munsey's*, the *Black Cat*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other publications. A tale of early Kentucky, "Katharine of Arrogance," will appear soon in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, while a number of stories for children are awaiting publication in the *Youth's Companion*. Being almost an invalid, Mrs. Martin has done much of her work in spite of bad health and physical hindrances. She has written one book, "The Angel of the Tenement," which appeared in an English edition at Christmas. While intended for children, it has appealed more strongly to the maturer mind. To the surprise of the author, it was chosen as a text by a noted New York divine, and was referred to in a lecture at Johns Hopkins University, in one case because it offered a solution of vexed social problems, and in the other because it marked a certain departure in fiction. The writer, in consequence, has been referred to as a student of tenements, a social "settler," a kindergartner, even a reformer, whereas she knows little of cities, her life having been divided between Kentucky and Florida. Mrs. Martin is enthusiastically devoted to writing, for which she was trained by her husband, as she was forced by bad health to leave school at fifteen. She is an ardent student of Shakespeare, and a close investigator of the use of words. Among her stories are "Teckla's Lilies," "His Children," "The Blumley Benefit," "The Church at Jerusalem," "Mr. Tiply Tepto," "The Inskip Pride," and "The Pink Sprigged Calicoes."

Ernest McGaffey, whose poem, "March," appeared in the March number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, is a Chicago lawyer. He was born in 1861 in London, O. His first poem was published in the *St. Louis Spectator* in 1881. He is represented in Stedman's "Library of American Literature" by "Geronimo," "Dreams," and "Dixie," and in Stoddard's "World's Best Literature" by "A Dancer." His poems appear constantly in the best magazines, and he has published two volumes of verse, "Poems of Gun and Rod" (Scribners), 1892, and "Poems" (Dodd, Mead, & Co.), 1895.

Ethel W. Mumford, who wrote the story, "Hito-Kitsuné," in the March *Cosmopolitan*, is an artist, and all her literary work until within the last few months has been dramatic. Her first play, "The Scenario," a three-act tragedy, was produced by Annie Russell at the

Empire theatre last spring. Miss Mumford now has several plays in preparation. Incidentally, she wishes to bring out a series of Japanese sketches (dealing with the European colony), of which "Hito-Kitsuné" is one. She has lived in Japan, and enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying both the natives and the exiles. Until recently her artistic work has occupied all her time. She is a pupil of Benjamin Constant and Julien Dupré, and very much of a globe-trotter. Her relatives are Kentuckians, but of late years have been but little in the South. She was born in 1874, and was educated partly in New York and partly in Paris. Having taken up literary work, she intends to continue it seriously.

William T. Nichols, whose newspaper story, "Brainerd's Idol," was printed in *Lippincott's* for March, is an experienced newspaper man, having worked on the *New Haven News*, the *New York Times*, — of the staff of which he was a member for six or seven years, — and the *Cincinnati Tribune*. For nearly three years he has been managing editor of the *Manchester* (N. H.) *Union*. The newspaper business does not allow those who follow it much leisure for other pursuits, but Mr. Nichols has written some stories, and some of these have been printed in weekly and monthly publications. *Lippincott's*, in which appeared "Brainerd's Idol," has used several short stories, and three longer ones, "My Strange Patient," "A Whim and a Chance," and "As Any Gentleman Might." The *Youth's Companion*, the *National Magazine*, and one or two other publications have also used stories written by Mr. Nichols.

Frank Norris, whose Cuban sketch, "Comida," was printed in the March *Atlantic*, began to write in 1889 as associate editor of the *San Francisco Wave*. He is twenty-nine years old, a member of the class of 1894, University of California, and of the class of 1895, Harvard University (one year). He has always identified himself with California in the matter of fiction, and believes California to be a great unexploited field for fiction writers. His first hit was made by "Moran," a story of California adventure. He was war correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* during the Uitlander insurrection in the Transvaal, and took an active part in the "raid." In the Cuban war he was war correspondent for *McClure's Magazine* and the McClure syndicate. "Comida" was written as a result of this experience. Mr. Norris wrote it under great difficulties, as the only time to write was at night and the stock of candles had been exhausted. The Dr. Bangs mentioned in the sketch died of yellow fever a week after Mr. Norris saw him at Caney. The *Century* for June will publish Mr. Norris' account of the battle of Caney, and later his story of the surrender. Mr. Norris has published two novels, "Moran" and "McTeague." "McTeague" was published February 25 of this year, and the first edition is already exhausted. He will publish "Blix," a love story of San Francisco, in the fall, and "The Heroine" next spring. He is now revising "The Heroine" for syndicate use. Mr. Norris intends to undertake the task of writing three consecutive novels on the subject of wheat — first, a story of California, the producer; second, a story of Chicago, the distributor; third, a story of Europe, the consumer. He will go to California this fall to collect material, and hopes to make a big epic trilogy. He seems to have a faculty for rapid composition. He has written five novels and thirty-eight short stories, including the three war articles, in the last two years. "McTeague," the largest novel he ever attempted, containing 125,000 words, was written in eighty-nine days of actual writing.

Emma A. Opper, whose storiette, "A Sapient Discussion," was published in *Munsey's Magazine* for February, was born in New York City, but was brought up in northern Ohio, where she gained her material for the country stories which she has since written, mostly for *Harper's Weekly* and the *Youth's Companion*. She has lived in the East since then, in or near New York. She has written some serious verse, and some in country dialect. "I have taken great pleasure in writing stories of the country," she says, "and it may be true that

human nature lies a little nearer the surface there than elsewhere, but I believe there is an abundance of character everywhere, and that it is all well worth studying and writing about."

Doane Robinson, whose "Bunk Shanty Songs and Tales" appeared in the February *Century*, is personally known in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota, where he has worked as a farmer, a lawyer, a state official, and an editor. His baptismal name, Jonah Leroy Robinson, has been almost forgotten by his friends. His verses may be found scattered through the *Century* since 1891. Since August, 1896, he has been editor of the *Yankton Daily Gazette*, and since last May also of the monthly *South Dakotan*. A personal sketch, "A Poet of the Northwest," by James Realf, Jr., was published in the *Arena* for May, 1895.

Annie C. Steele, whose verses, "The Best Game We Play," were printed in *St. Nicholas* for March, has written more or less for years, principally along the lines of kindergarten work. She graduated from the California kindergarten normal school under Kate Douglas Wiggin, in the class of '83. Her husband is A. W. Steele, the cartoonist, whose "Uncle Sam" is so often copied in the *Review of Reviews*. Mrs. Steele has always been fond of verse, but has never written except in prose until the last year. The verses in *St. Nicholas* were suggested by watching her own children and their playmates in their own "back yard."

Caroline Ticknor, whose story, "The Revolt of the Good Samaritan," appeared in the Easter number of *Harper's Bazar*, has for the past five or six years been writing stories for the Harpers, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals, besides contributing humorous sketches to the *New York Tribune*, the *Boston Transcript* and *Globe*, and other papers. Miss Ticknor is the granddaughter of William Davis Ticknor, the founder of the firm of Ticknor & Fields, and the daughter of Benjamin Holt Ticknor, of the firm, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., and has enjoyed the privilege of being brought up in an atmosphere of authors and libraries. Her first book, "A Hypocritical Romance, and Other Stories," appeared in 1896, and was followed by "Miss Belladonna," a social satire, which was published in 1897 by Little, Brown, & Co. During the past year Miss Ticknor has been engaged upon the task of editing twenty volumes of famous selections, in connection with Forrest Morgan and Nathan Haskell Dole. The work, which appeared last October, is entitled "International Library of Famous Literature."

Albert White Vorse, who wrote the story, "Psalm VII., 15," which was printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, is connected with the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. His duties there leave him little time for outside literary work, but in spite of that he has a story in *Ainslee's Magazine* for March, and has just published another story in the *Independent*. All these stories are of Arctic life, with which Mr. Vorse became familiar when, in 1893, he went out with the Peary relief expedition as correspondent for the *Philadelphia Press*. Eight Arctic stories have already been published and there are two more to follow. They will be issued in a volume in the fall. Mr. Vorse was born near Boston, and graduated at Harvard in the class of '89. He began newspaper work in Philadelphia as a reporter on the *Press*, becoming afterward exchange editor and correspondent for the same paper. He has also served as literary editor of the *Commonwealth* (Boston), dramatic editor of the *Illustrated American*, and musical editor of the *New York Mail and Express*.

Hattie Whitney, whose poem, "The Ways of March," appeared in the March number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, is a sister of Mrs. Helen Whitney Clark, a sketch of whom was printed in THE WRITER for November, 1898. Her first verses appeared in a country newspaper when she was fifteen years old. Besides a number of verses published in the *Woman's Home Companion*, she has contributed from time to time to *Munsey's*, the *Youth's*

Companion, *Lippincott's*, *St. Nicholas*, *Short Stories*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Ladies' World*, *Farm and Fireside*, and other publications. Most of her work has been in verse, but she has published also some short stories. St. Louis, her present home, is her native city. Some of her early years were spent in the country, and this fact, she thinks, is largely responsible for many of her verses and stories. She attributes a great deal of the inspiration of her writings, and what success she has met with, to country influences. Miss Whitney is of New England descent, her father having been a native of New Hampshire. Her mother is from New York, and in her younger days published quite a number of poems, most of which appeared in the agricultural press.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Craigie. — Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") has reached that beatific stage where her plays are accepted before they are written. "It was always my aim and intention to write plays," she said, "and I have worked steadily to that end from the time when, as a child of twelve, my pet plaything was a cardboard stage, not unlike the kind used in preparing plays for the stage to-day. I used to be absorbed for hours at a time with the doings and sayings of imaginary figures on that stage, and used to be careful that no one character should speak too long at a time.

"Later on, there was a period when I spent a full ten hours a day poring over old Greek and Latin plays — not that I should recommend such a course of study now, but it certainly did no harm. One cannot learn much about action from the old dramatists, but they are wonderful models for simplicity and clearness, two of the strongest factors in successful play-writing. I read the best of the modern dramatists, too, and everything I could get hold of that treated of the stage.

"In order to get a public name, I wrote a novel — 'Some Emotions and a Moral.' That was done when I was twenty-two, and I thought no publisher would take it if he knew it was written by a girl of twenty-two, so I signed it 'John Oliver Hobbes,' and the critics spoke well of it, and 'Mr. Hobbes' gained some reputation. When the truth was discovered afterward, the good things that had been said could n't be taken back very well, but I was told often enough in print that I could n't be expected to do as well again.

"My first play was 'Journey's End in Lovers' Meeting,' written as a curtain-raiser for Ellen Terry. It was brought out in New York, and I went over there to see it. 'The Ambassador' was written about six months after I had got it all thought out, but I spent a great deal of work on it before pen was put to paper. That was my first long play."

I asked Mrs. Craigie how she went about her work.

"First," she said, "I get a plot, and then I get acquainted with the characters. I keep company with them until I know them as thoroughly as it is possible to know any one. When you know your people as well as that, you can put them in their places in the plot, and they will do their own talking.

"Until my characters reach the point where they can talk for themselves I don't put pen to paper, but when I once begin, I shut myself up for days at a time and write like mad, making no changes in the manuscript. I don't believe in polishing up epigrams. It is my theory of art that life should speak for itself. I don't paint any portraits of living persons, but I do try to paint human nature. Real drama comes from life, not from the stage or from books.

"There are many women who are trying to write for the stage who fail hopelessly for lack of concentration. They say upon hearing a successful play: 'How ordinary that dialogue is! I can reel off any amount of that sort of thing myself.' But they don't do it, and no doubt the reason usually is that they don't do much thinking, or when they do think, it is done on paper. Put on one of these plays, and you get all your action in the wings and your thinking on the stage, which, of course, is fatal to the success of the play.

"The thinking must be done in the study before the play is written, and must be done with the utmost concentration. At least, it has been necessary in my case. I have a room in

the Convent of the Assumption. It is always ready for me, and I go there when I like, and can do my thinking there in absolute peace and quiet. The most of 'The Ambassador' was worked out there. Sometimes I go there just for a day, and I might be there more if it were not that I don't wish to leave my eight-year-old boy for long at a time, although he has a tutor and a governess. After I begin to write I try to keep regular hours, but it is difficult.

"The rehearsals are half the work of a play. I attend every rehearsal of my plays, and sometimes have the actors here, explaining my ideas to them, and suggesting how it shall be brought out. I can see the action in my dialogue as I write it, and have had experience enough in amateur work to tell how to express it, even if I could n't express it in action myself. But unless one has had experience or has an instinct for such work, the business of rehearsals would be found extremely trying and difficult. In my case we are often at it until 2 or 3 o'clock in the the morning.

"Judging from my own experience, I should say that the best advice to those who want to write a play and have no experience on the stage would be: Go in for amateur work and learn the connection between action and dialogue. Learn how necessary it is for every word in the play to relate to the plot." — *David Curtis, in Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Emerson. — When Emerson would make a piece of literature, — a lecture, or an essay, or even a book, — he sought out related paragraphs from his diary, dovetailed them together, disguising the joints more or less successfully, as it might happen, — it was no great matter, — added collateral ideas as they occurred to him, and the job was done. It was done the more easily because the journal was not a receptacle for impressions hastily noted. Sentence and paragraph had been assiduously finished to a word, turned this way and that, and settled finally into shape, before they went into it; for a journal with him was not a collection of rough jewels, but a drawer full of pearls and precious stones, each carefully cut and polished, ready for the setting or the string. — *Bradford Torrey, in the March Atlantic.*

Erckmann-Chatrian. — In their collaborative work it was Erckmann who did most, if not all, of the actual writing. Together the two men would talk over the plot of what was to be written, then Erckmann would set to work. Every evening Chatrian would come and read over the work of the day. He would revise, correct, and amplify. Then, when the two had mapped out the work for the next day, Chatrian would depart, not to return again until the next night. — *Hartford Courant.*

HOW MAGAZINES HANDLE MSS.

In a typical magazine office the manuscripts are received by a recorder, who enters in a book the name and address of the writer, the name of the article, and the date of its receipt. An acknowledgment is then sent to the writer, explaining that the article will be read and decided on as soon as possible. The manuscript is then put in an envelope with its name, that of the writer, and the date on it, and across the end, scrawled in blue pencil, its number, from January 1 of the current year. It is then sent to the head manuscript-reader. He indicates by an initial written on the envelope which one of the readers under him is to read it first. It goes back then to the recorder, who assorts the manuscripts, making up a "bundle" for each reader, and charging him with them, then sending them back to the readers' room.

The manuscript-reader, except in special cases, may reject a manuscript entirely on his own responsibility. On the first reading he either prepares it for mailing back to the writer with a rejection blank, or writes a brief summary of the story or article, together with his opinions as to its merits, and whether it is available or not, ending with his vote "Yes," or "No." This "comment" he incloses in the envelope with the manuscript. The manuscripts not rejected, with their comments, are collected by the head reader, and the comments are looked over. Each envelope is then marked with the initial of another reader and sent to the recorder again. He charges them to the second reader, and redistributes them in bundles with the new manuscripts that have

come in that day. These bundles are returned to the readers' room and read the next day. Thus, if a manuscript passes its first reader, it gets three readings on three successive days, unless the head reader sees fit either to reject it or send it up for final judgment sooner. The final judgment is passed either by the managing editor or his assistant, and the manuscripts then come back to the readers for the last time, for them to see whether their judgment has been sustained or reversed. The accepted manuscript is then duly labeled and filed until it is wanted, and a check is sent to the successful writer. All other manuscripts are returned to the writers. The reader who sends a manuscript back returns the envelope which contained it to the recorder, marked with a "No," his initial, and the date. The recorder then closes his record of it. Thus a manuscript may be traced from its first entrance into the recorder's hands, and if it is lost, — a very rare occurrence, — the responsibility may easily be placed.

Manuscripts are returned either with the plain-addressed circular of rejection or with more or less courtesy, according to the circumstances. Editorial courtesies may in general be classed under three heads, the "conventional note," the "good note," and the "cordial letter." "The whole object of the system," as the head reader puts it, "is to make everybody feel good as far as possible."

The conventional note is written on the regular circular, and really signifies nothing. It usually merely says: "We are very sorry that we cannot use your charming little story," or "We have read this story with interest and appreciation, but to our sincere regret it does not prove quite available." The "good note" is a little more personal in tone, and the "cordial letter" is written on letter paper, and is more or less explicit and personal, according to the necessities of the case. The reasons for according these courtesies are many. It may be that the story is a particularly good one, but is unfitted in some way for the magazine; it may be that the writer is well known, or known personally to one of the editors, or is introduced to one of them by some friend. It is generally supposed that these personal considerations lead to the purchase of unworthy stories by magazines, but this is another "vulgar error"; they simply procure honeyed phrases, which cost nothing, in case of rejection. Another courtesy which friendship may procure is the "rushing" of a manuscript. The envelope is marked "Rush" in great red letters, and is passed directly from one reader to another without going to the recorder, the final decision thus being reached in a few hours, instead of days or weeks. These courtesies are secured by the indorsement of the envelope with the name of one of the editors, which prevents its summary rejection without the note of regret.

The reader's vote on a manuscript is invariably an unqualified "Yes" or "No." He may explain in his comment that the story has its merits or demerits, and that under certain conditions it might be used, but his vote is without ifs or buts. The only common exception to this is in cases where he thinks the material too good to let slip, and thinks it should be bought and put into useful shape by one of the staff writers. In this case he votes "As material, Yes." A manuscript bought as material, of course, commands a much lower price than the finished product. Besides the readers and staff writers, there is a "corresponding editor," with assistants, whose business is to keep in touch with writers who are likely to have good manuscript for sale, and to use every means he can to get them to offer it to his magazine. Another editor has plenipotentiary powers to deal with great men, and get manuscripts from them at any terms he can.

Most of the manuscript that passes in the ordinary course of events through the readers' room runs in certain types, numerous, but pretty clearly defined. Outside of these types come the curiosities. Among the types there are stories and articles from illiterate people of all sorts and conditions; some have something to say and some have not. Their distinguishing mark is that they do not know how to say it. Some are in their first childhood, and some are in their second; they are farmers, sailors, hunters, miners, and mechanics; they are cooks, waitresses, and washerwomen, and school children. Sometimes they are funny,

sometimes pathetic, but more often dull, crude, and exasperating. Their manuscript is dirty and crumpled; it is usually written in blurred pencil, and frequently on both sides of the paper. Another type is the would-be professional writer, who assumes the "fellow-craftsman" attitude with the editor. Another is the man who would like to make his article or story "one of a series"; he usually expatiates on the merits of the plan, showing how his characters would be conducted through a long series of interesting experiences, along the lines on which he has started them. Akin to him is the man who happens to be in some interesting place, and wishes to be a correspondent. He usually sends in several of his "letters" before he gets the first one back with the editor's clear-cut note of rejection. Then there are the hundreds who "do need the money so," and have to be informed that the magazine is not a charitable institution. There are those who try to flatter, cajole, bribe, or bully the editor into an acceptance, and there are foreigners who exhibit all kinds of startling ignorance in regard to magazines and their ways, and, worst of all, there are people who call on the editor in person.

The work of the manuscript-reader is frequently interesting, and frequently dull. Unless his magazine is of a special character, he hears and knows about what is going on all over the world, not in the live way that the newspaper man does, but in a literary way; he sees it all, but only as reflected and colored by the minds of many writers. — *Wichita Eagle.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Substitute for Mucilage. — You always have mucilage with you if you have an unused gummed envelope at hand. If a stamp won't stick, moisten it and rub it across the gum flap of the envelope, and it will take on enough gum to hold it to a letter. The gummed strips of envelopes are often useful for purposes for which adhesive paper would be used if it were at hand. M. T.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

To Remove Ink Stains from Paper. — Here is a recipe for removing ink stains from valuable manuscripts or books: Make a preparation of one part of citric acid, dissolved in ten parts of distilled water. To this add two parts of concentrated solution of borax, and brush the ink stains over with the preparation, applying it with a fine camel's-hair brush. Any excess of moisture should be removed by means of a piece of blotting paper. T. G. P.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Enclosing Stamps with Manuscripts. — Stamps enclosed for the return of manuscripts should never be laid in loose, and should never be stuck by one corner to the manuscript or to the letter accompanying it. Some writers save for this purpose the row of stamps printed on the outside of the sheet, each of which has attached to it a gummed blank strip, which can be stuck to the letter to the editor, leaving the stamp to be torn off the hinge intact. Others cut two parallel slits in the letter sheet, an eighth of an inch apart, and slip the stamps through under the paper strip between them. Others wrap stamps in oiled paper, or even in ordinary paper, folded large enough so that it will not be overlooked, as unenclosed stamps might be. Perhaps the best scheme of all is that of an author who uses an enclosure envelope, on which is printed something like the following: —

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., ..., 189.....

Editor.....

Enclosed find manuscript entitled.....

.....

If you can use it, please send check; if not, kindly return, using the postage stamps enclosed in this envelope.

Yours truly,

EDWARD JACKSON.

Writers who copy their manuscripts in a letter press, by the way, should be careful that the

sheets are thoroughly dry before they send them out with stamps enclosed. L. O. P.

NEWARK, N. J.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BY-WAYS OF LITERATURE. By Lawrence D. Fogg. 27 pp. Paper. 10 cents. Chicago: Scroll Publishing Company. 1898.

Mr. Fogg's little brochure gives information to writers about class publications that buy manuscripts, and points out how an "all-around" writer can make money by writing for such publications, although he may not be able to write poems and stories that he can sell to the high-class literary magazines. The chapter headings are: Floral Publications, The Comic Press, Newspaper Work, Educational Journals, Farm Papers, and Mechanical or Trade Journals. Books of this kind can never be depended upon absolutely and without discretion, but any writer who is doing general work will find Mr. Fogg's pamphlet worth more than its modest price.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

POEMS BY RICHARD REALF. With a memoir by Richard J. Hinton. 232 pp. Cloth, in box, $2.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1898.

THE STOLEN STORY, AND OTHER NEWSPAPER STORIES. By Jesse Lynch Williams. 291 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

THE PEN AND THE BOOK. By Walter Besant. Cloth. London: Thomas Burleigh. 1899.

HELPS IN THE USE OF GOOD ENGLISH. By Albert N. Raub, Ph.D., LL.D. 260 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Raub & Company. 1897.

A YANKEE VOLUNTEER. By M. Imlay Taylor. 383 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 1898.

AMERICA IN HAWAII. By Edmund Janes Carpenter. 275 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Small, Maynard, & Company. 1899.

ALONG THE TRAIL. By Richard Hovey. 115 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Small, Maynard, & Company. 1898.

IN CLOISTERS DIM. By Charles Curtz Hahn. Paper. Omaha: Burkley Printing Company. 1898.

SONGS OF LIFE AND LOVE. By Washington Van Dusen. 49 pp. Boards. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1899.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the perlodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

FRANKLIN AS PRINTER AND PUBLISHER. Illustrated. Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R. A. — II. W. H. Spielmann. Illustrated. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for April.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "ORION" HORNE. Edmund Gosse. *North American Review* (53 c.) for April.

THE AUTHORITY OF CRITICISM. Professor William P. Trent. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

WAS WASHINGTON THE AUTHOR OF HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS? Bushrod C. Washington. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

REMINISCENCES — V. Julia Ward Howe. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

THE CITY EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE. A newspaper story. Jesse Lynch Williams. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. From the French Riviera — Hyères. Edited by Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

HENRY DRUMMOND AS HIS FRIENDS KNEW HIM. George Adam Smith. *McClure's* (13 c.) for April.

KIPLING IN AMERICA. Illustrated. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for April.

NEWSPAPER POETS. Roy Farrell Greene. *Midland Monthly* (13 c.) for April.

MARY E. WILKINS AND HER NOVELS. With portrait. Ellen A. Vinton. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for April.

THE WRITERS OF THE NORTHWEST. Herbert Bashford. *Overland Monthly* (13 c.) for April.

HAS AMERICA A NATIONAL LITERATURE? Brother Paschal. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

EUGENE FIELD AND BILL NYE. A reminiscence and an original manuscript. Leon Mead. *Bookman* (28 c.) for April.

RUDYARD KIPLING: AN ESTIMATE. With portrait. Winthrop Packard. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

CHARLES DICKENS. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 4.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. W. Basil Worsfold. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 11.

LEWIS CARROLL. C. M. Aikman. Reprinted from *New Century Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 18.

WOMEN AS LETTER WRITERS. Edith Schel. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 25.

THE PRESS OF PARIS. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 11.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 25.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS. J. Gilmer Speed. *North American Review* for March.

HOW COUNT TOLSTOÏ WRITES. Charles Johnston. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AT HOME. Illustrated. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for March.

WOMEN WHO WRITE PLAYS. Illustrated. Waldon Fawcett. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for March.

VICTORIAN THOUGHT AND THINKERS. With portraits of Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, and Mill. Eugene Parsons. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for March.

A MUSICAL REFERENCE LIBRARY. E. Irenæus Stevenson. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for March 4.

A LITERARY CLUB IN 1780. Helen Evertson Smith. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for March 11.

THE PROFESSION OF LIBRARIAN. Charles Knowles Bolton. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for March 9.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"America and the Americans from a French Point of View" was written by Price Collier, of New York.

Richard Henry Stoddard is going to write his literary reminiscences for the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

Robert J. Burdette and Mrs. Clara B. Baker were married March 25, at Pasadena, Calif. Mr. and Mrs. Burdette will make their future home in Pasadena, where the humorist will preach at the First Presbyterian Church.

Richard Watson Gilder has been editor of the *Century Magazine* for seventeen years.

Charles E. Carryl, the author of "The River Syndicate," has been a banker all his life, and follows literature as a recreation from the cares of business.

In its new department, headed "Current Words," the *International Magazine* (Chicago) says that "Sienkiewicz" should be pronounced "She-en-kay'-vitch."

Zola says that the royalty on his books, together with that on translations, yields him from $10,000 to $15,000 a year.

According to a statistician in Paris, the works of Corneille do not contain more than 7,000 different words, nor those of Molière more that 8,000. Shakespeare wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words. Voltaire and Goethe each employed 20,000. "Paradise Lost" contains only 8,000 words, and in the Old Testament not more than 5,642 different words are used.

A Society of Canadian Authors has been formed at Toronto, with the object of promoting literature in Canada.

In *Literature* for February 24 Sir Herbert Spencer has a letter discussing the relations between publishers and authors, and describes his method of dealing with publishers.

The *Midland Monthly* (St. Louis) offers a prize of $50 for the best story of from 3,000 to 5,000 words received before June 30. Each competitor must send one dollar for a year's subscription to the magazine.

The *Ladies' Home Journal*, Philadelphia, will pay five dollars for any plan, suggestion, idea, or device, which it accepts, by which women's work may be lightened and her life brightened.

The *Kipling Note Book* (New York) is a new monthly periodical, with illustrations devoted to "Kiplingiana."

Book Culture, edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and published by Edwin Buckner Hall, is a new Boston monthly.

Arthur C. Grissom is the editor of the *Independent*, a new literary and society weekly published in Kansas City.

Not All Nonsense is a new five-cent magazine published in Lowell, Mass.

The *American-German Review* (New York) is a handsome new illustrated magazine designed to interest the millions of German-Americans in the United States.

The *New Unity* (Chicago) has dropped the "*New*" from its title, and "now steps forth upon a larger platform to fight for civic integrity." It will be the official bulletin of the Liberal Congress of Religion.

Professor John H. Finley, President of Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., has accepted the editorship of *McClure's Magazine* at $10,000 a year.

A contract has been entered into by which the Chautauqua Assembly buys the franchises now owned by Dr. Theodore L. Flood, of Meadville, Penn., in the *Chautauquan Magazine* and the *Assembly Herald*, and the franchise of Flood & Vincent in the publication of the Chautauqua text-books. The *Chautauquan* will be removed to Cleveland in October.

Arthur W. Tarbell, who has been editor of the *National Magazine* of Boston for three years, has resigned his position, and will spend the summer in England. Joe Mitchell Chapple, publisher of the magazine, will hereafter do the editorial work also.

"Confessions of a Butcher," by William S. Walsh, in *Lippincott's* for April, has entertaining reminiscences of the author's experiences in a publishing house.

In the *Magazine of Art* for April is the second part of Mr. Spielmann's article on Edwin A. Abbey. The frontispiece of the number is a reproduction of Abbey's painting, "The Bridge."

MONTAGUE ST.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, MAY, 1899. No. 5.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

WRITING AS A PASTIME. *Mrs. M. Burton Williamson.* 65

A FEW HINTS ABOUT WRITING PLAYS. *Lawrence D. Fogg.* 66

EDITORIAL. 68

Technique in Verse-writing, 68 — The Use of "Onto," 69 — Fine Writing, 69 — Notes. 69

THE SCRAP BASKET. 69

QUERIES. 70

WRITERS OF THE DAY. 70

Frank Roe Batchelder, 70 — Harriet F. Blodgett, 71 — Henry M. Blossom, Jr., 71 — Geraldine Bonner, 71 — Edward Bushnell, 72 — Caroline Benedict Burrell, 72 — Alice Katharine Fallows, 72 — Dora Ritter Jackson, 72 — Francis Livingston, 72 — Ellen Mackubin, 73 — Adelaide D. Rollston, 73 — Edgar Maurice Smith, 73 — Gertrude Smith, 73 — J. Ritchie Smith, 73 — Lewis Worthington Smith, 74 — Booth Tarkington, 74 — Chauncey Thomas, 74 — Frederick W. Wendt, 75 — "Annie Isabel Willis." 75

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 75

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, 75 — Francis Marion Crawford, 75 — Charles Reade, 76 — F. Hopkinson Smith 76

BOOK REVIEWS. 77

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.. 78

NEWS AND NOTES. 79

WRITING AS A PASTIME.

Manuscripts may be classified as the work of professional and non-professional writers. A professional writer is one who writes for a living, or as a vocation; a non-professional, or amateur writer, writes merely for the love of it — as a pastime. One may represent the daily grind of so many thousand words; the other, the spontaneous or impassioned outflow of words.

I would not wish to be understood as implying that the professional writer may not also write for love of the work; an author certainly takes pleasure in composing, but a professional writer is not always an author. Of those who write merely for a living, a French writer says: "They were not born writers; they follow the trade of a journalist as they would follow any other." He further says that, if the writer is in love with writing, he will do some original work outside of that which is required of him. "He will write a book or a play." That is, journalism may be his profession and authorship only his recreation -- his pastime. If in time authorship absorbs all his time, yet the the fact remains that his literary success began when he wrote only as a pastime.

The most prosaic life becomes romantic under the spell of the pen; look at Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant poet, who electrified Germany with her poems! Born amid hardships, inured to poverty, laboring in the field, digging potatoes, cutting wheat, and in the forest cutting wood, doing housework in her own poor home — that is her life history. Yet, when a messenger from the Empress found her, sick almost unto death, it is said that "on the bed lay a pencil and some torn scraps of paper." Writing was her only recreation.

One who writes as a recreation may be regarded as a "scribbler" until his work proves that he is something more; but writing is not time wasted. Facility in expression can be cultivated as well as any other gift. One looks up synonyms in writing and the vocabulary is enriched. Writing is a mental discipline, no one doubts that.

One who writes from pure love of it may become an author by profession, although, when he writes merely for the pleasure of it, he is apt to do better work than when, as a professional writer, he is tempted outside of his spe-

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

cialty, or beyond his mental vigor, by offers of gain or the clamors of a reading public. Here is an illustration taken from a book review in a religious paper: "It is quite evident that the letters were written to order, and that the task was not found wholly congenial. The girls of to-day who wish to make the acquaintance of Mrs. ——— at her best must go back to the stories that were the delight of the girls of twenty years ago." Those earlier books were written as a pastime in a busy life.

It would be impossible in a short article to enumerate all the noted writers, even of our own country, who have made names for themselves while writing as a pastime, or only as a "stolen industry." Of Cable a writer in the *Century* says: "The earlier sketches, and much of 'The Grandissimes,' were written with the left hand while the right was busy with invoices and the correspondence of the cotton firm." Of Joel Chandler Harris a writer says: "At present he lives two lives, — one is that of his profession; his second begins when the other ends. It is literally divided as day is from night, for his editorial work is done at the *Constitution* office in the day time, and his literary work is done at home at night. On one side he works for bread and butter, on the other he works for art." E. C. Stedman, the poet, is known as a Wall-street broker; and of another poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, it is said that "Hard work in a New York foundry did not prevent him from writing with grace and spirit." Lucy Larcom charmed her readers while she was a Lowell factory girl. William Dean Howells was a printer, writing at first as a pastime.

Unlike other professions, authorship is taken up tentatively. Reputation is necessary to success, and that is gained while writing as a recreation, or pastime. As somebody has said: "Until talent has shown itself it cannot be known." *Mrs. M. Burton Williamson.*

UNIVERSITY, LOS ANGELES, Calif.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT WRITING PLAYS.

Four ingredients are necessary to the construction of a successful drama. They are plot, situation, character, and dialogue.

First of all, the young dramatist should write a synopsis of his play. Having conceived a strong scene, a little thought will tell him what would lead up to that scene, and the natural consequences of it. Of course, before the play is completed it will have deviated considerably from the first rough outline. One strong scene will naturally lead to others; climax will crowd on climax as soon as the author puts his pen upon paper.

A strong heart interest is absolutely necessary. Think, for one moment, of the really successful plays of the last few years. What has made them successful? Nothing has contributed to this end so much as a dependence on heart interest and human sympathies. People go to the theatre either to be amused or to have their interest awakened and their sympathies stirred. Give to the world something which, when once seen, will not soon be forgotten. If you can do this, your play will be a grand success.

Be natural; Hamlet's advice to the players, "Hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," applies to the dramatist as well as to the actor. What was the secret of the success of James A. Herne's beautiful play, "Shore Acres"? Simply a scrupulous attention to realistic detail, combined with a powerful heart interest. Attend the theatre constantly. See all the best plays. Analyze them scene by scene. Note what were the most effective situations, and the manner in which they were led up to. Note how the plot is worked out, and how the interest of the audience is maintained.

The opening lines of a play should be unimportant. Owing to the noise and bustle of late arrivals, the first speeches are always lost. Only minor characters should be "discovered" at the rising of the curtain. The entrance of your leading man and leading lady must be "led up to." The first act should be at least half over before they make their appearance.

The first act should be quiet and subdued. This will serve as an excellent foil to the passionate scenes which will occur in the second and the later acts, besides saving the energies of your actors until the crucial moment arrives when all their energies will be called into play to work up a telling climax.

A drama will never succeed without effective situations and good telling climaxes. Pay particular attention to your curtain. Let your leading people form the principal figures in all strong scenes.

The dramatist should be a student of human nature. He should be a close observer of the living life around him; his characters should show individuality. Appearance, action, and speech should conform to the character portrayed. Do not bring in too many characters — ten or twelve will usually be found sufficient.

Work in plenty of comedy, although, in a drama, this should hold a secondary place and the story should never suffer because of it. Do not work in any specialties during the action of the play. The proper place for specialties is between the scenes or the acts.

Put snap and vim into your production. Do not extend it over a period of many years or into many countries. The model drama represents an action of but twenty-five hours. This is the sort of play in which the interest of the audience will not flag — a most important point for a dramatist to observe.

Drama means action. A bit of by-play, a look, a gesture, tells an audience more than whole pages of dialogue. Nothing can better illustrate my point than the following anecdote, related by an intimate friend of Tootle, an English actor: —

"An amateur dramatist once submitted a play to Tootle. 'What I want,' said the actor, 'is a bright, short play.'

"'What do you mean by a bright, short play?' asked the author.

"'Well, something with what you Americans call snap — something with a point to it. I don't care whether it is a farce, a comedy, or a drama, if it has effective situations and good telling climaxes.'

"'Can give me an idea of what you mean,' asked the budding author.

"'Oh, yes,' said Tootle. 'I remember one of the shortest of plays which was certainly the best of its kind imaginable; it was so direct, you know, and yet left so much to the imagination. It was in one act. When the curtain went up two persons were "discovered" on a sofa. One was a pretty young woman, the other a nice young man. They embraced each other silently. Neither of them, you understand, said a word. Then a door opened at the back and a traveler entered. He wore an overcoat and carried an umbrella. You could tell at once by his manner, and without looking at the programme, that he was the husband of the young woman; at least that was the inference of every intelligent play-goer present. The husband laid aside his umbrella, took off his overcoat, and then drew from his breast pocket a Colt's revolver. In the midst of a silent embrace of the hero and heroine, he fired. The young woman fell dead. He fired again, and the young man was similarly disposed of. Then the traveler came forward, put on a pair of eyeglasses, and contemplated his sanguinary work. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "I am on the wrong floor!"'"

Now that the play is completed and neatly typewritten, the only thing that remains to be done is to place it effectively. Waylay the managers of all the shows that play in your town. Find out where the company will put up for the night, and then pay a visit to the manager at his hotel. Stock companies, especially, are always glad to add new plays to their repertoires. There are also a large number of theatrical publishers who are always glad to look over manuscripts, with a view to their publication.

Lawrence D. Fogg.

MERIDEN, CONN.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. MAY, 1899. NO. 5.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Even if the ambitious poet be not endowed with genius, it is at least possible for him to have the metre of his lines correct and the rhymes exact. To genius liberties may be allowed, but the average poet's license does not vouchsafe to him the privilege of putting an extra foot into a line or of making "river" rhyme with "forever." Even genius should not presume too much upon the complaisance of the reader in such matters. The "infinite capacity for taking pains" may not be all there is to genius, but genius needs to have an infinite capacity for taking pains. Walt Whitman wrote a great deal of what must be acknowledged to be poetry without rhyme and sometimes even without rhythm, but if he had taken the trouble to add the charm of rhyme and rhythm to his poems, his standing among poets would be immeasurably higher than it is. Whitman used rhyme when it was convenient, — as in some of the lines of "My Captain," for instance. It is a question whether his usual habit of discarding rhyme was due so much to an honest belief that the use of rhyme hampers expression as to a constitutional laziness, which made him unwilling to work out the rhymed phrases that would adequately express his thought.

***

The ordinary poet — who hopes that he is not an ordinary poet, after all — will find that even his inspired poems do not come to him complete and finished, and that his first expression of his idea can usually be improved by earnest thought and patient study of possibilities in word and phrase. Perhaps in the first draft of his poem he has a "given — heaven" or a "born — dawn" rhyme. He should not let the manuscript leave his hands until he has done away with the imperfection, even though it may be necessary for him to spend hours upon the task. Even though he be a genius, — recognized as such by others as well as himself, — he cannot afford to shirk the tedious labor of polishing and perfecting the gem with which he is going to surprise the world. A rough jewel is worth less than a cut and polished stone. A poem that has a chance of living in literature as a masterpiece should not be given to the world with a flaw that will always mar its acknowledged beauty.

***

It is the usual experience of poets that one line, or phrase, or rhyme in a poem gives them

more trouble than all the rest of the lines together. Whatever the difficulty may be, it must be overcome, and no author should ever allow laziness or disinclination to keep him from taking necessary pains. It is each man's duty to give out the best that is in him; and the best does not come usually without an effort.

***

"Fell Three Stories Onto a Feather Bed" was a headline used in the *New York Sun* the other day. Purists who object to the word "onto" are invited to suggest what substitution for it in the *Sun's* headline could be made. "Fell three stories on a feather bed" would mean to most people that man and bed went down together, the man on the bed. "Fell three stories upon a feather bed" is absurd; how could a man fall three stories "up on" anything? Of course, the form of expression could be changed — to "Fell three stories and landed on a feather bed," for instance, — but that is long-winded and clumsy. The word "onto" is hardly in good standing yet — although "into," which is analogous in formation, is universally approved, — and it is used in a good many places where it is not needed. For instance, "He stepped upon a moving car," is certainly better than "He stepped onto a moving car," since the motion is up and on, and "upon" expresses it completely. In speaking of a case where the motion is down and on however, as in the case of the man who fell onto a feather bed, "onto" is certainly a very useful word.

***

Somebody calls for a new punctuation mark to express the idea of irony — as the awkward device "(?)" is sometimes made to do. It will be well to go slow, however, in the matter of new punctuation marks. Most of us have n't learned how to use the old ones yet.

***

A Chicago desk editor lost his blue pencil the other day. At least, the following description of a pleasant day was printed in one of the Chicago papers: "Yesterday was inspiring here in Chicago. Fleecy clouds floated athwart a sky of amethyst. The lake was glorious in green, blue, purple, and deep violet tints. The sweep of the gulls was majestic. The wind that blew across the velvety lawns in the parks was exhilarating, and one standing at the edge of the clear, cool water at evening saw, if he looked toward the roseate west, a sky line that was magnificently broken, and a color scheme that surpassed the most extravagant dream of the artist."

***

This calls to mind a poetic paragraph which may be found in the files of the *New York Tribune* for 1849, and which read as follows: "On Saturday evening, at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock, the sun rode calmly and mildly over the autumnal equinox and cast his golden anchor on the wintry coast of autumn. But as yet the vast ocean of air through which he sails is glowing and transparent with the memory of the long summer days that have passed over it, darting their rich beams to its very depths. Even as we write, however, the remembrance fades, like the sky's blanching souvenirs of sunset; and in the distance the cold ghosts of winter glare and wave their frozen wings, which creak on icy hinges — while in the silence of midnight a prophetic voice of wailing and desolation moans fitfully at the casement."

***

The man who defined descriptive writing as "that part of a book that is usually skipped" said something that story writers will do well to ponder.

***

A little work every day may make a collection of Complete Works that will fill a long shelf in a library. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

After having read John Brisben Walker's article in the April WRITER, I would say: Recognizing all the advice Mr. Walker gives to an author as absolute truth, I cannot agree with his sayings in reference to geniuses. "Great geniuses have not the power to throw off masterpieces." That Mr. Walker, such a writer as he shows himself to be from articles in his own magazine, should have made such an utterance is perplexing to any man who is

acquainted with the histories of some of the masterpieces in literature. "Pippa Passes" was written at white heat in two or three days' time. Lope de Vega's dramas were thrown off; some of them over night, as it were. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week; and if that is not a masterpiece "par excellence," what is? There are many other examples, but space forbids quoting more.

An ordinary man of letters and a man of genius do not resemble each other at all. Labor, long study, and drudgery hold the former in bounds — while the latter is an enigma unto himself, inasmuch as he, when inspired, accomplishes unwonted things with facility, little study, and in so short a time that it seems incredible to many. Is genius an infinite capacity for taking pains? No; not altogether. Genius is a Spirit that condescends to gift a soul with infinite capabilities to accomplish marvels in quickest time.

Louis M. Elshemus.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Why do you discourage the melodramatic novel — the ghost story — the detective story? Do you not regard "Nick Carter's" style as unique? Have n't some of Tousey's and Beadle's published novels, in years gone by, been really good in view of interest and style? I don't refer to such trash as the "Frank Merriwell," "Fred Fearnot," "Young Klondike" series, etc., but what was the matter with such writers as E. L. Wheeler, John W. Osbon, or Paul Braddon? Has not the class of literature these men stood for a legitimate place in the world of letters? B. A. K.

[The editor of THE WRITER is compelled to confess that since his boyhood days he has been able to devote very little attention to literature of the class referred to, and that his study of such fiction in those early times was limited, because of the earnest prejudices of his parents. The names even of the authors who are named by "B. A. K." are not familiar to him. On general principles, however, he would say that while stories of the Beadle class undoubtedly fulfill the first requirement of good story-writing, inasmuch as they undeniably possess human interest, they are filled with so many improbabilities and give such false views of life that they cannot be recommended as additions for Sunday School libraries, or even as good books for general reading. As "B. A. K." implies, there are differences of quality in works of sensational fiction. On the whole, the reader who does not wish to waste his time will do well not to read melodramatic novels of lower grade than those of Wilkie Collins, or detective stories of smaller merit than those of Conan Doyle. — W. H. H.]

In the *Youth's Companion* for April 13, in the article entitled "Rastus the Candidate," Rastus is made to say in one place: "Yas, I'se a cannidate agin," and in another: "No, sah, I is n't no candidate." "Mayor," he says in one place, and "Mayah," in another. Why should not "bettah retire" be "bettah retiah"? Occasionally "of" and "for" appear, and again "ob" and "foh." Does the author mean to show alternate guardedness and forgetfulness of speech on the part of the negro, or is it done for the sake of euphony, or is it an over-oversight on the part of the author? E. A. C.

[Apparently the author of the *Companion* story did not take pains to make his dialect consistent. In dialect writing when a word is used once in a certain form it should be used in the same form every time afterward. A negro will not say "sah" one moment and "sir" the next, and he should not be represented as doing so in a story. — W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Frank Roe Batchelder, whose verses, "Gerty and Golf," were published in *Munsey's Magazine* for April, received his early newspaper training on the *Worcester* (Mass.) *Telegram*, where his first assignment was to write a story of a Fourth of July picnic of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Subsequently he edited *Light*, a weekly paper originally published in Worcester by N. C. Fowler, Jr., the advertising expert. From December, 1890, to March, 1899,

he was private secretary to Hon. Joseph H. Walker, during that period a member of Congress from Massachusetts; and during the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth Congresses he was the official clerk of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives. While associated with Congressman Walker he has been active in the politics of Worcester county. Mr. Batchelder's literary work has been done in brief intervals of leisure from other duties. He has written a large amount of verse and a number of stories and sketches, and in both fields has been successful in writing for juvenile readers. Two of his best juvenile poems are "Lostland," published in the *Youth's Companion*, and "The Night Express," which appeared in the *Congregationalist*. He is a frequent contributor of light verse to *Puck* and other humorous publications. Mr. Batchelder is an expert photographer, and has illustrated many of his articles with original photographs. The *New England Magazine* has published some of the best of these, such as "In the White Birch Country," and, more recently, "The Presage of Winter." He has also written technical articles for the photographic press. In future he will devote his entire time to newspaper and literary work, with photography as an important adjunct.

Harriet F. Blodgett, author of the verses, "What Robin Said," in the May *St. Nicholas*, lives in western New York. She was born in Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence county, where most of her articles have been written. For the past few years her time has been given to writing—principally children's rhymes for *St. Nicholas*, the *Independent*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other periodicals.

Henry M. Blossom, Jr., author of the story, "The Brother of Chuck McGann," in *Harper's Magazine* for May, lives in St. Louis, where he is engaged in the fire insurance business. The story published in *Harper's* was originally written for the *Youth's Companion*, which declined it, Mr. Blossom says, "because it was a little too sporty." It then went the rounds of the less prominent magazines until the author in desperation sent it to Mr. Alden, who at once accepted it, so that once more "the stone rejected of the builders became the chief of the corner." Besides the story in *Harper's*, Mr. Blossom has published two books, "Documents in Evidence," now in its twenty-fifth thousand, and "Checkers" (Stone & Co.), now in its twenty-second thousand. He is going abroad for six months this year and hopes to pick up material for a novel, or at least for a book of short stories.

Geraldine Bonner, whose story, "His Honor," was published in *Lippincott's* for March, has been writing for magazines and weeklies for the past six or seven years. Her recent work in the form of short stories has appeared in *Harper's Monthly* and *Weekly*, *Lippincott's*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and the *Chap Book*. Though she was born in New York, Miss Bonner has lived in the West, and at intervals during the last ten years has been a resident of San Francisco. Most of her work has been Californian in character and setting. Lately *Collier's Weekly* has been publishing some California stories of hers. Since making San Francisco her home Miss Bonner has been connected with the staff of the *Argonaut*. While in New York she was the correspondent of the paper, but her best known work in California has been that which she has done as the *Argonaut's* dramatic critic. This position she has filled at intervals for six years. In connection with this she has written several plays, one of which, done in collaboration with her father, was to have been produced by Alexander Salvini the winter of his death. It is not, however, her intention to devote herself to the drama, but to fiction, for which California offers so remarkable a field. Miss Bonner was educated to be a writer by her father, John Bonner, who was one of the first editors of *Harper's Weekly*, and before that was one of the editors of the *New York Herald* under James Gordon Bennett, and who wrote the series of children's histories that the Harpers publish. The story, "His Honor," is one of several California stories that have lately been appearing

in *Collier's*, *Harper's*, the *Chap Book*, the *Illustrated American*, and other periodicals.

Edward Bushnell, who wrote the story, "A Reasonable Doubt," in *Munsey's* for April, was graduated from Adelbert College in 1887, and for the past eight years has practiced law in Cleveland. The story in *Munsey's* is the first that he has published, with the exception of a sketch entitled "A Legal Advertisement," which appeared in *Godey's* shortly before that magazine's career was ended.

Caroline Benedict Burrell, whose story, "A Modern Cyrano," was printed in *Harper's Bazar* for April 1, is the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman of Brooklyn, and one of the busiest of women. While devoting a large part of her time to the countless activities of a minister's wife in a city parish, she keeps in touch with women's organizations through the Cambridge Club of Brooklyn, the Meridian Club of New York, the Tenement House Settlement of the King's Daughters (of which she is a director), and the Fort Greene Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (of which she was a charter member), and still finds time to write. For several years her contributions in the form of short essays have been appearing in the religious press — the *Evangelist*, the *Observer*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Interior*, the *Examiner*, and other weeklies. Only latterly has she taken up the short story. She has written "Cleopatra St. Clair" (collaborated) for *Peterson's*, "A Tender Idyll," "A Belated Funeral," and "A Modern Cyrano" for *Harper's Bazar*, and "According to His Light," yet to appear in the *New England Magazine*.

Alice Katharine Fallows, who began a series of articles on "Girl Homes in New York City" in *Harper's Bazar* for April 29, has been actively engaged in literary work in New York since her graduation from Smith College in 1897. She comes honestly by her love for literary work, as her father, the Right Reverend Samuel Fallows, D. D., of Chicago, has been interested all his life in the writing and making of books. On her mother's side, too, there is a long line of literary workers, among them the Right Reverend Frederic D. Huntington, of New York. Miss Fallows began to publish verses while she was still at school and in college, in the *New England Magazine*, the *Chap-Book*, *St. Nicholas*, and other periodicals. Since leaving college her work has been principally along prose lines. She has written a number of special articles for some of the New York papers, among them the *Sun*, the *Evening Post*, and the *Commercial Advertiser*, and she has also written for some of the Chicago papers. Several of her poems and prose articles have come out in *Harper's Bazar* during the year. She has published poems also in *Life*. Of the articles on women's colleges which appeared successively in *Scribner's Magazine* last year, Miss Fallows was assigned to write the one on Smith College, which was published in the July number. During the last four months she has been traveling in the South, where she has been doing work for some of the New York dailies and magazines.

Dora Ritter Jackson, author of the verses "Supposing," in the May number of the *Cosmopolitan*, is the wife of Professor A. V. Williams Jackson, of Columbia University, who recently published a work on "Zoroaster, the Prophet of Ancient Iran." Mrs. Jackson showed in her youth a marked fondness for poetry, and she wrote a number of pretty little verses, but she never sent anything to print until a year ago. The verses were then signed with a pseudonym. She has recently signed her own name to her literary work. The *Cosmopolitan* verses are charming, and it is to be hoped will be followed by others in a like imaginative vein.

Francis Livingston, whose ingenious tale, "What I Owe Michael Ragsdale," is one of the features of *Short Stories* for May, is a New York man whose work in short stories has attracted favorable attention. His first stories appeared in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, for which paper he was the New York correspondent. One of these, "A Recognition and a Parting," attracted the attention of Richard Harding Davis, who was then looking for "new blood" for *Harper's Weekly*. The result was

that Mr. Livingston's "Mrs. Gerald Lovering," one of his best known stories, appeared in the columns of the *Weekly*. It was soon followed by "A Virgin of Utrera." "A Thing Ensky'd" in *Lippincott's* and "From Out the Shadow" in the *Cosmopolitan* next appeared. "The Princess Gratia," "A Picturesque Story," and "In De Vorseau" are other clever tales that Mr. Livingston has published. His work is marked by strong originality and by a delicate humor.

Ellen Mackubin, whose most recent story, "The Love Story of a Selfish Woman," appears in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, belongs to a Maryland family. Her childhood, however, was principally spent in St. Paul, Minn., and she has lived many years in Italy and in Germany, as well as in New York and Baltimore. Her first story, "A Coward," attracted much attention when it appeared in the *Century Magazine* some ten years ago. Owing to various circumstances, Miss Mackubin did not write during the five or six succeeding years, and it is only recently that she has devoted herself to literature as a profession. A number of her stories have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a couple in the *Century*, three or four in the English magazines *Temple Bar* and *Macmillan's*, besides several stories for boys in the *Youth's Companion*. Her first novel, "The King of the Town," was published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., last year, and was very well received by the reviewers. A number of her stories have been translated into Italian and German, and have appeared in local magazines in Rome and in Berlin.

Adelaide D. Rollston, whose poem, "The Awakening," appeared in *Collier's Weekly* for April 15, was born near Paducah, Ky., in the much-despised "Pennyrile" district, and has lived in Paducah since her childhood. She has written verses almost since she can remember, but nothing of hers appeared in print until about ten years ago. Since then she has contributed poems, sketches, and serial stories to numerous periodicals, among them *Collier's Weekly*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Current*, and *Golden Days*. Many of her poems have been widely copied, but she has never had them gathered and put into book form. She likes verse writing much better than writing prose, but finds that prose pays better, and so writes stories often and poems once in while, when, as she says, "I just can't help it!"

Edgar Maurice Smith, author of the story, "Jacqueminots" in *Lippincott's* for May, is the managing editor of the *Metropolitan*, a bright literary and society weekly which he established several years ago in Montreal. Both his father and his grandfather were journalists and publishers. The *St. Johns News*, which his father still controls, is one of the best weekly newspapers in Canada. Mr. Smith was educated in St. Johns, and after being employed for several years in the Merchants' Bank of Canada, he became associated for a while with his father in the *St. Johns News*. His first long story, entitled "A Daughter of Humanity," was an exposure of the hardships and trials to which young women employed in stores are subject. Since then he has published "Aneorestes of Gaul," an historical novel.

Gertrude Smith, whose story, "A Day That Orland Remembered," was published in *Harper's Bazar* for April 1, is the author of the well known "Arabella and Araminta Stories." She is also the author of "Ten Little Comedies," published last year by Little, Brown, & Co. This publishing house is now preparing a boys' book to appear this fall, entitled "The Boys of Marmiton Prairie." Miss Smith has had stories in nearly all the leading magazines, and some of these have been collected in the volume entitled "The Rousing of Mrs. Potter." Born in California and having spent her girlhood years in the middle West, Miss Smith puts into her stories the veritable life of the prairies, and she possesses an unusual faculty for interesting children.

J. Ritchie Smith, author of the poem, "Nature's Laws Beneath," in the April *Cosmopolitan*, was born in Baltimore. After graduating at Princeton, he studied law, then tu

to the ministry, was graduated from Princeton Seminary, and became pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Peekskill, N. Y. He resigned his charge last year to accept the presidency of Westminster University, a new educational institution in Denver, Colo. He has published a number of articles, chiefly theological in character, in various papers and magazines, especially the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, and the *Presbyterian Quarterly*. "Nature's Laws Beneath" is the only poem that he has published.

Lewis Worthington Smith, author of the poem, "When Spring Leads Summer," in *Collier's Weekly* for April 22, has been engaged in high school and college teaching, most recently at Cotner University, Lincoln, Neb. He has just been elected to the chair of English and English literature at Tabor College, Iowa. He is publishing an annotated edition of Tennyson's "Princess" (Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston), and has a rhetoric for high schools nearly completed. He was born in Malta, Ill., in 1866. Dr. Smith has contributed to *Collier's Weekly*, the *Independent*, the *New England Magazine*, the *Home Magazine*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *Ev'ry Month*, *Poet-Lore*, the *Midland Monthly*, the *Bachelor of Arts*, *Sothoron's Magazine*, the *Gray Goose*, the *Overland Monthly*, the *Californian Illustrated Magazine*, the *Rosary Magazine*, the *Metaphysical Magazine*, the *Advance*, and other periodicals. Articles of his, prose and poetry, are soon to appear in *Self Culture*, *Ev'ry Month*, the *Gray Goose*, the *New Voice*, and other publications. He hopes to bring out a volume of poems some time next year, and some volumes in prose are approaching completion. He has been very much interested in music, having published one song and composed a number of others. He is now at work on a long poem on a Greek poem, which is the most ambitious thing he has so far attempted. Part of this he plans publishing in his first volume. He was married August 24, 1897, to Miss Jessie Welborn, of Indianola, Neb.

Booth Tarkington, author of the serial, "The Gentleman from Indiana," begun in *McClure's Magazine* for May, lives in Indianapolis. The *McClure* serial was written after a five years' apprenticeship at short stories and plays. Until this story was accepted Mr. Tarkington had printed practically nothing, and excepting undergraduate contributions as editor of a couple of periodicals at Princeton, literally nothing under his own name. The McClure story, which is a shorter version of the material as it will appear in book form, is one which he has had in mind for a long time — in fact, during the five years of trying to learn the trade by short story writing and work on plays. His short stories, he says, were universally found unavailable, and his plays were pronounced unsuitable. "However," he adds, "I fancy nothing could be more stimulative to a beginner's energy than a long period of complete failure to find the slightest acceptance." Finally, Mr. Tarkington tried a novel and sent it to Mr. McClure, and he took it. It is a story of what is often called "The Middle West," and it is an attempt to catch and give something of the spirit of that country. The scene is a small town where the author spent his summers when he was a boy. The place (in character) is not peculiar to Indiana, however, — it might have been in any state of "The Middle West." There is very little dialect in the story — only now and then something of the ship-shod English of a country seat. Mr. Tarkington has been spending the spring in New York, rewriting the novel into a serial. On his return to his home in Indianapolis, he will begin work on another book, and possibly also on a play.

Chauncey Thomas, whose story, "Sheriff of Elbert," was published in *McClure's Magazine* for April, was born in Colorado twenty-seven years ago, and has developed into a powerful six-footer, weighing 170 pounds. He is a son of William R. Thomas, the oldest newspaper man in point of service still in the harness in Colorado. Mr. Thomas, the elder, went to work on the *Rocky Mountain News* more than thirty years ago, and has been on that paper most of the time since, for a long time as managing editor. Before that he worked on some

smaller Rocky Mountain papers. He started work in 1866 in Denver. His brother-in-law, William N. Byers, founded the *Rocky Mountain News*, and his father's oxen hauled the first presses and type that ever crossed the plains. The boy Chauncey began his education in the Denver public schools, and afterward attended the School of Mines at Golden, Colo., and Lake Forest University at Lake Forest, Ill. He left Lake Forest to study the Chicago World's Fair, where he spent more than nine months, sometimes not leaving the grounds, day or night, for weeks at a time. He regards those nine months as the equivalent of two years in college, considering the amount of general practical information that he gained. He has traveled more than 15,000 miles in America, principally between New York and Denver. In his boyhood he was a cowboy on the plains, and he has grown up with Colorado. He is now a newspaper man, working on the Denver daily papers, although he has done some work in Cripple Creek. He is trying to make a specialty of stories and articles about Western life, with which he is thoroughly familiar. The story "Sheriff of Elbert" was his first magazine work. It is essentially a true story, and is thoroughly typical of Western life.

Frederick W. Wendt, author of the story, "A Tale with a Moral," in *Munsey's* for April, is a good deal of a traveler. He has crossed the Atlantic frequently, and every now and then has written up little incidents, either for the magazines or as a collection of short stories in books. "Ocean Sketches" was published two years ago, and the Brentanos are just bringing out another collection of ocean tales, under the title "Transatlantic." Mr. Wendt is now making another trip to Europe.

"Annie Isabel Willis," whose "[illegible]" was one of the attractive features [illegible]ain Song" *olas* for April, is Mrs. Annie [illegible] of *St. Nich*-lough, of Boston, somethin[illegible] Willis McCul-printed in the Januaiseng about whom was she is contributi[illegible]y WRITER. At present *Companion*, [illegible]g especially to the *Youth's alist*, and [illegible]*st. Nicholas*, the *Congregation*-[illegible] *Good Housekeeping*. In *Little Folks* [illegible] May she has a charming child-poem called "A Little Sunshine Maker," whi[illegible]h is illustrated by her husband, William A. M[illegible]cCullough. Mr. and Mrs. McCullough do a [illegible]ood deal of work together, especially for chi[illegible]dren. Mrs. McCullough was born in New Jer[illegible]sey, received all her education up to college i[illegible]n the Newark schools, and was a regular stude[illegible]nt for several years at Wellesley, although sh[illegible]e did not graduate. She has done newspa[illegible]per "special" work and syndicate work, as w[illegible]ell as magazine work. In her syndicate work she did many interviews, notably with Edw[illegible]ard Everett Hale, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other prominent people.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Catherwood. — Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has steadily increased the favor which the public accorded to "The Romance of Dollard." Speaking of this story, the editor who accepted it said: —

"Yes, Mrs. Catherwood made such an impression upon me that I published it earlier than usual. Mrs. Catherwood brought the story through her work that I pub-I would send her answer by mail as soon as possible.

"'But I want to me in person. I told her

"'That is u[illegible] my answer now,' she said. 'It may be a we[illegible]k or much longer before I can give it to yo[illegible]u. What is your address?'

"'I inte[illegible]ntirely impossible,' I replied. 'I until I hav[illegible]e to stay right in this town at a hotel went ou[illegible]ear from you,' she said, and then she

"W[illegible]ell, we did hurry up a trifle in this case, and I found the story was so surprisingly good that I used it within a month or two. Yes, she got her answer before the week was over."— *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.*

Crawford. — "'And now tell me,' I said, 'the true story of how you came to write "Mr. Isaacs." I have read different versions of it.'

"'It has once or twice been told correctly,' said Mr. Crawford, 'and this is exactly how it happened: On May 5, 1882, Uncle Sam (Samuel Ward) asked me to dine with him at the New York Club, which was then in the building on Madison square now called the Madison Square Bank Building. It goes without saying

that we had a good dinner if it was ordered by Uncle Sam. We had dined rather early, and were sitting in the smoking room overlooking Madison square while it was still light. As was perfectly natural, we began to exchange stories while smoking, and I told him, with a great deal of detail, my recollections of an interesting man whom I had met in Simla. When I had finished he said to me, "That is a good two-part magazine story, and you must write it out immediately." He took me around to his apartment, and that night I began to write the story of "Mr. Isaacs." Part of the first chapter was written afterward, but the rest of that chapter and several succeeding chapters are the story that I told to Uncle Sam. I kept at it from day to day, getting more interested in the work as I proceeded, and from time to time I would read a chapter to Uncle Sam. When I got through the original story I was so amused with the writing of it that it occurred to me that I might as well make Mr. Isaacs fall in love with an English girl, and then I kept on writing to see what would happen. By and by I remembered a mysterious Buddhist whom I had once met in India, and so I introduced him, to still further complicate matters. I went to Newport to visit my aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, while I was in the midst of my story, and continued it there. It was on June 13, 1882, while in her home, that I finished the last chapter of "Mr. Isaacs"; and, Uncle Sam appearing in Newport at that time, I read him the part of the story which he had not heard. 'You will give it to me,' he said; 'I shall try to find a publisher.' He had for many years frequented the book store of Macmillan, and was well acquainted with the elder George Brett. He took the manuscript to Mr. Brett, who forwarded it to the English house, and in a short time it was accepted."—*Robert Bridges.*

Reade.—"The novelist Charles Reade," writes Justin McCarthy, in his charming Reminiscences, "was a man of undoubtedly great abilities, a man of genius in his own way, a man who has written some books which will live with our literature: but he was at the same *time one of the most self-conceited* men I have ever met. I know, of my own knowledge, that he once wrote indignantly to the editor of an American monthly magazine complaining of an article on English novelists which appeared in its pages, because the writer of the article put Charles Reade on a level lower than that of George Eliot. If a disparaging line appeared in a criticism of one of his books, he was not satisfied until he had written a letter of denunciation to the editor of the publication in which the obnoxious remark appeared. I believe it is certain that he once condescended to the extraordinary littleness of threatening the editor of a paper with the withdrawal of the advertisements of his novels unless an apology were offered for some depreciating criticism of one of his books."

Smith.—"How did I happen to write my first book?" repeated F. Hopkinson Smith. "Oh, it just grew out of the desire for copy on the part of the publisher who was reproducing some of my water-colors. These were first designed simply as a series of plates illustrating picturesque bits in various parts of the world where I had traveled. My publisher thought it would be a good plan to accompany each picture with some sort of letter-press, and asked me to write a story or description to go with my pictures. I did so, and the result was my first literary offense, 'Well-Worn Roads.'

"I make no pretentions to fine writing. I wait until I have a story with some touch of human nature in it, and then I tell it in a plain, straightforward way. Perhaps my training as an artist helps me as a writer: I am fond of color, and I strive to put some of the sunshine of Venice in my stories of that place: a suggestion of the pearl-gray skies that overhang the dykes in my sketches of Holland; and the burning brilliancy of adobe huts, scarlet costumes, and white-walled cathedrals in my descriptions of Spain and Mexico."

"Do you believe in the theory of inspiration?" I inquired, more to induce Mr. Smith to define his methods of working than to elicit what I felt sure would be a negative reply to my question.

"Inspiration!" he exclaimed. "The only inspiration I know anything about is called by

another name — hard work. Being primarily a man of business, I have brought system and method to bear on everything I do. We live in a busy time, and produce our books and pictures in the midst of a seething caldron of competition. The unsuccessful man, it seems to me, is the one who loafs around waiting for an inspiration to strike him like a club, and when it does strike him he is usually too far gone in laziness to know he's hit. I don't mean by this, however, that one cannot have a really brilliant idea, but that often the best motives for a story or a picture come to the mind that is busied with many things, and therefore alert to the value of all things.

"As for myself," continued Mr. Smith, poring over a portfolio of water-colors representing his last summer's work in Venice, "I can only paint and write what pleases me, and I must take my own time in the production. I never undertake a task for the mere remuneration of the thing. I try to put the best that is in me into a picture, a story, a descriptive sketch. After that I consider it a commercial product purely, for which I try to receive the highest market price. Prosaic? Yes, very; but there exists no cleaner or more honorable method."

"How do you find time to accomplish so many things, and do them all so well?" I asked, after Mr. Smith had outlined a few of the undertakings he had planned for the next two or three months — several large engineering contracts with the Government; a new novel, dealing this time with the experiences of a Southern youth in New York society; and half a dozen magazine articles and a book of drawings.

"Simply by pegging away at each piece of work in hand until I have finished it," he replied. "Whether it is a sea-wall or a water-color, a charcoal sketch or a novel, a lighthouse or a lecture, I follow the same method.

"Get tired? One does n't tire of congenial work. Why, I squeeze more fun out of my work than all the amusements people commonly indulge in for recreation. It's only drudgery that wearies. I rewrote the introductory chapter of 'Colonel Carter' nine times before it satisfied me, and then ripped it apart in the proof. That's the kind of work that tells on me. Doing a thing that will bear your own honest criticism at the first whack is pure pleasure, or should be." — *Perriton Maxwell, in Saturday Evening Post.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS. By Edward Everett Hale. With portraits, fac-similes, and other illustrations. 303 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.

Dr. Hale's delightful reminiscences of Lowell have been read with interest as they have been appearing monthly in the *Outlook*, and now they will be read with equal interest in book form by a much wider circle. The book is not in any sense a biography of the poet, although it contains a great deal of biographical material. It is rather a series of charming anecdotal sketches of Lowell and his intimates, — literary, social, and political, — of whom Dr. Hale himself was one. Besides throwing light on Lowell's experiences as an author, it shows him as a student, a professor, an editor, a public speaker, and a representative of the United States at Madrid and at the Court of St. James. Incidentally, much that is interesting is said about authorship and publishing in general. For instance, in speaking of Emerson, Dr. Hale says: —

"He told me in 1849, after he had returned from England, that he had then never received a dollar from the sale of any of his own published works. He said he owned a great many copies of his own books, but that these were all the returns which he had received from his publishers. And Mr. Phillips told me that when, after 'English Traits,' published by him, had in the first six months' sales paid for its plates and earned a balance besides in Emerson's favor, Emerson could not believe this. He came to the office to explain to Mr. Phillips that he wanted and meant to hold the property in his own stereotype plates. And Mr. Phillips had difficulty in persuading him that he had already paid for them. and did own them. Emerson was then so unused to the methods of business that Mr. Phillips had also to explain to him how to indorse this virgin check, so that he could place it at his own bank account."

Again, in speaking of Lowell's study of law after his graduation from Harvard College, Dr. Hales writes: —

"It is pathetic now to see how little welcome there was then for a young poet, or how little temptation for a literary career. It was thought a marvel that the first *New England Magazine* and the *North American Review* should pay a

dollar a page to their writers. In Longfellow's Life, as in Mr. Lowell's early letters, you find notes of the *Knickerbocker*, *Godey*, and *Graham*, at Philadelphia, and the *Southern Literary* as willing to print what was good, but there is evidence enough that the writers wrote for fame in the intervals spared them from earning their bread and butter. Holmes speaks as if he should have lost caste in his profession in those early days had he been known as a literary man."

In those days it was supposed to be necessary that a new magazine in New England intended to depend for support upon the supposed literary class of the country should print fashion plates and so appeal to the women, even if they did not care for literature. "It may be observed in this history of our early magazines," says Dr. Hale, "that all these publishers lived on what we may call placer gold washings, for nobody here had yet discovered the quartz rock of an advertising patronage. In the *Miscellany* and the *Pioneer* no enterprising advertiser assisted in the payment of the bills. There was not one advertisement in either. The English magazines printed advertisements long before."

Dr. Hale's chapter on "Lowell's Experience as an Editor" is one of special interest. As an editor, he says, the poet "worked with steadfast diligence. This means that he really read the manuscripts which he had in hand, that he really looked over the range of the world's business to see what he wanted, and that he tried to engage such authors as were best fitted for special work in the journal for which he was engaged. His acquaintance with men and women became larger and larger as he did this, and there is many a pretty story of the encouragement which he gave to young writers at the very beginning of their career. Thus, there was a joke afterward between him and Mr. Aldrich. When Mr. Aldrich, somewhat timidly, sent his first poem to the *Atlantic*, Lowell at once recognized its worth, and sent to him the most cordial thanks. Many years after, Aldrich found himself, in turn, editor of the *Atlantic*. Lowell, then at the height of his reputation, sent a poem to the magazine. Aldrich had the fun to copy, in acknowledging the manuscript, the very note which Lowell wrote to him, most kindly, twenty years before, in which he recognized the value of his first contribution. Lowell came round to the office at once, and told Aldrich that he had almost determined him 'to adopt a literary career.'"

When Phillips & Sampson established the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the autumn of 1857, Lowell was its first regular editor, and continued to edit the magazine for four years, when James T. Fields took his place. In 1863, in company with Charles Eliot Norton, he became the editor of the *North American Review*. Dr. Hale tells in a very entertaining way the story of the origin of the *Atlantic Monthly*, reprinting Mr. Phillips' own description of the dinner at which the enterprise was first announced.

The reader will find Dr. Hale's book full of entertaining literary history, much of it hitherto unwritten. Its value is increased by the numerous portraits, fac-similes, and other illustrations which are scattered through its pages.

AMERICA IN HAWAII. By Edward James Carpenter. 275 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Small, Maynard, & Co. 1899.

Now that the Hawaiian Islands have been annexed to the United States, Mr. Carpenter's book has special interest and value. Beginning with primitive Hawaii, the author traces the influence of the United States upon the islands from the time of their discovery by Captain Cook down to the present day. Hawaiian history is thus put before the reader in concise form, and facts not generally known are made readily accessible. Mr. Carpenter's sources of information are trustworthy, and he has made excellent use of the material that he has gathered from books, individuals, and documents. Any one who is interested in Hawaii may read the book with profit, and especially every editor who wishes to write intelligently about the islands should have a copy on his desk.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE NEW POETRY. William D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN CUBA AND PORTO RICO. With eleven portraits. Richard Harding Davis. *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

MISS WILKINS, AN IDEALIST IN MASQUERADE. Charles M. Thompson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Amalie Boguslawsky. *International Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

INSANE CHARACTERS IN FICTION AND THE DRAMA. Professor C. Lombroso. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for May.

TWO LOVERS OF LITERATURE (Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke). Illustrated. Mrs. James T. Fields. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

HOW TOLSTOY LIVES AND WORKS. *Critic* (13 c.) for May.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

AN AFTERNOON WITH RUDYARD KIPLING IN JAPAN. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER. Edwin Embee. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for April

FAMOUS HYMN WRITERS. II.—Sanford Fillmore Bennett. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. S. G. Tallentyre. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c. for April 1.

SOME WOMEN POETS. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c. each) for April 1 and April 8.

WHAT IS CARICATURE? Robert de la Sizeranne. Translated from *Revue de Deux Mondes* in *Living Age* (18 c. each) for April 1 and April 8.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD. Reprinted from *Church Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 8.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO A CRITIQUE OF RUDYARD KIPLING. F. Gratz. Translated from *Englische Studien* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 15.

THE BROWNING LOVE LETTERS. Reprinted from *London Times* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 15.

THE BYE-WAYS OF JOURNALISM. Michael MacDonagh. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 15.

THE MAKING OF THE DICTIONARY. Leonard W. Lillingston. Reprinted from *Good Words* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 15.

THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF "A. K. H. B." Reprinted from *Speaker* in *Living Age* for April 15.

JEAN INGELOW. Mabel C. Birchenough. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 22.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Richard Henry Stoddard is going to publish his literary reminiscences.

F. Marion Crawford is to be the biographer of Pope Leo XIII.

Frank R. Stockton is going to remove from Madison, N. J., to the old colonial mansion, "Claybourne," at Charlestown, W. Va., which he bought not long ago.

An authorized "Life of Eugene Field" is being prepared by Slason Thompson of the *Chicago Evening Post*. He will have the hearty coöperation in his labor of the family of Mr. Field, who will place at his disposal all of the literary remains of the poet. It is the intention to make the biography a full and final record of the letters as well as the life of the subject, and to this end any persons having letters or drawings by Mr. Field are asked to forward them to Mr. Thompson for use in the work.

An interesting feature of the May *Century* is Mrs. James T. Fields' sympathetic sketch, from personal acquaintance, of the lives of "Two Lovers of Literature"—Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop ("Margaret Sidney") has leased her home,—the historic Wayside at Concord,—known as the home of Hawthorne, and at one time of the Alcotts, preparatory to an extended absence abroad.

John Kendrick Bangs is now the editor of *Literature*.

William George Jordan has resigned the editorship of the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

The *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* is a handsomely printed and well edited new monthly published in St. Louis.

La Crême is a new monthly magazine published in Boston. Each number is to contain a complete tale by some well-known author, handsomely printed on designed pages. The first issue contains "My Lord, the Elephant," by Rudyard Kipling.

A new magazine with the awkward name *Your Head and What Is in It* is published in Chicago. It is devoted to phrenology.

Kadimah is a literary monthly magazine printed entirely in classic Hebrew—the only magazine of its kind in America. It is edited and published by Gerson Rosenzweig of New York, and it numbers among its contributors many eminent Hebrew thinkers of America and Europe.

The *Westland Educator* is a new monthly published at Fargo, and devoted to the school interests of North Dakota. W. G. Crocker is the editor.

The *North American Review* for May, which is the first number published under the editorial management of George B. M. Harvey, is particularly strong. The size of the magazine has been enlarged, and other material improvements have been made in it.

Kate E. Griswold, editor and publisher of *Profitable Advertising* (Boston) has bought *Art in Advertising*, and has consolidated it with her magazine.

Frank A. Munsey has changed the *Quaker* to a 192-page, illustrated, ten-cent publication.

The *Kingdom* (Minneapolis) ceased publication with the number for April 20.

The Judge Company of New York City has been incorporated with a capital of $800,000, divided into $100 shares, to carry on the business of publishing and selling books and periodicals. The directors are Charles T. Barney, A. B. Fletcher, Valentine P. Snyder, A. G. Paine, Richard Delafield, Charles Wilhelms, David H. Bates, W. C. Clark, Louis P. Bach, and Turner A. Beall, of New York City, John M. Bailey and John A. Sleicher, of Albany, and William J. Arkell, of Canajoharie.

The *Cosmopolitan's* offer of $2,100 for articles of from 4,000 to 5,000 words each on subjects connected with home life is divided as follows: $150 for the best article on "How to Furnish Social Life for Children"; $150 for the best article on "How to Educate Children at Home Between the Ages of Three and Twelve": $150 for the best article on "The Home Care of the Sick." The contest on these three articles will close June 20. $150 for the best article on "Dress"; $150 for the best article on "The Servant Problem"; $150 for the best article on "A New Philosophy of Fashion." The contest on these three articles will close July 20. $200 for the best article on "What a Community Loses by the Competitive System"; $200 for the best article on "The Human Eye, and How It Can Be Cared For"; $200 for the best article on "The Care of the Teeth." The contest on these three articles will close August 20. $150 for the most interesting collection of photographs of artistic or novel architectural features: contest closes July 1. $150 for the most interesting collection of photographs of artistically arranged flower-gardens, lawns, and yards: contest closes August 1. $150 for the most interesting collection of photographs of plant life — flowers, vegetables, cereals, etc.: contest closes August 1. $150 for the most interesting collection of photographs of home features, such as breakfast and dinner tables, artistically arranged windows, interiors, etc.: contest closes September 1.

A prize of $250 is offered for a ten-minute, secular, mixed chorus with English words. No accompaniment, orchestral or otherwise, is to be used, and the manuscripts must be sent to Dr. F. E. Hyde, at Greenwich, Conn., before September 1. Each manuscript should bear an assumed name, and the real name of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on it. This, the McCagg prize, is likely to become an annual institution. Horatio W. Parker won the prize last year with a Latin chorus, a capella, and is now one of the jury of three, B. J. Lang and Frank Damrosch being the others.

The *San Francisco Argonaut* is scrupulously obeying the new California law requiring the names of the writers to be attached to newspaper articles. The editor declares that he inspires all the articles published in the paper, and that, therefore, he is in a sense their author. For this reason every editorial, book review, musical criticism, society note, or miscellaneous paragraph in the *Argonaut* is now signed with the word "Jahart" in fine type. The word "Jahart" is the editor's signature. Written more elaborately, it would be J. A. Hart or Jerome A. Hart.

Richard Harding Davis has an interesting article on "Our War Correspondents in Cuba and Puerto Rico" in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

In *Ev'ry Month* (New York) for May is an illustrated interview with Ernest Seton Thompson. "Women Composers" by Mrs. Theodore Sutro is a carefully written *résumé* of the work done by American women musicians.

Cesare Lombroso, the famous Italian anthropologist, contributes to *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for May an extremely interesting article, entitled "Insane Characters in Fiction and the Drama." It is an attempt to explain the frequency with which degenerates are the central figures in the works of our best novelists and dramatists.

An interesting article in the *Critic* for May, entitled "How Tolstoy Lives and Works," is illustrated with new portraits of the famous novelist, and a facsimile of his manuscript.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, JUNE, 1899. No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS: PAGE.

PRECISION IN THE USE OF WORDS. *Alfred Stephen Bryan.* 81
AN EDITOR'S ADVICE ABOUT OFFERING MANUSCRIPTS. *Dinah Sturgis.* 82
SUGGESTIONS ABOUT VERSE-MAKING. *Edward William Dutcher.* 83
EDITORIAL. 84
The Chance of Unknown Writers, 84 — Incompetent Revisers, 84 — More Plagiarism, 85 — Notes. 86
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 86
QUERIES. 86
THE SCRAP BASKET. 87
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 88
Jane Austen, 88 — Honoré de Balzac, 88 — Robert W. Chambers, 88 — Maurice Hewlett, 88 — Edwin Markham, 88 — Louise Chandler Moulton. . . . 88
BOOK REVIEWS. 89
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.. 93
NEWS AND NOTES. 94

PRECISION IN THE USE OF WORDS.

Fluency in writing is an ordinary accomplishment; precision is rare. The importance of differentiating between shades of meaning, and of using that word which expresses one's idea accurately, does not appear to be esteemed at its proper value. The term, "pen picture," has become trite, yet the ability to paint a pen picture in the truest signification of that misused phrase is seldom encountered. To bring before the reader's mind vividly and with lifelike exactness the scene you wish to portray, so that he can view it from your angle of vision and with your correctness of perspective, is the highest function of writing.

The acknowledged mastership of Henry James in the field of letters is largely due to his possession in a superlative degree of the faculty of precise expression. His style is crisp, terse, lucid, and compact. Each word seems to have been thoughtfully weighed before choosing, so free is the diction from unnecessary and confusing verbiage, from straining for effect, from the bizarre and extravagant phraseology which disfigures the work of Mr. James' confrères. The result is almost perfection, a pattern of clearness, conciseness, and purity of language. The warmest admirers of this author are his fellow-workers, because they are best capable of appreciating his finished craftsmanship. No reader, be he ever so jaded, can be insensible to the charm of Robert Louis Stevenson's style. Here, again, precision is a conspicuous attribute. The author conveys his meaning in simple, direct words, avoiding diffuseness, inexactness of statement, and their train of accompanying faults. Stevenson's style, like that of James, is a model which may be commended to the study of every literary aspirant.

There is scarcely room for doubt that journalistic work is not conducive to precision in writing. It fosters carelessness, and the logical outgrowth of the continuous pressure under which newspaper work has to be done is a loose and slipshod style. The reporter strives for general effect and slights details. He has n't time for fine variations of meaning and for discriminating selection. The remorseless summons for "copy" must be obeyed at the cost of precision in writing. Thus it happens that so many newspaper articles are disjointed and inexact, and their perusal is a severe trial to the stickler for pure and accurate English.

The habits of negligence formed by newspaper training are hard to unlearn, and when

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

carried into literature by the graduates of journalism, they are absolutely hurtful to the language. How many of the volumes with which the publishers deluge us are worth a second reading on account of their style? When one reflects that nearly every theme upon which a novel may be constructed has been worn threadbare, it becomes evident that style is no mean factor in contributing to the interest of a story. The value of books without number would be doubly enhanced, if the authors could be persuaded to engage a practised stylist to rewrite their narratives from the viewpoint of precision in the use of words. Such a step would confer a benefit alike upon the reader and upon literature.

An artisan with becoming pride in his skill would not be content to produce an imperfect piece of handiwork. No more should a writer be satisfied with slipshod efforts, for surely he ought to have as much pride in his profession as a mechanic has in his trade.

Precision in the use of words is easy to acquire, with diligence. Dictionaries, handbooks of synonyms, and manuals of common errors in writing render the beginner's pathway comparatively smooth. A knowledge of languages, modern and ancient, is of great service. The dead languages, the study of which some persons decry as profitless, are material aids in tracing the derivations of words. Most essential of all, however, is a close consideration of the styles of the foremost modern authors. A cursory perusal of their books will avail nothing. A second and frequently repeated readings are needed to cull the beauties of diction, of imagery, and of precise expression. Select your favorite writers and scrutinize their methods attentively. Allow them to influence without enslaving you, note the points in which each excels, and seek to apply the result to your own work.

Alfred Stephen Bryan.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AN EDITOR'S ADVICE ABOUT OFFERING MANUSCRIPTS.

As an editor, I should like to make a suggestion about securing the best treatment of unsolicited manuscripts which differs somewhat from the advice given on page 62 of the April WRITER.

Writers should realize that all publications of any standing at all, and many which have very little standing, receive a great many unsolicited manuscripts. Just because every publication receives in a month, as a usual thing, more matter than it publishes in all its issues in a twelvemonth, the majority of the unsolicited manuscripts have to be returned to the senders, no matter how much merit they may have.

It is very little work for a writer to direct one envelope and stamp it; it is a good deal of work, requiring a good deal of time, for an editor to direct and stamp a large number of envelopes, to say nothing of finding the envelopes. Again, manuscripts sent to an editor's office are not read by the person who opens them. The stamps received loose with manuscripts go, as do all stamps sent to a publication, into general stamp receptacles; otherwise loose stamps slipping about in open envelopes, as manuscripts go from hand to hand, would be lost. The amount of return postage enclosed loose with a manuscript has to be counted and entered upon the manuscript, or upon something accompanying it,—a process involving more work, and of course more delay in rendering the final decision regarding the manuscript.

I should say emphatically, do not enclose loose postage stamps with manuscripts. In place of the envelope enclosing stamps sug-

gested in the April WRITER, send with each manuscript a note attached to the first page of the manuscript, reading as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., ..., 189....
Editor.....
Enclosed find manuscript entitled.....
.....
which is offered at your regular rates [or, for $ —]. If it is not available, please return it in the enclosed stamped envelope.
Yours truly,
EDWARD JACKSON.

The return envelope should be stout, and large enough to receive the manuscript in its original shape, and every manuscript sent to an editor should be enclosed in a stout envelope large enough to take it easily. Of course, if one has not two sizes of envelopes, the return envelope may be of the same size as that enclosing the manuscript, but folded once.

It is a good idea to put but one two-cent stamp on a return envelope. That is sufficient to bring back the acceptance blank if the manuscript is found available, and if the manuscript is returned, the "postage due" can be paid when it is received. This saves the author fortunate enough to have many manuscripts accepted a good deal of postage.

Not only does the enclosure of a stamped return envelope save the publication time, and trouble, and expense for clerk hire, envelopes, etc., and by so much predispose it favorably toward its unsolicited contributors, but a great deal of wear and tear on the manuscript which has to be returned is prevented by having at hand a strong, whole return envelope into which it may be slipped as soon as it is opened.

Dinah Sturgis.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT VERSE-MAKING.

Some time ago a young friend who had some poetical bent asked me to formulate a set of rules covering, in some degree, the field of poetic composition. The following may aid in leading the beginner in the right direction.

1. The rhyme should be perfect. Attempting to *make* words rhyme is but patchwork. "Time" and "fine" do not rhyme.
2. The theme and the measure should be in accord. A crisp and active subject should be measured in active lines.
3. The opening line of a poem should be attractive. If the first line is weak, the reader seldom goes beyond it.
4. Avoid familiar expression. If writing of the night, do not say "sable curtain." Find something of your own. If the night has "a thousand eyes," so it has a thousand garments in which it may be clothed.
5. Do your word painting in natural order. Do not mix earth and sky. Give your landscape a background. Brooks and willows go together.
6. Select adjectives to accord in degree with the nouns which they qualify — harsh, soft, etc.
7. The accent should be correct.
8. Use simple words.
9. Be sparing with alliteration. Too much alliteration is not in good taste.
10. Make the closing lines clear and the climax worthy of the introduction. The worth of the poem is its best thought felt in the heart of the reader.
11. A suggestion is often the climax of beauty in word-painting. The imagination, awakened, will sometimes go beyond the power of words to express.
12. Avoid overdoing, as if depending on weird and strained expression for effect. It is a sign of weakness. Be honest.
13. Poetry is the expression of the heart. The writer must feel and experience.

Edward William Dutcher.

STILLWATER, Minn.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. JUNE, 1899. NO. 6.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

To a correspondent who writes: "I am aware that editors and publishers do not care to accept manuscripts only from well known authors, but how can an author become well known unless editors will accept his work?" the editor of the *Chicago Standard*, one of the best of the religious weeklies, says: "If the case were as you represent it, the puzzle would be insoluble. Happily, however, most publishers are distinctly gratified to find merit in the work of an unfamiliar hand. It is true that the editors of popular magazines are seeking more and more to 'draw out' men of great distinction, with the really laudable purpose of making the magazines pay. But it would do young contributors good to know the joy that reigns in newspaper offices and publishing houses when a really fresh, individual piece of work appears with an unfamiliar signature, or no signature at all. Never was there less prejudice against new writers than there is to-day; never brighter opportunities for young writers whose work is really distinct in excellence."

***

J. D. Allen contributes to the *Baptist Standard*, published at Dallas, Texas, an article on "The Abuses of the Novel," in which he condemns fiction for these reasons: "1. It gives a false picture of human life. 2. It gives a false picture of history. 3. It obscures history. 4. It lessens capacity for solid reading. 5. It corrupts morals." Mr. Allen says: "It has been my good fortune, I think, never to have read a great mass of fiction." In view of the sweeping assertions that he has made, this statement was entirely unnecessary.

***

A newly fledged literary bureau in the South says in its announcement: "Manuscripts typewritten stand twice the chance of sale as penwritten." Writers may judge for themselves whether the man who wrote that sentence is competent to judge and revise the manuscripts of others. The same bureau says in its advertisement, after speaking of the need of special training for writers: "The reason so few Southern writers have been successful while hundreds of often inferior writers in other sections have found a ready sale for their manuscripts is because they secured this criticism and instruction." If the manager of the bureau will give that sentence thought-

ful study, he will probably see the business necessity of making a speedy change in it. Experience has shown that a competent literary bureau can be a great help to writers. An incompetent bureau, on the other hand, can do a world of harm.

***

Alonzo Leora Rice will hereafter edit the poetical department of the *Sunny South*. In announcing this fact the *Sunny South* says: —

In days to come this poet, who worships at Nature's shrine, will conduct us pleasantly under smiling skies, over Alpine heights, "neath the shadows vast of patriarchal tree," down shady lanes, through leafy coverts, up flower-decked hill, to "orchards red and white with blossoms."

Then, through jasmine perfumed aisles, we will reverently descend to laughing dale, fragrant meadow, flowering hedge, bladed field, and listen to the murmuring reeds 'mid their beds of lily leaves. "Down narrow glens o'erhung with dewy thorn," we will see the daisy's cheek grow pink, and watch the "blue-eyed harebells blend their tears" and hear the woodland choir awaken music sweet.

The gentle rill will softly sigh through rustling ferns, the whispering zephyrs will fan the ivy green, that creepeth o'er the velvety banks, while Fancy, with stately tread and worshipful mein, walks up and down "by streams of song."

And the subscription price will not be advanced.

***

Discussing the question whether there is a field in the United States for Jewish writers, *Jewish Comment* says: "The Jewish Publication Society is anxious for books on Jewish subjects by American Jewish writers of ability, and should be in a position to pay well for them. Several general publishers are very willing to publish works on Jewish topics when well executed, and there are some weekly and monthly publications ready to welcome Jewish writers who really have something to say."

***

A correspondent of the *Christian Endeavor World* writes to the editor as follows: "In directions for sending manuscript we are always told to write our own address in one corner of the envelope. Now in small towns like this, where the postmaster knows every one in town, what are we to do when we don't want him or any one else to know we are sending manuscript?" The editor makes the following reply: "I never heard such a direction given, and see no use of it. It *is* best, however, to write name and address on the left-hand upper corner *of the manuscript*." The editor of the *Christian Endeavor World* apparently forgot for the moment, while he was answering the question, that it is well in sending anything by mail to write the address of the sender on the outside of the package, so that if the address be wrong, or the postage insufficient, the package will be returned to the sender without delay. If a writer in a country village wishes to preserve secrecy in sending out manuscripts, it is not necessary, of course, for him to write his name and address on the envelopes in which he mails them, and if he is careful in addressing and stamping the envelopes, and is sure that he knows where the publication to which he is offering a manuscript is published, he runs little risk of loss. Why should a writer care to preserve secrecy about his work, however? Authorship is a legitimate profession, — or business, if you so regard it, — and there is no disgrace involved in having people know that you are sending manuscripts to editors, or even having them rejected.

***

The poem, "At the Grave," by Henry Ames Blood, which originally appeared in the *Century Magazine* in February, 1887, was printed recently in the *Sunday School Times* as an original contribution from Alexander Jessup. When the editor asked Mr Jessup to explain how this happened, he replied: —

"I have been engaged for some time past in the compilation of "American Magazine Verse." This is to be a volume of the verse and poetry that has appeared in American magazines for the last fifteen years . . . In calling to my aid an assistant, the mistake you refer to was rendered possible. . . . While I was at work on the "American Magazine Verse" I was also engaged . . . in sending out some papers to magazines, and one of my own poems got mixed up with the verses from magazines, unfortunately, to appear under a title similar to one in my magazine collection, which were all in the same handwriting. I directed my assistant to find, in a heap lying on the table, a poem of mine called "At the Grave," and to add my name and address, and copy it off on the typewriter, and send it to you. The names of the authors, . . . etc., I had on separate sheets of paper. The similarity of titles not then occurring to me, I simply told the person who was assisting me to find the poem "At the Grave." Not having need to work over the pile of papers until some days later, the mistake was not discovered until the wrong poem was in print.

"According to this statement," says the editor of the *Sunday School Times*, "Mr Jessup

was somewhat unfortunate in his library and office methods, and he had too much confidence in his assistant in his work."

* * *

Still another case of plagiarism must be noted. C. M. Seymour, or Clarence M. Seymour, had published in the *Criterion* for April 29 a poem entitled "Love's Geography," which was originally written by Dr. John Allen Wyeth, and was first published under the title, "My Sweetheart's Face," in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1892. Afterward it was included in Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song.

* * *

The people who have expressed so strongly their objections to the publication of the love-letters of the Brownings will, of course, refuse to read them. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED

Alice Ives, who wrote "The Village Postmaster," gives some good advice to women who would become playwrights in the current *Frank Leslie's*. — *Boston Home Journal.*	Alice Ives, who wrote "The Village Postmaster," gives some good advice in the current *Frank Leslie's* to women who would become playwrights.
Mr. W. D. Howells will summer at Kittery Point. — *Boston Beacon.*	W. D. Howells will spend the summer at Kittery Point.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Will you kindly inform me what and how is the best way to obtain illustrations for a magazine article requiring illustrations?

(2.) What is the present address of Amelia Barr? E. C. H.

[(1.) This question cannot be answered, because it is not definite enough.

(2.) The permanent address of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is Cornwall, N. Y. — W. H. H.]

In what form are manuscripts that extend into hundreds of sheets sent to a publisher? Are they numbered and sent loose, or is there a method of securing them by means of needle and thread? R. S.

[If the sheets of a manuscript are of uniform size — and they should always be — it is best to number them consecutively and not fasten them together in any way. A book manuscript is necessarily bulky, and no manuscript Reader wants to hold the whole manuscript while he is reading it. If the sheets are loose, he can take up one page at a time, and if they are numbered consecutively, he can easily keep them in their proper order. — W. H. H.]

Can you give me a recipe for preparing a hectograph pad and ink? R. S.

[The following recipes are taken from the *Popular Science News*: —

HECTOGRAPH PAD.

Glycerine	4 parts
Water	2 parts
Gelatine	1 part

The gelatine is immersed in the water till it is all absorbed; the glycerine is then added, and the whole is heated on a water bath till solution is effected. Pour the fluid into a shallow tray and allow it to solidify. Special care should be taken to avoid bubbles in pouring. Aniline copying inks are used; for instance: —

VIOLET HECTOGRAPH INK.

Methyl-violet aniline	2 parts
Spirit	2 parts
Water	6 parts

An effective copying pad can be made with very little trouble. — W. H. H.]

Very early in my literary career it was impressed upon me that I must never send a manuscript to more than one place at a time. Not long ago, however, I heard it said, on good authority, that writers often send out several copies of the same manuscript at once. In the case of smaller articles and stories that you offer to the editor at "the usual rates" this of course must not be done, since you might find yourself in the unpleasant dilemma of having to return one check with thanks while accepting the second; but how about novels that you send to publishers for examination? Every one who has sent out his first, or even his second, book knows the vexatious waste of time that is caused by waiting for a decision, with the chances against him of having it returned as "not in our line." Would not literary ethics allow one in this case to keep several copies going at one and the same time? A. W.

[In spite of the "good authority," it is not usual for experienced writers to send out sev-

eral copies of the same manuscript at once to editors, excepting in the case of articles which are offered on the syndicate plan. If an author has several copies of a manuscript novel, it might, possibly, do no harm for him to send them simultaneously to several different publishers, provided he should explain to each that the manuscript was also being offered at the same time to the others. The experiment would be a dangerous one to try, however, particularly if the writer were unknown. Moreover, it would cost about as much to make several copies of a book as it would to print it. Under present conditions delay in getting decisions from publishers is inevitable, and authors might as well make up their minds that there is no royal road to immediate publication. — W. H. H.]

You have something to say in the March number of THE WRITER, editorially, about Daniel Webster's use of synonyms as referred to by Senator Hoar in his article in *Scribner's Magazine* for March. You appear cordially to endorse the study of, and familiarity with, synonyms as a means to improve one's style. Is this altogether correct? Is there not danger in getting an idea expressed rhetorically strong but intrinsically weak by deference to mere use of words? Does not the writer improve his style most by a study of, and familiarity with, the best thought as it is found in writings of the best writers of the present and of the past? Is not any particular regard to mere expression in the use of language an element of real weakness in any writer? If he is "full of his subject," the words will be then ready to place his ideas before the public eye; and any attempt to "dress his effort up" will have a tendency to lessen the absolute strength which would be apt to be his under different conditions. This, it seems to me, would certainly apply to the experienced writer and to the speaker — possibly not with so much force to the amateur literary worker. *Duane Mowry.*

[There is no question that ideas in writing are of a good deal more importance than language. The man who has thought long and deeply, and who has something to say in consequence, will get an audience, even though his style may be imperfect and his expressions crude. On the other hand, as Mr. Mowry suggests, a writer may polish his style until there is no life, no force left in it. The attention of the reader is drawn from the thought expressed to the manner of expression, and he reads along smoothly without taking in completely the ideas that the writer has intended to convey. All this, however, is not argument against broadening one's vocabulary. A man might cut a tree down with a jack-knife, but an axe is incomparably a better tool. The man who is "full of his subject" does not necessarily have language at hand to express his thoughts to the best advantage. The earnest orator with a poor vocabulary will not make anything like the impression that the less enthusiastic speaker who understands the use of language can produce. The man with a large vocabulary can fit his words exactly to the thought which the other man can express but crudely. He can make clear to his audience in a sentence what they must grope after in the utterances of the other speaker. Ideas and new words may both be gained by study of the thoughtful works of good writers, and the more a man reads, the better will he write. Any writer can gain great advantage, however, by studying and comparing synonyms. In countless cases there is one word or phrase best fitted for the expression of an idea, and the writer whose vocabulary includes that word or phrase, ready to his hand, will express himself to the best effect. There is little danger that the ordinary writer will weaken the force of his expression by polishing his style. Only the extreme stylists — like Stevenson, for instance — are likely to do that. The writer who has a dozen words to choose from in a given case will probably make a better and a stronger sentence than the writer who is confined to a single word, which may but imperfectly express his meaning. In a word, the man who has a large vocabulary can write better than the man who has a small one, and every writer should strive to extend his vocabulary, both by careful reading of good authors and by constant study and comparison of synonyms. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

A newspaper paragraph tells of a Glasgow newspaper man who, finding that his eyes be-

came so tired that he could write only with great difficulty, hit upon a plan of having some strips of colored paper pasted on his desk close to the inkstand, so that every time he wanted a dip of ink his eyes fell upon the colored strips. The result is said to have been surprising, and the inventor says that by this simple device he not only avoided the use of glasses, but also improved his sight. Probably a $10,000 oil painting would serve the purpose as well as strips of colored paper.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Austen. — Jane Austen, the novelist, who died when forty-two years of age, wrote her three famous novels ten years before a publisher could be induced to publish them, and it was sixty years before a biography of her was attempted or asked for. — *New Orleans States.*

Balzac. — The business part of Balzac's literary life was not happy; he had many publishers, and did not continue on good terms with them. This grew out of his methods of work. His handwriting was the despair of the printers, and his method of handling his proofs was most laborious. He would erase, interline, cover the margins with whole paragraphs of fresh material, leaving hardly a trace of the original. The second proof was handled similarly, and such was his desire for perfection in his work that he would repeat the process eight or ten times before he would give his order to print. His writings bear no evidence of haste; every page is as highly finished as he could make it. He was his own severest critic. For corrections after the first proof he had to pay extra, and his "Pierrette" cost him 300 francs more than he received for the story.

An outline of his day's work will be appreciated by the reader. He rose at two o'clock in the morning, and, after lighting a dozen candles drove his pen vigorously until six. His bath, which followed, usually lasted an hour; then, after exercise, he took a cup of clear, strong coffee at eight. He received visitors until nine, — editors, publishers, and copy-boys from the printing-office. From nine to twelve he wrote with tremendous pressure, and at noon he breakfasted on two boiled eggs, bread, and water. From one to six his quill (he always wrote with a crow-quill) raced with quivering force over his white sheets; at six he dined lightly, taking a small glass of vouvray, of which he was very fond. From seven to eight he received callers, and at eight retired to rest. This spell of intensity would last from six to eight weeks, during which he would write a book or magazine articles, read incessantly, and formulate plans for other books. Then he would rest, sleep, and eat, take long walks in city and country, regain his wonted vigor, and mingle again in society until another writing spell seized him. — *F. C. Hubbard, in Self Culture for June.*

Chambers. — Robert W. Chambers, the author of the serial now running in *Harper's Weekly*, is one of the most careful and painstaking writers of the day. His manuscripts are written in pencil, are as legible as print, and are carefully punctuated. He is constantly revising and correcting his work, and never sits down to write without giving his previous copy a merciless pruning. It has been said that he often reduces a novel from 80,000 to 60,000 words after it has been revised many times. — *Harper's Literary Notes.*

Hewlett. — Maurice Hewlett wrote his charming book, "The Forest Lovers," three times over, and at the third writing thought he had finished. But after this third writing there came to him the vision of a woman dragging the dead body of a man across a clearing in the forest, and so that evil creature, Maulfry, came into the story for the first time.

Markham. — Edwin Markham says he made field notes for his poem, "The Man with the Hoe," fourteen years ago, on seeing a small copy of Millet's famous painting. Four years later he saw the original on exhibition in San Francisco. After that he occasionally added a line or a phrase until the first two stanzas were formed. Last winter he completed the poem, writing a stanza a day.

Moulton. — A writer in the *New Voice* is authority for this interesting story of Mrs.

Louise Chandler Moulton's first literary triumph: —

"Will Miss Chandler please remain a moment after the school is dismissed?"

In this command, couched in the language of a request, Louise Chandler Moulton, then thirteen years old, received the first token of homage to her genius.

"When teacher and pupil were quite alone, the former said to the young girl, who stood with downcast eyes before him: —

"Miss Chandler, the poem which you read this afternoon before me and your schoolmates as your own was a composition which it is not reasonable to suppose could have been the conception and formation of one so young as yourself. Possibly the words were entirely your own, but I think it will be franker and better if you tell me (for my private information, of course) from what poet you gained your idea of the verses."

The blue eyes of the pupil, dim and misty with tears, were raised to the face of her instructor in surprised and frightened wonder. Never the thought that she was receiving a compliment came to the mind of the shy maiden; the thought that did come was that her honor was being doubted.

"Why, I cannot tell you where I got it," cried the tremulous young voice. "I never knew there was anything like it in all the world. Surely, it all wrote itself from my own mind."

Before the earnest face and sincere tone who could doubt? Not the man who knew so well this child's truthfulness. The master bent his head in unassumed reverence to his pupil. "I sincerely congratulate you," he said.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PEN AND THE BOOK. By Walter Besant. 347 pp. Cloth. London: Thomas Burleigh. 1899.

What Sir Walter Besant has to say in the way of advice to writers is well worth hearing, first, because Sir Walter has had many years' experience as a writer, doing all kinds of literary work, and, secondly, because, as the secretary of the English Society of Authors, he has had such an inside view of the dealings between authors and publishers as perhaps no other man has had. This latter experience, it may be said in passing, has given him pessimistic ideas regarding the honesty and square dealing of many English publishers, and has led him to endorse the revised version of the Scriptural saying which reads: "Now Barrabas was a publisher." Sir Walter, to be sure, does not say that all publishers are rascals, but he has found so many rascals among publishers -- some of whom have borne good reputations — that he is rather inclined now to regard a publisher as guilty until he is proven innocent, and he is constantly warning writers to be very careful how they conduct themselves in their business relations with the publishing guild. Most of his experiences, it should be said, have been with English publishers. No evidence such as he brings against publishers across the water has ever been produced by any one against the leading American publishers, and until such evidence is found, it is only right to assume that the business morality of publishers over here is of a higher standard than that of their English brethren.

"The Pen and the Book" is divided into three parts, the first of which discusses the literary life, the second, the commercial side of authorship, and the third, various subjects connected with literary work, such as the literary agent, journalism, the relations of bookseller and author, and copyright. In his Introduction Sir Walter notes that, according to the census of 1891, there were in England and Wales eight years ago about 5,800 authors, editors, and journalists. The number of those who are literary men by profession, however, is small compared with the number of those who are literary men in fact. "For one man who actually lives by literary work," Sir Walter says, "there are three or four to whom the production of literature is an occasional event, perhaps an occasional necessity. I think we should not be far wrong in placing the whole number of men and women engaged more or less in literary work at something like 20,000." These figures, of course, refer to England. In the United States the number of those engaged in literary work of one kind or another must be four or five times as great. Sir Walter points out some of the attractions which give to the literary life its wonderful fascination. "Those who are attracted by it," he says, "are very often great readers, devourers of books: they want to live among books: to read them all day long: they think that in the life they desire they will be able to do so. Then, again, it is a quiet life: it is certainly free from the worries and anxieties of business. And there seems — in some cases there is — less servitude in it: one can work at any hour he pleases, and as long as he pleases. Again,

there is in it a certain absence of money-making and money-seeking: the artist is wholly absorbed in his work: while it lasts he can have no thought of money — you cannot imagine a poet over his work asking himself how much he has earned that morning. These are the most obvious reasons for this singular fascination. There are other reasons not quite so obvious: such as the joys and pains of composition; the sense of battle in grappling with language, and compelling it to express exactly what is desired — that and nothing more. This is, I believe, a very potent force in determining the candidate for literary honors. And you must not forget the consideration that the life of letters — if it is successful — does really in the long run confer more dignity and respect upon a man than any other line of work, unless it be the church. Let us consider next," says Sir Walter, "what is the kind of life led daily by the modern man of letters — not a great genius, not a popular author: but a good, steady man of letters, of the kind which formerly had to inhabit the garrets of Grub street. This man, of whom there are many — or this woman, for many women now belong to the profession — goes into his study every morning as regularly as a barrister goes to chambers: he finds on his desk two or three books waiting for review: a manuscript sent in for an opinion: a book of his own to go on with — possibly a life of some dead and gone worthy for a series: an article which he has promised for a magazine: a paper for the Dictionary of National Biography: perhaps an unfinished novel to which he must give three hours of absorbed attention. This goes on, day after day, all the year round. There is never any fear of the work failing, as soon as the writer has made himself known as a trustworthy and attentive workman. The literary man has his club: he makes an income by his labor which enables him to live in comfort and to educate his children properly." The audience that he reaches is something marvelous. Sir Walter estimates that among English readers "there is waiting at this moment for the author who achieves the task of catching the universal ear a possible audience of one hundred and twenty millions of people, who can all at least read." The real audience of a very popular writer he estimates at a tenth part of this number, that is to say, nearly twelve millions of living people. The writer who would not be inspired by such a possibility is certainly beyond the reach of inspiration.

Considering the question of preparation for literary work, Sir Walter says: "The first qualification necessary in every branch of the literary calling is a mind stored with knowledge: this can be obtained only by wide reading: the first duty of the young writer is to read: nay, the first sign of his fitness for work is a love of reading. . . . It is absolutely necessary: it is indispensable that he should read and know Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Fielding, Smollett, Johnson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and a great many others here omitted. As for contemporary work, he must read some, if only in order to catch the manner of his own generation. . . . Translations, again, must not be neglected. Rabelais, for those who have sympathy with the allegorical method: Voltaire: Goethe's Faust: Don Quixote: Dante: Victor Hugo: Tolstoy: and a few others, who may be added from time to time. . . . I suppose that most of my readers have been at school, and have there made acquaintance with the Greek poets, as well as with the Latin. If that is not the case, one can say only that while nothing can ever compensate for the loss of Latin and Greek, it would be well to read translations, of some part at least, of the classical writers." "It is almost indispensable," Sir Walter says later, "that a literary man, with some pretensions to culture, should possess a knowledge of some foreign language — not a smattering, but the power of reading and understanding it as well as his own. Of course, French is by far the most useful, because the literature of France is far finer and fuller than those of all the other continental nations put together. It may, however, be useful for special purposes to study other languages, as German, Italian, Norwegian — but French must come first. The importance of French to a man of letters consists not only in the beauty and fullness of its literature, but in the clearness and precision of the best French writers: the style, in which there is never a word too much, and never a word in the wrong place: the construction, which is generally admirable: the broad views of the best French writers: their freedom from the cant into which our own writers are sometimes prone to fall: and from the sentimentality from which the French hardness keeps their writers free. The influence of French literature on every branch of our own is most marked. The next point for the attention of the young writer is the cultivation of himself. All that belongs to cultivation belongs to literature. . . . Let the young writer find time for the study of painting: of music: of statuary. It will help him only to feel that the painter, the composer, the sculptor, are trying, like himself, to express their thought, each in his own medium: one with oils on a canvas: one in marble: one with musical notes."

The first rule that Sir Walter gives to the

student is that he should write something every day. "This rule does not mean that he should write in order to acquire a facility in writing. Mere facility is nothing: it is the most common of all gifts: any schoolgirl of fifteen may have it. Indeed, it is a dangerous and a suspicious gift. The writer who has facility of the pen finds that his pen is his master: it runs away with him: it will not stick to the subject: in other words, the writer's brain is not under his control. The rule to write something every day means a daily effort, not to write fast, but to master and subdue the brain. Its main object is to meet the danger of facility: for I want the student to write 'Something': that is, something definite: an essay in which a certain thesis has to be advanced and maintained: a sketch of character in which a portrait has to be painted in a few strokes: a description in which everything external has to be excluded: in a word, one thing, and one thing only has to be set down. The young man of the facile pen will find it running along the lines, talking of this and of that, but not of the thing in hand. He will have to reduce that pen — which is his own brain — to obedience; or there is no hope for him. In other words, he must learn to think clearly and to regard a subject with concentration: next he must bring to his writing the clearness and concentration of his thought. . . . When the young writer feels his page aglow with imagination, let him be most on his guard: the work put away awhile will almost certainly prove to be that of an unordered mind. The brain must be trained to obey, and the will must be taught to command."

The various branches of the literary life Sir Walter calls respectively "those of Observation: of Imagination: of Education: of Science: of History: of Philosophy: of Art: and of Theology." "The power of observation," he says, "can be acquired by practice. For my own part, I have always found it useful to write down, upon returning home after a walk, notes on the persons, the objects, the buildings, the scenery, the flowers, etc., that I have observed during that walk. Some such practice as this, carried on regularly, cultivates the memory: teaches the eyes to see things quickly — slow sight is worse than short sight — makes a young writer understand the necessity of selection, and gives interest even to a ride in a tram-car or an omnibus, where there are always faces to be read and things to be heard. A great conjuror once taught his son the power and practice of observation by making him describe, after passing a shop, what he had seen in the window. Let each for himself devise his own method, provided that he recognize the paramount importance of observation. It is really the beginning, and the middle, and the end of all literature." Sir Walter proceeds to show that if observation is necessary in all branches in literature, it is above everything in the branch occupied by the essayist and the critic, and then to consider the work of the critic and the essay-writer. He next takes up the life of imagination, beginning with the poet. He lays stress upon the fact, which is often overlooked, that it is necessary for the poet, "even more than for others, to cultivate himself: to learn what he can, and all he can, in everything that belongs to culture. Even more than the critic, he must observe, and cultivate the powers of observation. He must learn to exercise and develop his senses; a town-bred youth, for instance, starts heavily handicapped: he has no eyes for the things of Nature: his eyes are too slow to catch the flight of a bird: they are too dull to perceive the beauty and infinite variety of color and of life: he does not understand the fields and the woods: the moods of the sky: the aspect of the river: the song of the birds, and the names and seasons of the flowers. All these things the young poet should cultivate and learn. Think how large a part nature fills in Poetry. He must learn, as well, the ways of men: the history of civilization: the rise in advance of mankind. No knowledge that concerns humanity is useless to the Poet. There is, in addition, the study of his own craft. The study of meters: the choice of meters: the functions, powers, and limitations of meters require long and careful study and patience; the mastery of meters requires long practice and serious practice. The study of English poetry involves the study of a great many meters, all of them musical and effective in practiced hands; a young man cannot do better than to practice these meters and learn what each is best fitted for, and for what it should be chosen."

The Novelist is next taken up, and in the long chapter devoted to the subject Sir Walter quotes liberally from his lecture on the "Art of Fiction," which he delivered some twelve years ago. Considering the length of the novel, he says: "People like a story which will take them two or three evenings to read: this means a volume of about 300 or 320 pages in length, or about twenty sheets of sixteen pages each; or 80,000 to 100,000 words, if we follow the modern mode of reckoning length." Speaking of the short story, he says: "To begin with, it must not be the long story abridged. It must not be the story of a life. It should be an episode in a life: it is not at all necessary to ring the wedding bells at the end: there need be no love in it: it should be brightly written: it should turn on one incident: it should reveal the characters with the least

possible description, by means of dialogue: it should present the setting of place or time with the fewest possible words. This most useful branch of the art may be best cultivated by writing dialogue and little dramas. The dialogue must be, above all things, bright: for my own part, I dislike dialogue stuffed with epigram, whether intended for the stage or for a magazine, simply because it is unnatural, and dialogue for either purpose ought to seem natural and unforced, even though, for either purpose, it must be more or less exaggerated. The very cleverest people never talk quite as the epigrammatists make them." "Let the fundamental difference between a novel and the story," he says later, "always be remembered: that the former is a life — or the most important part of a life — while the latter relates only an episode, which may or may not have consequences of importance."

In discussing the work of the Dramatist, Sir Walter declares that the demand for good plays now is far greater than was ever before known. He calls attention to some elementary points that the young dramatist should observe, and shows briefly the difference between playwriting and novel-writing. His next chapter describes the duties of an editor, and is followed by a chapter discussing the different kinds of work done in the employment of a publisher, particularly that of the Reader and adviser.

The second section of "The Pen and the Book" is devoted to the commercial side of authorship. Most of the information given is in regard to writing for English magazines and publishing books in England, and so is only indirectly valuable to American writers. Sir Walter warns all writers to beware of publishers. "When you enter a publisher's shop," he says, "when you send him a manuscript, you become, like all the other persons engaged in the production of a book, a man to be 'bested'; he will exercise his most earnest endeavors to get your property into his own hands, on the best terms possible for himself. Expect no other consideration; weigh everything that he says with the knowledge that this is his one object; accept all courtesies and flatteries as designed to win your confidence; prepare yourself, therefore, at the outset, if you can, by ascertaining what publishing actually means, or, if you cannot, place yourself in the hands of some skilled person who does know. Do not be taken in by plausible words and plausible manners: do not on any account, without advice, accept as plain truths any or every statement that he may make: and, above all things, do not sign any agreement without the advice of persons who are skilled." Having thus declared to writers that they must inform themselves about the details of the business of publishing, Sir Walter goes on to discuss the cost of production of books, giving the figures of actual estimates given to him by printers. The only American estimate that he prints is one for a book of 256 pages, set up in small pica, single leaded, at 224 words to a page. It is as follows: —

Composition and electrotyping of 256 pages at 80 cents to a page	$204.80
Press work of 8 forms, that is, 8 sheets of 32 pages, at $4	32.00
Press work of cover in one color	2.00
Paper for cover, yellow coated	3.00
Paper for text, 100 lbs. super., at $6 per ream	52.50
Plate boxes, 4 at 65 cents	2.60
Binding (sewed)	20.00
For extra thousand covers	5.00
Total cost for first thousand copies	$321.90
If two thousand copies are printed, the total cost will be	$418.40

"The Methods of Publishing" are next taken up, viz.: 1. The sale of the property outright; 2. A profit-sharing agreement; 3. A royalty system; 4. Publishing on commission. In this chapter Sir Walter sets forth in detail the means by which the wily publisher may take advantage of the author, no matter which of the four systems of publishing may be chosen. The same subject is further enlarged on in the chapter with the heading, "Dishonesty and Fraud," which Sir Walter uses, as he says, "because it is as well to call things by their right names." The method of the future, in his opinion, will be this: "The author will dissever himself altogether from the publisher, and will connect himself directly with the booksellers and the libraries. He will appoint an agent or distributor, to whom he will pay a commission. He will take upon himself the printing, and production, and advertising. He will himself incur the risk, if any, of a loss on the first run of the book." "All that is wanted," Sir Walter continues, "is an agent or publisher who will deal with none but commission books, who will take his commission and no more: and who will produce none but books which are certain to be taken up by the public." The reader may judge for himself whether an agent of this character and ability is likely to be easier to find than an honest publisher, or not.

Sir Walter's next chapter shows the usefulness of the literary agent. In the chapter headed, "In Search of an Editor," he gives advice which is based chiefly on conditions prevailing in the English market, but which is suggestive also to writers in the United States. The same thing is true of the chapter on "Journalism," which Sir Walter has had written for

him by a professional English journalist. The chapters on "The Relations of the Bookseller and the Author" and on "Copyright" both have interest and value. In the appendix information is given about the English Society of Authors, which has done a most useful work in bringing about better relations between authors and publishers in England.

POEMS OF RICHARD REALF. Edited by Richard J. Hinton. 232 pp. Cloth, in box, $2.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1899.

Besides giving in authentic form a practically complete collection of Richard Realf's poems, Colonel Hinton, who was Realf's trusted friend and literary executor, tells in an extended biographical introduction the story of the poet's erratic life. It is not of a kind to bring honor to the hero of the memoir. Realf's character was sadly unbalanced, and while his personal qualities and his undoubted talent won him the devotion of his intimate friends, his faults were many and great, and his life as a whole must be looked upon as a pitiable failure. Born in England in 1834, he came to New York when he was twenty, after an experience, which, to speak mildly, was not to his credit. Becoming interested in the anti-slavery cause, he went to Kansas, in 1855, as a newspaper correspondent, and two years later joined the John Brown movement. Subsequently he served in the civil war, his military experiences covering nearly five years. Of the dark side of his life, the less one says the better. Colonel Hinton tells the wretched story as kindly as he can, but even the charity of a friend cannot find much palliation for Realf's offences. After a checkered career, he committed suicide in California in 1878. Many of his poems show that he possessed talent which might have given him lasting fame if he had made the best use of his life. Perhaps his best, and certainly his best known, poem is that entitled "Indirection," which begins:

"Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter."

A WEST POINT WOOING, AND OTHER STORIES. By Clara Louise Burnham. 305 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.

Not all of the stories in Mrs. Burnham's newest book are connected with West Point, but all of them are bright and entertaining. The collection includes, besides "A West Point Wooing," "Pursuer or Pursued?" "A Cadet Camp Episode," "A Franco-American," "The Cadet Captain's Experiment," "The New Organ," "A Thanksgiving Revival," "The Subjugation of Miss Blaine," "A Mistake in Consonants," "A Neutral Thanksgiving," "Mary Annie," "By a Minute," and "At Crest View." Mrs. Burnham's love stories are always charming, and they are characterized by a vivacity and brightness that makes them especially readable. In the West Point stories the reader gets some fascinating glimpses of life at the military academy, and the other tales make him acquainted with a number of interesting characters.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 301 — Hamlet. No. 302 — The Merchant of Venice. No. 303 — Julius Caesar. No. 304 — Othello. No. 305 — Sir Roger de Coverley and The Spectator's Club. Edited by Professor Morley. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Co. 1899.

These five handy little books are the initial volumes of the new series of Cassell's National Library, which will be published weekly from this time on. The library will include only recognized classics, and each volume will be clearly printed in large type on good paper. The publishers are doing the reading world a great service in presenting the best works of great authors at a price so low that everybody can afford to buy them. Each volume in the series has an Introduction by Professor Henry Morley, giving just the information that one needs to have to read the text to the best advantage. The books are of handy pocket size, and are just the thing to take away on a vacation trip for summer reading, or to slip into the coat pocket for reading in the train or the electric car on the way to business.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE MAGAZINE OF ART — ITS MAJORITY: A RETROSPECT. With portraits of A. J. R. Trendell, W. E. Henley, Eric Robertson, Sydney C. Galpin, Edwin Bale, and M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for June.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE. Portrait. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for June.

LETTERS OF BAYARD TAYLOR AND SIDNEY LANIER. — I. Henry Lanier. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING. Harriet Waters Preston. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

WHY DUMAS' NOVELS LAST. Professor G. R. Carpenter. *Forum* (38 c.) for June.

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF. Illustrated. Kate Jordan. *Demorest's* (13 c.) for June.

IN THE LAND OF THE LEATHER-STOCKING TALES (Cooperstown and Vicinity). Illustrated. Edwin Lyell Earle. *Demorest's* (13 c.) for June

THE MURDER NOVEL. John M. Robertson. Reprinted from *New Century Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

THE BYE-WAYS OF JOURNALISM. Michael MacDonough. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

JEAN INGELOW. Mabel C. Birchenough. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

FRANKLIN AS WRITER AND JOURNALIST. Illustrated. Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. R. H. Stoddard. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

BOOKWORMS IN FACT AND FANCY. Willard Austen. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for June.

TENDENCIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE. Professor Pelham Edgar. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for June.

A POET'S MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS. (From the letters of Sidney Lanier.) Conclusion. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Davos, 1880-1882. Edited by Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

EUGENE FIELD'S MESSAGE TO THE CHILD-LOVER. D. Soden Cooke. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for June.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC. F. C. Hubbard. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for June.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Some letters and reminiscences. With portrait. George Stewart. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for June.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON (Mrs. Burton Harrison). Illustrated. A. L. Samson. *Metropolitan* (13 c.) for June.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR. Portrait. *Photographic Times* (38 c.) for June.

FAMOUS HYMN-WRITERS. IV. — Joseph Addison. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

DAVID AMES WELLS. With frontispiece portrait. E. L. Godkin. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for March.

THE MURDER NOVEL. John M. Robertson. Reprinted from *New Century Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 29.

THE ART OF POETRY. John Davidson. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 29.

A CRITIC OF THE ACTED DRAMA: WILLIAM ARCHER. Brander Matthews. *Forum* (38 c.) for May.

GUTENBERG AND THE INVENTION OF PRINTING. John de Morgan. Illustrated. *Donahoe's Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

THE EVOLUTION OF SPEECH. Th. Ribot. *Open Court* (13 c.) for May.

A SHORT STORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Jessie A. Chase. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for May.

VICTORIAN THOUGHT AND THINKERS. — III. (Portraits.) Eugene Parsons. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for May.

JAMES R. LOWELL AS AN AMERICAN LITERARY CRITIC. Clayton J. Collins. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for May.

THE LOVES OF GOETHE. Irene C. Byrne. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for May.

JOHN MUIR. With portrait. Professor Olaf Ellison *Self Culture* (13 c.) for May.

FAMOUS HYMN-WRITERS. III. — William Cowper. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine.* (13 c.) for May.

THE HOME OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (Cedarmere). Illustrated. Theodore Dreiser. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for May.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. S. G. Tallentyre. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

WHAT IS CARICATURE? Robert de la Sizeranne. Translated from *Revue de Deux Mondes* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD. Reprinted from *Church Quarterly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO A CRITIQUE OF RUDYARD KIPLING. F. Gratz. Translated from *Englische Studien* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

THE BROWNING LOVE LETTERS. Reprinted from *London Times* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

THE MAKING OF THE DICTIONARY. Leonard W. Lillingston. Reprinted from *Good Words* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF "A. K. H. B." Reprinted from *Speaker* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. With frontispiece portrait. J. Lincoln Steffens. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

IRWIN RUSSELL. With portrait. *Southern Home Journal* (13 c.) for May.

HOMER C. DAVENPORT, THE CARTOONIST. With portrait. *Success* (8 c.) for May 20.

JULIA WARD HOWE. With portrait. By Marguerite Brooks. *Success* (8 c.) for May 20.

JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER FAMILY. With portraits. *Woman's Home Journal* (8 c.) for May 27.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM: ITS PAST AND FUTURE. Clement K. Shorter. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The forthcoming life of Thackeray, by Lewis Melville, is said to be the result of ten years' labor, during which time the author has made the collection of the materials his hobby, and has accumulated a large amount of interesting detail.

There is to be a biography of Mrs. Lynn Linton written by George Somes Layard, who wrote the "Life of Charles Keene."

A biography of Herbert Spencer is to be written by A. C. Macpherson. Mr. Spencer has supplied material for the work, and will superintend its publication.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is in Florence, where, it is said, she intends to live, devoting the rest of her life to literary work.

William Heinemann, the London publisher, married recently the young Italian who writes over the name of "Kassandra Vivaria." Her real name is Magda Stuart Sindice, and her best-known book is "Via Lucis."

Sir T. Wemyss Reid has announced his intention of retiring in September from the editorship of the London *Speaker*, a position which he has held for thirty-five years.

George H. Lorimer is the new editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia). He is a son of Rev. Dr. Lorimer.

Frank Chapin Bray, who has been on the staff of the *Literary Digest* for a number of years, has been invited to become the editor of the *Chautauquan*, and has accepted the invitation. Mr. Bray is the son of Rev. J. M. Bray, and is a graduate of Wesleyan University.

Charles S. Greene, for many years associate editor of the *Overland Monthly* and lately its editor, has accepted the post of librarian of the Oakland public library. James Howard Bridge will soon return from New York, and resume his work as editor of the *Overland Monthly*.

Another Southern magazine is to be started. It will be called the *Southern Magazine*, and will be published monthly at Manassas, Va., by W. H. W. Moran. It will be "devoted to the best literary thought of the South, embracing fiction, history, biography, poetry, reviews, and criticism." A special feature "will be the republication of the leading articles of out-of-print books and magazines of the South, including such names as Hayne, Timrod, Philip, Pendleton Cooke, Dr. George W. Bagby, Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Beverley Tucker, Lanier, John Dickson Bruns, Gayarre, Kennedy, James R. Randall, and John Esten Cooke."

The *Conservative Review* is a new periodical, published quarterly in Washington, D. C. Its aim is to keep its readers in touch with current topics of interest, from politics to literature, and scientific topics are also extensively noted in its 200 pages.

Public Improvements (New York) is a new semi-monthly publication devoted to street-cleaning, paving, roads, bridges, sewers, waterworks, sanitation, street-lighting, parks, and contracting for business in these lines. It is edited by Schuyler C. Hodge, and is published by the Florence Publishing Company.

The Church (Boston) has ceased publication.

The *Coming Light* has been merged in the *Arena*.

Little Men and Women and *Babyland* have been combined, and the magazine is published now at Troy, N. Y.

Little Folks (Boston) has absorbed *Our Little Ones and the Nursery*.

Life (Baltimore) has changed its name to *Time*. George V. Hobart is editor, and J. H. Roberts is business manager.

The *New Voice* (New York) has been greatly improved since its recent change of name and shape.

Judge is now published by a new company, which includes John A. Sleicher and William J. Arkell.

The *Housekeeper* (Minneapolis) changes from a semi-monthly to a monthly with the June issue.

The *Concert-Goer* (New York) has become a weekly.

The *Christian Union* (Portland) has been absorbed by the *Congregationalist*.

Womankind (Springfield, O.) has been absorbed by *Boyce's Monthly* (Chicago).

Copeland & Day (Boston) have announced their retirement from business.

Paul Leicester Ford, in his "Many-Sided Franklin" chapter in the June *Century*, considers the philosopher as writer and journalist.

Sir Walter Besant contributes to the June number of the *Critic* an article setting forth in detail his views of the relation between author and publisher. It is *apropos* of his recently published volume, "The Pen and the Book."

The *Eclectic* for June opens with a clever essay on the "Murder Novel" of the present day, under which title John M. Robertson describes the historical romance of the period. Another aspect of current fiction is touched upon by William Archer in a striking article on "Pessimism and Tragedy." In the same number Michael MacDonagh discourses entertainingly on "The Bye-Ways of Journalism."

The short story prizes offered by the *Woman's Home Companion* in January have been awarded as follows: First prize, $100, to Lewis E. MacBrayne; second prize, $60, to William R. Eyster: third prize, $40, to Cornelia Shaw.

The announcement of the award of the *Century's* prizes for manuscripts offered by college graduates of 1898 will be made early in the autumn. Similar prizes are now offered to students who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts during the commencement season of 1899, viz.: $250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines; $250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of from 4,000 to 8,000 words; and $250 for the best story of from 4,000 to 8,000 words.

McClure's Magazine will pay $1,000 for subjects or ideas for twelve articles, or pro rata for a smaller number. The suggestions may be for a series of articles or for single articles. The only condition is that they prove available for the magazine and are not on subjects already under consideration. The prize winners will be given the first opportunity to write the articles.

Hon. John Barrett, formerly United States minister to Siam, in returning to America, offers, through the American Asiatic Association, $100 in prizes, with honorable mentions, to regular newspaper men, for the best discussions or papers, not exceeding 6,000 words, on "America's Interests in the Pacific; their present and future value, including opportunities, possibilities, and means of development." Manuscript is to be typewritten, sub-headed, signed by fictitious name, with real name and address in sealed cover attached, and sent on or before July 31, 1899, to Secretary, American Asiatic Association, P. O. Box 1500, New York City, and plainly marked "Pacific Competition.

No. 1,000 of the *Musical Courier* (New York), which was published May 10, was the third section of its National Edition, the three numbers of which together are beyond dispute the most impressive specimens of musical journalism ever produced. The weekly issues of the *Musical Courier* contain on an average more than sixty quarto pages a week, and the publishers say: "All the music papers combined in America and Europe do not print as many copies in six months as this paper prints in one *issue.*"

Harriet Waters Preston, taking as her subject the recently published letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, contributes to the June *Atlantic* a sympathetic and attractive account of the love-life of these two distinguished authors. She shows how by their natural qualities and their early training they were eminently fitted for their later union, and proves this to be an eminent exception to the old sayings as to the unhappiness caused by the coming together of people of genius, this having been in every respect "a marriage of true minds," which did not "admit impediments."

Professor Pelham Edgar contributes to *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for June an interesting essay, entitled "Tendencies in French Literature," which is based on Professor Dowden's recent history of French literature. "The Botany of Shakespeare," by Thomas H. Macbride, in the same number, points out, as typified by his references to botanical subjects, the marvelous faculty for close observation which Shakespeare possessed. "Bookworms," metaphorical and literal, is the subject of an instructive and entertaining article by Willard Austen.

In *Donahoe's Magazine* for June, under the title "Down in Old Kentucky," Anna C. Minogue has a sketch of the "Bivouac of the Dead," and of the soldier-poet, Theodore O'Hara.

The pictures published monthly in the *Photographic Times* (New York) are an inspiration to all photographers, and the letter-press is full of practical information about photographic processes and methods. It is no wonder that the edition of the magazine has grown.

How artists work is graphically shown by the reproduction in the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for June of the successive sketches made by John Charlton for his official picture of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. An interesting sketch of the history of the magazine is published in the same number.

John Bonner died in San Francisco May 5, aged seventy-one.

Francisque Sarcey died in Paris May 15, aged seventy years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, JULY, 1899. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE DEGENERATION OF THE DIME NOVEL. *Robert Peabody Bellows.* 97
THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER. *Arthur Leslie.* . . . 99
EDITORIAL. 102
Why Sectional Magazines Are Not Likely to Succeed. 102
THE THEORY OF THE MODERN NOVEL. *Edmund Gosse.* 103
WOMAN IN TRANSLATION. 104
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 105
Jessie Van Zile Belden, 105 — Eliza Calvert Hall, 106 — Mildred I. McNeal, 106 — Meredith Nicholson, 106—Isabel J. Roberts, 106—Francis Howard Williams. 106
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 107
Mrs. Alexander, 107 — Honoré de Balzac, 107 — Benjamin Franklin, 108 — Sarah Grand, 108 — Bret Harte, 109 — Alfred Tennyson, 110 — Mrs. Humphry Ward, 110 — Israel Zangwill, 110 — Emile Zola. 111
BOOK REVIEWS. 111
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 111
NEWS AND NOTES. 112

THE DEGENERATION OF THE DIME NOVEL.*

We are told that the dime novel, after flourishing for some forty years, is dying; that its proverbially lurid pages are no longer read with the eagerness which they once excited; that its thrilling episodes have ceased to rouse the interest of many millions of readers.

How are we to account for this decline of the dime novel? Is it due to a more cultivated and discriminating taste among the masses? Or can it even be that the "Unknown Public," concerning which a famous English author once wrote so amusingly, has gone out of existence?

It is true that there are toy shops, cheap bakeries, candy stores, and like haunts of impressionable youth, where sensational literature in large, gay colored covers is still sold. But the sales of the dime novel are year by year decreasing, and those qualities which went with it, in the days of its tropical luxuriance, are becoming less and less marked. Old Sleuth has tracked down his final villain. Deadwood Dick has followed his last trail.

In the early '60's, however, when the dime novel first came into being in this country, its sales were very large. As early as '64 five millions of dime books had been circulated by the originators of cheap literature, the famous firm of Beadle in New York. From that time on, the public bought more and more eagerly of this tempting and inexpensive fare, — that is, that portion of the public which is easily satisfied if it be but given a highly seasoned adventure, dished up in what it takes for democratic simplicity. The first edition of a certain ten-cent production called "Seth Jones" was of sixty thousand copies. Before its appearance, the enterprising publisher billed the length and breadth of the country with the query, "Who is Seth Jones?" Nobody could answer the question. So, with true Yankee inquisitiveness, everybody bought "Seth Jones."

For a while these flat, folio-shaped stories of bravery and daring bore on their covers rudely drawn cuts of dashing cowboys and shackled Indian princesses. The tales within were, for the most part, of the adventurous and blood-curdling life of the plains. Their heroes lived and died under the open sky. When they were not hanging by a mere thread over dizzy precipices, they were being rescued (in the very nick of time!) from death-dealing Choctaws. Mounted on steeds of matchless endurance and speed, these heroes of the earlier type of

* Delivered at Harvard Commencement, June 28, 1899.

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

dime novel galloped through the bloodiest pages of their lives with most perfect nonchalance. In fact, the restrained air with which the most thrilling achievements are recounted in the earlier dime literature is most remarkable. For instance, in a tale that purports to describe the highly heartrending happenings of Frosty, an old guide, among the merciless Blackfeet Indians, the following is a fair example: —

"With one majestic stride, the Blackfoot fiend halted before the man, who, held by a score of scarlet hands, was as helpless as a captive in irons.

"'You got me foul,' was all that our hero said, looking undauntedly into the glittering eyes of Arrow-Head.

"The hatchet which the chief had lifted fell bloodless at his side.

"'Take the white dog to the tree that stands in the moonlight and tie him there,' he said to his braves.

"The next instant six bowstrings were released from the red fingers and our hero's head dropped on his breast, as four arrows buried themselves in the seat of life."

And yet we may be sure that the unhappy victim of this atrocity does not die, despite the four arrows quivering in his heart, for the hero never dies in a rightly constituted dime novel. We meet him again and again in a hundred trying circumstances. Dime novel after dime novel is issued to recount his adventures.

As time went on, the character of the dime novel began to breathe less of the free life of the frontier and more of the closer and more criminal atmosphere of cities. The reason of this change is evident. In the '60's and early '70's the great romantic interest of this country was in the conquest of the West. But the time came when the effete East began to think of itself. Emigration to the West was no longer attended with frontier hardship, and interest in it was less keen. Not the adventures of the plains, but the struggle for wealth in crowded cities, and the varied excitements that attend it, became the interest of the populace. Occasionally the Red Indian still donned his war paint, but as a rule the plots began to turn on more domestic scenes. The detective made his appearance, hot on the scent of a big diamond robbery alluringly pictured on the title page. The villain took to cigarettes and to an annoying habit of hissing between clenched teeth, — two practices which he has never since been able to abandon. The young woman in the black frock, uncorking with her teeth a bottle marked "poison," became of more common occurrence.

There is something almost Elizabethan in the unaffected way in which the latter dime novel devotes itself to the manners and customs of its own period. There is an artless striving after what is known as "local color." Just as Thomas Dekker was careful to state that his young gallants strolled in Cheapside or Paul's Walk, as the case might be, so the humble writer of the modern dime novel feels called upon to give an equally realistic setting to his narrative. One of this kind begins somewhat abruptly: —

"'What are you looking at so intently?'

"Harry Brady, the pupil of the celebrated Secret Service detective, Old King Brady, thus addressed his preceptor.

"Young King Harry, as Harry was usually called, had just come upon the veteran.

"The latter stood on a corner of East Thirty-eighth street, New York City."

It is a matter of some wonderment why this dreary sort of thing has been so popular during the last forty years.

It can hardly be said with fairness that the novel is, as a tale, "told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." But surely no suspicion of genius can be conceived to lurk in the short, choppy paragraphs of such fiction. They retell for the thousandth time old plots refurbished into seeming novelty. Even the writer of such stuff must know that there is no more lasting quality in his machine made weekly output than in the shape of this year's Class Day bonnets. And yet, dime novels, untrue to nature, profitless, and long drawn out as they are, have given keen pleasure to vast numbers of indiscriminate readers.

Moreover, it is a satisfaction to know that whatever faults may be found with the artistic

and literary equipment of the dime novel, morally it has always been above reproach. The heroine is not only beautiful, but virtuous. The villain seeks our hisses, not our admiration. And the hero, ever on the side of right and truth, however commonplace he may appear to us, always triumphs in the last chapter. Except for inciting unbalanced youths now and then to forsake their anxious parents and seek adventures afield, the dime novel is as harmless as the Rollo Books.

But its days seem to be numbered. Where formerly it flaunted its grim black and white covers on almost every bookstall, to-day its more gaudily-lithographed exterior is to be seen only in the windows of obscure side streets.

The masses that once read such harmless chronicles as "Red Thunderbolt's Secret," or "Denver Doll, the Detective Queen," now turn to the debasing columns of police crime and scandal in the daily papers. There they find at a lower price a substitute which is fully as sensational and far more injurious. People who would not for a moment tolerate vicious fiction read with avidity the scandals of the papers because they are set forth as facts. Realism, rather than romanticism, is the dominant note to-day, not only in legitimate, but in sensational, literature. That portion of the daily press which is known as Yellow Journalism threatens the dime novel's very existence. *Robert Peabody Bellows.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER.

It is not generally known that the domain of the editor of a great New York daily paper stretches one hundred miles in all directions from his desk. It is to his domain that I shall confine myself, since I intend telling about metropolitan reporting and the lives and ways of reporters.

When I say domain, I wish to convey the idea of suzerainty, and responsibility for the news occurring within that radius. Beyond those bounds the news editor takes up the threads and collects the news abroad the land from ocean to ocean. By my first statement I do not mean to imply that the members of the city editor's personal staff are obliged to collect and write all the articles pertaining to the aforesaid area. It is only a precautionary measure by which the paper may have all the important news occurring within that locality treated by trained and skilled writers. The city editor sends his trusted reporters into the region whenever rumors of extraordinary importance come in from the correspondents located in all the suburban towns and villages.

But as I started to tell about metropolitan reporting, — the goal to which every young newspaper worker aspires, — I will begin by explaining some technical terms existing in all city editorial rooms. A space writer is one who depends wholly upon his own industry for an income. Most men, especially very rapid and skilled writers, prefer this arrangement, receiving from $5 to $10 a column for their space. Each day they clip out their articles, and paste them together, and at the end of the week they send them to the auditor, who calculates their earnings. A salaried man is one who performs routine duties, which, though arduous, might net but little space, or are so simple and prolific of copy as to call for a fixed stipend. By this system, justice is done, both to the writer and to the paper.

A man doing general work, that is, taking assignments direct from the city editor, almost always has the former arrangement; while a department man, one whose labor is devoted to a particular source of news, generally receives a salary.

Of the departments, there is the ship-news man, who daily goes down to the Barge Office to gather the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. It is his affair to gather the tales of good fortune and disaster they bring in. All his thoughts and dreams are of the Atlantic, and he waits in storm and calm for tidings of incoming ships. Now word comes that a great "liner" is sighted off Fire Island. Next she is reported off Sandy Hook. Then she crosses the bar and comes up to Quarantine at the Narrows. If she has important tidings, or famous passengers aboard, the ship-news man must hurry alongside of her and learn about them.

Then there is the Police Headquarters man. His department is the most important of all. He goes to the paper's bureau opposite the great white building in Mulberry street nightly, and gives himself up to criminal news and mysteries, which ever keep coming in from the three dozen precincts of the city. His duties require great alertness and understanding of the lives and ways of criminals.

The Wall-street man daily rambles through the money markets. He chats with the financiers and studies the affairs of the banks and exchanges. He is an authority on matters of finance.

The City Hall man must be on speaking terms with the mayor, and familiar with all phases of the city government and municipal politics. The Coroner's man must take care of all the mysteries that daily cry out for light. He must make frequent visits to the morgue and the hospitals, and have something of the Edgar Allan Poe sprit in his make-up.

Then, too, the Criminal Court man must be mentioned, the State Court man, and the Federal Building man. All must be familiar with their respective duties and alert to what is going on around them.

The emergency man sits nightly within calling distance of the night city editor. His labors are often fraught with strange hardships, since he is sent scurrying here and there through the rain, snow, and cold in quest of fires, wrecks, and murders.

There are also an obituary man and some others. But the foregoing are chief in importance.

Department men usually work in "combinations." That is, they agree to exchange news in order to lighten their labors and, at the same time, avoid being beaten one by another. For instance, it would be impossible for one man to report the trials simultaneously going on in the several parts of the criminal court. So, by an honorable understanding, the men of the different papers attend the various trials and exchange the facts. Woe to the man who tries to be independent of a "combination," or, being in it, withholds and exclusively publishes an iota of news. Every hand is instantly raised against him, and if he is not so unmercifully "scooped" before the next sun rises as to warrant his city editor recalling, if not discharging, him, he can be counted lucky.

In most combinations schemes are always on foot for the mental hazing of bigotted newcomers. Most of these are so absurd and laughable that once the "Verdant" is victimized he straightway admits his innocence and becomes a good fellow. The ship-news men are the most famous for their pranks. They give out long and harrowing accounts of the stormy passage of the California "night boat" around Cape Horn, or the thrilling mutiny aboard the Peruvian bark Calisaya. At police headquarters they send precocious reporters up town late at night to call millionaires out of bed and ask them to describe the cranks that followed them while riding the bicycle that day. It is easy to deceive the innocent beginner, for he is generally ardent and excitable.

Now the daily, or, rather, nightly, routine of the man doing general work differs greatly from that of the department man. He rises late in the morning, seldom before 11 o'clock, and begins reading the papers at his breakfast table. By the time he reaches his desk in his office he should be familiar with every item of news that has occurred during the night. His mind is in a wonderful state of activity, and by the time his city editor sends for him early in the afternoon he is brim full of affairs.

The city editor takes his assignment book and gives the general workman his assignments

for the day. The nature of these depends largely upon his particular faculties. If he has a bent for unsolving mysteries, his work will very likely consist of following the threads of some great crime. Or, if his mind is acute, and his pen poignant upon municipal or national politics, he may be assigned to interview local or visiting statesmen. Indeed, much in the way of versatility is necessary with the general workman, for strange and marvelous subjects are ever flowing into metropolitan newspaper offices. Then, too, he may receive several assignments, varying greatly in scope. He is frequently asked to interview a criminal in the afternoon and to attend a banquet at one of the great hotels in the evening. The city editor generally expresses a wish with regard to the nature and length of the article to be written; but he never questions the ability of his reporter to secure and write it interestingly

When the latter evinces his inability to do that he must step aside and make place for a more talented brother, who — as in all professions nowadays — ever waits at the elbow of the flagging toiler.

If a reporter is sent out of the city, as reporters daily are, he is given but one assignment. An out-of-town assignment is often a pleasant outing, inasmuch as the paper pays all expenses, railway, carriage hire, and telegraph charges. The latter are frequently heavy, for if a reporter is obliged to remain upon the scene of his story until late in the evening, he uses the wire to insure prompt and timely copy.

After a reporter has received his assignments he goes about the labor of covering them upon a scheme devised entirely to suit himself. Much depends upon this scheme. The reporter must have an infinite knowledge of the city and the habits and affairs of the people with whom he is to come in contact. If he fails to "locate" such and such a prominent man at his home, office, or club, he must know where he would most likely be found; or, if one person refuses to give out desired information, he must know of some one else who would probably talk. In short, he must secure the details of his mission and write as good and complete a story as any contemporary prints. Apologies and excuses for failures to get news are rarely accepted by great newspapers. The best talent prevails and the incompetents must bow to the inevitable.

When he has his data complete, the reporter returns to his desk, writes his story and hands it to the night city editor, who, at six o'clock, relieves his day brother. Then the reporter may go away. But as it is frequently long after midnight when he has reached this part of the tale, he is likely to go straight to his home and bed.

During the time that the reporter is covering his assignments he encounters strange, often discouraging, and sometimes pleasant experiences. News is evasive at best, and an endless amount of traveling and perseverance is often necessary to secure some trifling, though important link of a narrative. These may be counted the trials of reporting; the delights consist in meeting great and interesting people.

Thus the reporter goes on day after day, year after year, hearing, seeing, and absorbing, until, in the course of time, he has such an ocean of information in his brain that he can write with interest upon almost any subject. The great metropolis is a flower garden to him, wherein he may walk and pluck its blossoms as he likes.

The reporter's closest friend is the artist. Indeed, the two are inseparable, and are nearly always to be seen together. But the reporter has many other close companions — the actor, the doctor, and the lawyer like to cultivate him, if they are ambitious! I have often been asked where reporters come from; whose sons they are, and how they happen to get to the top. I will say that the far-famed ubiquitous reporter of the metropolitan newspaper comes from no particular class or section. Some come from the universities, and others from the public schools of American cross-road villages. They vie with one another in deadly earnest, for influence, friends, and station count for nothing on New York's great papers. The best talent rises to the top — genius prevails.

Arthur Leslie.

The Citizen, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. JULY, 1899. NO. 7.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Noting the project for a new Southern magazine, the *St. Louis Mirror* says: "There is every reason why there should be a good, first-class Southern magazine, and every outlook toward a successful one." THE WRITER would like to agree with this expression of opinion, and it cordially wishes success to the new enterprise, but those who are familiar with the history of sectional magazine publishing will hardly take a roseate view of any new venture in this line. The whole amount of the matter is that no one section of this country can or will support a magazine of general literature, and the country as a whole will not support such a magazine if it is published as the representative of any single section.

***

The editor of the *Mirror* says: "Our country is big enough to require a good magazine for every section, and brainy enough to furnish the writers therefor. That all must look to the East for recognition is not the right spirit, and yet it has seemed the only way. Some of the best American literature has emanated from the pens of Southern and Western men and women, but only the East, and that means New York and Boston, and later Philadelphia, has furnished a market for literary wares. To be a success a book or a story must bear the seal of Eastern approval. The new writer is a nonentity in his own section of the country, unless he has published something in an Eastern magazine. He realizes that this must be so, since there are no magazines of any note or that pay anything worth mentioning for manuscripts nearer home." If the first statement made in this quoted paragraph were true, the last statement would not be. Undeniably there is literary talent enough in any section of the United States to furnish plenty of first-class material for a half-dozen sectional magazines for each section. Even one such magazine, however, cannot live in any section without advertising and subscription patronage which will enable it to pay as good prices for contributions as are paid now by the national magazines that are published in Boston and New York. Now such patronage cannot be secured by any publication which, as its name shows, appeals primarily to the people of one section, instead of to the people of the whole United States.

***

It is not so much a matter of locality as regards the publication office. If the *Century Magazine* should remove its offices this month

to Richmond, Va, for instance, making no change whatever in the character of the publication, it would continue to be the leading magazine of the United States, as it is generally thought to be to-day. Its business could not be conducted from Richmond so conveniently, of course, but the difficulties of that kind that would arise could be overcome. So long as it appealed to the whole country, as it does, its readers would hardly know, and certainly would not care, whether it were published in Oshkosh or in New York. So long as it keeps its readers, it will keep its advertising, and so long as it has its present subscription and advertising patronage, it can afford to pay its present prices for manuscripts and pictures. On the other hand, if a new magazine, called, for instance, the *Imperial Magazine*, appealing to the people of the whole United States, including Porto Rico, Alaska, Guam, Hawaii, and the Philippines, — the broader the field the better, — were started at Richmond, Va., with unlimited capital and with as much business enterprise, good literary and artistic taste, and editorial good judgment as are behind the *Century*, the only disadvantage it would have over a similar publication started in New York would be in its distance from the business centre of the country, from which advertisers are most easily reached and distribution is most conveniently secured.

* * *

The statement that only the East has furnished a market for literary wares, and that to be a success a book or a story must bear the seal of Eastern approval, is substantially true, but only for the reasons that have been indicated. The strongest publishing houses in the country are in the East, not because it s the East, but because the business centre of the country is in New York, — if Chicago will forgive the heresy, — and publishing houses — particularly periodical-publishing houses — get advantage from being in or near the country's business centre.

* * *

No sectional magazine has ever won a great success in any part of the United States. The *New England Magazine* and the *Overland Monthly* have done fairly well, but neither one has as much advertising patronage or pays as high prices to contributors as it could have and would pay if it were national in character, instead of, to a certain extent, avowedly sectional. The field of a sectional magazine is limited just by its name. A *Northern Magazine*, a *Western Magazine*, an *Eastern Magazine*, or a *Southern Magazine* cannot hope to have anything like as many readers as an *American Magazine* could get, and that being so, it cannot get anything like as much support from advertising patronage. A trade journal, the circulation of which is necessarily limited — though not necessarily small — can get higher prices for advertising space from special advertisers, because its readers are all of a special class, so that for these advertisers it has no waste circulation, and its space has peculiar value. The readers of a sectional magazine, however, are of the same class as the readers of a national magazine, and the value of space in a sectional publication is smaller than that of space in a national publication directly in proportion to the number of subscribers. Finally, experience has shown that the people of any section will not subscribe for a sectional magazine just for the sake of giving it support. The average New Englander, for instance, if he subscribes for the *New England Magazine*, takes it because he likes it and not because of its name, and the New England circulation of the *Century Magazine* undoubtedly exceeds the New England circulation of the *New England Magazine* by many thousands. For all these reasons, THE WRITER is not sanguine of the success of the new magazine which is to be started in the South — not because it is to be started in the South, but because it is to depend for support primarily upon one section of the country and not upon all America. W. H. H.

THE THEORY OF THE MODERN NOVEL.

It has always appeared to me, and of late years many circumstances have confirmed me in the idea, that much more is needed now to give vitality to a novel than mere sensational

adventure on the one hand or mere observation of manners on the other. We have seen the romance flourish and grow soft, we have seen the realistic novel flourish and dry up. What is actually of interest to men who have reached the years when the recapitulation of love chatter and the description of incredible break-neck escapes are no longer invigorating is a story which reveals something of the real, daily life of persons who have to earn their living in such normal conditions as are completely removed out of the reader's own experience. We want a picture, not strained or overloaded, of a life that is led with tolerable success and decorum by persons who are like ourselves, and yet with whom we never come into contact. We cared nothing for soldiers until Rudyard Kipling explained that they were just single men in barracks, remarkably like us. We did not take much interest in sailors until Pierre Loti assured us that they were men of like passions, encircled by conditions excessively unlike what we experience. To be told what men and women like ourselves are doing in places and circumstances of which we have no personal knowledge whatever — that appears to be the wholesome desire of the novel reader. — *Edmund Gosse, in the Independent.*

WOMAN IN TRANSLATION.

In the field of translation, at least, woman cannot be said to be handicapped by her sex. The opportunities and the rewards are more or less the same for the female as for the male translator; nor, as a matter of fact, does sex, generally speaking, seem to affect the quality of the translator's work.

But, on the other hand, generally speaking, also, no intellectual and hardly any mechanical work is worse paid or less esteemed than that of the translator. Perhaps this is because excellence in translation is rare; and perhaps, again, excellence in translation is rare because the remuneration for the work is not sufficient to induce a high order of ability to engage in it. Yet to good translation, if translation is to be followed as a profession, not only a high *order of ability,* but wide and exact information in many departments of human knowledge is an indispensable requisite. For, while the author deals with one subject, or a limited number of more or less cognate subjects, the general translator will deal with that number of subjects multiplied by the number of the authors whose work she is called upon to translate.

Thus, if the translator works for a syndicate or a periodical, she will have to translate this week, it may be, an article on some political complication or economic question in one of the European countries, to render which correctly into English a general knowledge, certainly, and possibly a minute knowledge, of local politics, or geography, or finances, or statistics, or of some particular historical epoch will be necessary. Next week she will have an entirely different subject to deal with — some new discovery in science or in medicine, some dramatic, artistic, or literary criticism, which will require not only a familiarity with the subject treated, but also a knowledge of technical terms, to which the dictionary can contribute little, owing to the daily coining of new technical terms, for its intelligible, not to say elegant, rendering into English.

Again, it will be an account of some celebrated trial, of some terrible disaster, of some popular sensation, of national, perhaps, but transitory, interest, for which, if she would give life and color to her rendition, she must look up and familiarize herself with a number of facts and details which will be absolutely valueless to her for future use.

And to render her task a more difficult one, in these instances she will not have her original before her in the clearness of print, or, more frequently than otherwise, even of legible handwriting, but set down in hieroglyphics, to decipher which she will not seldom have to use a magnifying glass, to find herself, it may be, after a year or so of such strain upon the optic nerves, with permanently impaired eyesight.

Or the translator's work may be more strictly literary. Books instead of articles may employ her pen. In this case she will have the printed page to translate from — a material lightening of her labor. The permanent na-

ture of her work, too, will afford a stimulus which, in ephemeral literature, is wanting. But, on the other hand, the more serious character of the work brings with it a more serious responsibility. The critic will, for purposes of criticism, at least, place it on a level with original work. But let its merits of every kind possible for it to possess be as great as they may, the translation will not win for its maker a single leaf of the laurel wreath of fame. She will be credited with all the defects of her original, but the utmost claim she can lay to any of its beauties will be that she has not obscured or distorted them.

But such as the work is, how is the woman who desires to become a translator to obtain it? A difficult problem, indeed, for those to whom accident or fortunate circumstances do not open a way; and even for these, with the exception of perhaps a few master hands, there is nothing like a certainty of having a constant supply of work. The articles of foreign syndicate writers or periodical contributors will necessarily be limited in number, and one engagement does not lead to another in the translator's case, as in the more mechanical occupations. With regard to books, the risk for the beginner — that is, the risk of losing the time and labor spent on a rejected translation — is almost prohibitory.

For it is only the experienced translator, the quality of whose work is known in the market, who can hope to obtain the consideration of a publishing-house for a translation which she has not yet made. If the aspirant to the translator's honors, however, is conscious of possessing real ability for the work, and chances to come across a foreign book that she believes would command a ready sale in the American market, she risks comparatively little in translating a few of its most striking passages, making a synopsis of the story if it be a work of fiction, or of its contents in any other case, and sending these, together with the original work, to some good publishing-house for its consideration. For it is always to be remembered that publishers are as eager to find salable books to publish as writers can be to offer them.

Or a striking short story well translated may be sent, with some probability of its acceptance, to one of the magazines which make a specialty of publishing translations, or to one of the Sunday newspapers. But, owing to the large amount of such work always on hand in publishers' and newspaper offices, there will probably also be a long delay before any decision regarding the offered work, favorable or the reverse, is received. In sending stories it is to be remembered that to insure their return, if rejected, the necessary stamps for postage must be sent with them.

The rate of remuneration for the translator's work varies greatly, according to the importance and character of the original, the quality of the translation, and the rule in the matter of the particular publishing-house or newspaper office for which the work is done, but it will rarely fall below $2.50 or exceed $15 per thousand words. Sometimes a royalty instead of a fixed sum is paid for the translation of books, in which case the profits derived from the translation will, of course, depend largely on the popularity or the permanent value of the original work. These profits may be considerable, but they may also fall below the sum the work would bring if paid for at a fixed rate.

Translation, in short, even where there is real ability, is a pursuit better adapted to while away agreeably the hours of elegant leisure than to supply with any degree of certainty the daily needs of life.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Jessie Van Zile Belden, whose story, "Not on the Passenger List," is printed in the July *Harper's*, has written two books, "Ancestors and Descendants of Royal Denisen Belden" and "The King's Ward." The first is a genealogical record of the Belden family, and the second is a charming historical story, the scene of which is laid in England in the sixteenth century. Mrs. Belden's first literary work was the love story, "Fate at the Door," which appeared about three years ago. Since then she has been a contributor to *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, *Life*, and the *Illustrated American*. *Lippincott's* has now three of her short stories, which have been accepted, but have not been published. She has another novel in course of

preparation. Mrs. Belden's maiden name was Jessie Van Zile, and she is a sister of Edward S. Van Zile, the novelist. Her father was the late Oscar E. Van Zile, of Troy, N. Y. She was educated at the Emma Willard school at Troy and at St. Agnes' school in Albany, being a graduate of the latter institution. Her husband is James Mead Belden, of Syracuse. She is a Colonial Dame and state regent of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Eliza Calvert Hall, whose poem, "The Lombardy Poplar," is printed in *Lippincott's* for July, began writing many years ago, when Dr. J. G. Holland was conducting the old *Scribner's*. Her first poems were published in that magazine, and she has had one or more poems in nearly every high-class periodical in this country. She contributed many essays and poems to *Kate Field's Washington*, and is at present writing a series of stories for the *Cosmopolitan*. The first one, "Sally Ann's Experience," came out in July, 1898, the second, "The New Organ," last February. They have been very widely read, and the former is used by elocutionists as a platform reading, and in elocution classes as a test of expression. The author has had many demands for her stories in book form. She contributed a number of articles to the *New York Times* year before last. She is interested in every phase of the "woman question," and has written much for the *Woman's Journal*. The first poem of hers that ever appeared in print was a scrap of blank verse called "Galatea." Dr. Holland said of it that it was "one of the most exquisite things in the English language." An eminent critic once said of her poetry: "Every word she writes is a woman's word, and goes straight to women's hearts." She expects to publish a volume of poems some day. She writes occasionally for the *Metaphysical Magazine*, *Mind*, and other periodicals of the same character. She is a Kentuckian by birth, and has always lived in her native state. Her husband is Major W. A. Obenchain, president of Ogden College, and she has four children.

Mildred I. McNeal, a sketch of whom was printed, under the heading, "Writers of the Day," in THE WRITER for July, 1898, has just taken her degree at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., winning the first Tichenor prize for excellence in literature. There was a somewhat unusual occurrence near the close of the commencement exercises at the university, when President Plantz made the announcement that a friend had presented $500 to Miss McNeal, in order that she might, if she desired, pursue her literary studies in England.

Meredith Nicholson, whose poem, "A Prayer of the Hill Country," appeared in the *Century* for June, was born at Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1866, and was educated in the common schools of Indianapolis. He studied law, but abandoned it to go into journalism. He served the local papers in every capacity during ten years of service, but was an editorial writer on the *News* for the greater part of that period. He is now in business in Denver, and makes occasional writing his diversion. The *Century* prints his poems every now and then, and his prose essays also find quick acceptance. Among other periodicals, he has contributed to the *New England Magazine*, *Harper's*, the *Critic*, and the *Chap Book*. In 1888 he published a book of verses, "Short Flights" (Bowen-Merrill Company). He is just now devoting his leisure to a work of literary criticism.

Isabel J. Roberts, author of the story, "Isabel's House," in *Harper's Bazar* for June 10, is a Philadelphian, but her life has alternated between Philadelphia and New York. *Harper's Bazar* has published stories of hers from time to time, and her stories have appeared also in *Munsey's* and other periodicals. She has had an occasional child's story in *Harper's Young People* (now the *Round Table*) and the *Youth's Companion*.

Francis Howard Williams, author of the sonnet, "On the Maine Coast," in *Lippincott's* for July, is one of that small but earnest group of Philadelphia writers who are seeking to conserve what is truest and best in English poetry. He is a member and a former president of the Pegasus Club, an organization which includes

all the best-known verse writers of Philadelphia. He is also vice-president of the Browning Society of that city, and a member of the Authors Club of New York. Mr. Williams has published two volumes of verse, besides a number of plays, a novel, and many short stories. He was one of the founders, and a former president, of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, and is a believer in the inherent greatness of Whitman, though his verse shows no traces of the influence of that erratic genius.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Alexander. — Mrs. Alexander, outside of the title pages of her novels, is Mrs. Annie Hector. For several years she has been bound hand and foot by rheumatism. Of late she has compelled herself to walk a few rods each pleasant afternoon out of doors, leaning on her daughter's arm, for fear that, with long disuse, the muscles would forget how to do any work. She has had to become almost a stranger to all of her house except the ground floor, and she suffers without entertaining much hope that she can ever be free from the enemy.

But she spends the most of her time at her desk, writing away as cheerfully as if she did n't have to pound on the floor with her cane whenever she wanted anything. She writes with pen and ink, in the good old-fashioned way, and scorns typewriters and stenographers and the other modern inventions that tend to the multiplying of books. When I asked her how many novels she had written, she said she was n't quite sure whether the total number was thirty-three or thirty-five.

"But how in the world do you find plots for them all?"

"Well, that came rather hard at first, but I can't keep plots out of my head now, and I have enough on hand to keep me busy for years to come. Anything and everything supplies a plot if you only stick to life. I enjoy writing. I always wanted to write, and probably should have gone on just the same even if I had n't found, when I was left a widow, that I did n't have as much money as I supposed I had, and that I must write for a living and to support my children. I had ambitions for the stage, too, and dramatized one of my novels. It was always on the point of being produced, but never quite arrived.

"The first novel I wrote, except for a childish effort, attracted no great attention, but the second, 'The Wooing O't,' did so well that it sold the first novel. It was only through a rather curious accident that the second novel was written. Some years after I was married, my old and valued friend, Mrs. Lynn Linton, being out of town, asked me to call on Richard Bentley, grandfather of the present R. Bentley, on some matter of business. After discussing this, we fell into conversation on various matters, especially on literature, and some works then exciting attention. Mr. Bentley was an agreeable, observant person, and likely to stir up the minds of those who spoke with him. On leaving, he escorted me to the door, saying as we walked down the hall: 'It strikes me you could write a novel yourself. Why don't you try?"

"'I have tried,' I returned, 'and I can't say much for the result.'

"'Try again,' was the reply, 'and let me see the production. Unless it is a great failure, I will give it a chance.'

"I did, and he published the book, now forgotten. 'Look Before You Leap,' I called it. Not long afterward, Mr. Bentley died. His son, the late George Bentley, was especially friendly to me, and so I was launched." — *London Letter in Providence Journal.*

Balzac. — Balzac once promised Lirieux, the manager of the Odeon theatre in Paris, a five-act drama, "The Springs of Quinola." He was so busy with other work, however, that not till he had been long and urgently importuned did he promise to read his piece to the company the next week. The company gathered about him on the day appointed and he read his five-act play fluently through to the end. Lirieux was enthusiastic, ran up to shake hands with the great writer, and turned over the pages of the manuscript, whose contents had pleased him mightily. But what was this? There were only four acts. The last pages of the manuscript were blank. In surprise, the manager

asked what it all meant. Balzac smiled and admitted that he had not yet written out the fifth act, but declared that he had it as clearly in his head as if it already stood on paper. "And," continued the poet, merrily, "I have in the same head two more outcomes of the plot in case the one I just read did n't please you!" — *Chicago News.*

Franklin. — When Benjamin Franklin was not much more than twelve years old he was indentured to his brother James as an apprentice in the printing business. He was a book-loving boy, and this occupation brought him frequent opportunities to borrow and read good books. Among them was a volume containing some of the celebrated essays of the *Spectator*, none of which he had ever seen before. He purchased the book and read the essays again and again with such admiration that the desire to write in their style took full possession of him. To teach himself how to do this, he took some of the papers and made short notes of the sentiments in each sentence. These he laid by for a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again by expressing each sentiment at length, in the most suitable words that occurred to him. Then he compared his *Spectator* with the other, discovered some of his faults and corrected them. To acquire the habit of appropriate and skillful arrangement of his thoughts in composing, he sometimes jumbled his collection of notes into confusion, and when their original order had been forgotten he would arrange them according to his own judgment and write them out in full, in the fittest language he could draw from his own store. By copying the best compositions he could find without the punctuation, waiting to forget, and then punctuating as he thought required, he learned that part of the writer's art. By persevering in similar practices he laid the foundation for his admirable style as a writer, and prepared himself to do excellent service with his pen during the long and eventful life that lay before him. — *Boston Beacon.*

Grand. — I seriously began to write in Norwich in the late '70's, and much of this work, carefully selected and refurbished, has appeared in "The Heavenly Twins" and "Ideala." The "Heavenly Twins" was written round "The Tenor and the Boy," which is now a section of it, and which no publisher or magazine editor would look at, but which I have since been entreated by critics, publishers, and friends to publish as a separate piece. Both "Ideala" and "The Tenor and the Boy" were written in Lancashire, when I was about twenty-three to twenty-five. I think I found myself in "Ideala" — that the scheme of art on which I write (as in distinction to the formal schemes essayed in my work when written along derivative forms) came to me in "Ideala."

I suffered terribly from want of encouragement; it was a black time. I was thrown back for years. No publisher would take my work. The only publisher that foresaw success was George Allen, at Corpington. His little letter gave me more hope and more literary life than any other I received in those days. They were, indeed, dreary days; but Mr. Allen's letter shines like a lamp among them. However, it was a lamp with an ugly shutter, for his acceptance of "Ideala" was dependent on the approval of Mr. Ruskin. I felt elated that the decision should rest on a man for whose work I had a passionate admiration — much of whose work I knew by heart. I was steeped in admiration of his theory of chivalry, of manhood, of beauty, of art. But Ruskin did not care for me, and refused to give me any chance in life. For seven years the book lay in a drawer — the book that was to make me! Think what seven years means! And the young folks fret because they are not famous at nineteen.

However, to get back to my literary life; "Ideala" was put away in a drawer and left there for years, and I wrote other works. It was several years afterward that, in running over my manuscripts one morning, I glanced through "Ideala," and finding my first estimate of it little lowered by the increased knowledge of art, I determined to print it myself. It was printed in the press of a provincial newspaper in Lancashire and published. It made, to me, an astounding literary sensation. The critics of the more literary type either attacked or

praised it; but, whatever their attitude, they treated it seriously and largely. The book was so utterly away from all ordinary lines, was so devoid of story, as such, and so little dependent upon incident, that I was a little astonished, but much surprised and delighted, at its success. That success had, however, two marked results that I had not foreseen. One was that it made me doubly careful with my workmanship; the other that although it was rather a success among literary than among ordinary people, the doors of the magazines were as close shut against me as if I had written nothing. It was rather disheartening, and I have never been able to understand it; but perhaps it did me good, for it prevented me from writing slovenly stuff from sheer youthful indiscretion. "Ideala" came out at a time when conditions were changing in the publishing world; the door of the printing house has since been widely thrown open to all. Finding the conditions for writing in the country against me, I now came up to London, chiefly in some vague hope that it would bring me in closer touch with the literary world. I buried myself in my work, avoided society as much as I could, and wrote "The Heavenly Twins." During the writing of it I also tried one or two short stories, which, as I have said, I had the greatest difficulty in publishing.

"The Heavenly Twins" finished, I was flung back into despair again by the refusal of Bentley to publish it; he had in the mean time taken up "Ideala." The weary round began again; nearly every publisher was tried — certainly every large house. The book was rejected everywhere. Some of them kept it an unconscionable time, a cruel thing to do. On coming to London I had the benefit of the help of one of my stepsons, who had left the army and settled down to an artistic and literary career, and of my son, who had gone on the stage. We decided to print the book ourselves, and we did so. It was during the negotiations with regard to getting a publisher's name on the cover that the book went to Mr. Heineman, and from the moment it entered his office the tide seemed to turn. His reader reported enthusiastically on it, — foretold almost to a nicety what would happen, — and Mr. Heineman took over the whole risk, and brought it out with a success which established me in the calling of letters. When I get pathetic letters from young men and women of eighteen to twenty-three about the hardness of the world and its unkindness to their genius, I sometimes wonder in what spirit they would have faced the years of baffling neglect which I did, grimly, silent of complaint. — *Autobiographical Sketch in Mainly about People, London.*

Harte.— Harte's first literary work was done in San Francisco, after he had tried his hand at school teaching in the interior of the state, and had ventured tentatively in other casual pursuits, as was the manner of all the Argonauts of those days. In 1863, while he was setting type in the office of the *Golden Era*, a literary weekly paper of some local renown, he offered to the editors, with much diffidence, occasional contributions, which he had already set up in his composing stick. They were short and unambitious, but they were so highly approved by the managers of the paper that the young author was encouraged to offer more of the same sort. A year later Harte accepted a writing engagement on the staff of the *Californian*, another literary weekly, then edited by Charles Henry Webb, better known to old Californians by his pen name of "John Paul." Harte became editor of this newspaper in 1865, when Mr. Webb relinquished its management. Another contributor to the columns of the *Californian* was Samuel L. Clemens, who was then making his first essays in composition under the since famous sobriquet of "Mark Twain." Like Goldsmith's parson, who was counted "passing rich with forty pounds a year," these two young writers were well content with a compensation that would now be regarded by either of them with amused contempt. In the *Californian* Harte printed nothing more ambitious than bits of verse and slight local sketches in prose. The titles of some of these were "Side-Walkings," "On a Balcony," and "A Boy's Dog." Nearly all of them, I think, were hunted up and reprinted in more enduring form when Harte had

become a celebrated author. His celebrity gave these trifles an importance which he never dreamed they would acquire.

Harte always manifested in his work that fastidiousness in choice of words which has characterized him ever since. It was humorously complained of him that he filled the newspaper-office waste-baskets with his rejected manuscripts and produced next to nothing for the printer. Once, assigned to the task of writing an obituary article that was not to exceed "two stickfuls" in length, he actually filled a waste-basket with fragments of "copy" which he tore up before he produced the requisite amount of matter. Going into my own editorial room early one forenoon, I found Harte at my desk, writing a little note to make an appointmeht with me to dine together later in the day. Seeing me, he started up with the remark that my early arrival at the office would obviate the necessity of his finishing the note which he was writing, and which he tore up as he spoke. When, this little matter settled, Harte had gone out, crumbling in his hand the fragments of his unfinished note, I chanced to look into my waste-basket and saw a litter of paper carrying Harte's familiar handwriting, and turning over the basket with quiet amusement, I discovered that he had left there the rejected manuscript of no less than three summonses, which any other man would have disposed of in something like this order: "DEAR BROOKS: We will dine together at Louis Dingeon's at 6.30 to-night." —*Noah Brooks, in the July Century.*

Tennyson.—I remember Tennyson saying one day, when he was sitting smoking by the fire, that that was his greatest time for inspiration. "But I seldom write down anything," he added. "Thousands of lines float up this chimney." Do you know how he came to write his beautiful "Crossing the Bar"? He had been very ill, and one day, when convalescent, he was sitting grumbling. Suddenly his nurse said to him: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Tennyson; you ought to be expressing your gratitude for your recovery from a very bad illness by giving us something, by giving it to the world." He went out and straightway wrote "Crossing the Bar," and brought it to the nurse as a peace offering. —*London News.*

Ward.—When Mrs. Humphry Ward is writing a novel her household is distinctly aware of the fact. She retires into the country and shuts herself in from the larger world; her meals are sent to her room, and her little world revolves silently, methodically and usefully. When the novel is completed, the novelist, her children and her husband, the lecturer, start for Italy, where they have a family reunion and renew each other's acquaintance.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Zangwill.—It is is not generally known that the author and playwright, Israel Zangwill, had a hard struggle with adversity before he achieved fame. Born in the Ghetto, of very poor parents—they were immigrants—he received his education at the Jews' free school in Spitalfields, where he rose to be a teacher at the same time that he graduated and took high honors in philosophy at the University of London. The amount of hard work that he got through at the free high school was extraordinary. His days were spent in the exhaustive labor of teaching large, unruly classes; his nights were divided between studying for his degree and writing for the press. Until he was 21 he never knew what it was to spend an idle hour. He was a poor youth, unknown and absolutely friendless, when in collaboration with another free-school teacher he produced "The Premier and the Painter." The work was full of clever wit and sparkling epigram and appeared under the pseudonym of "Freeman Bell." It was well spoken of and acheived a certain measure of success. The two teachers now entered into literary partnership, contributing under their joint title sketches and stories to the *St. James Gazette.* One day the editor of the journal wrote to offer "Freeman Bell" regular work, and asked him to present himself at the office. As it was impossible for two men to divide a post of the kind between them, the situation thus created was an awkward one; Mr. Zangwill sent the other half of "Freeman Bell" to represent them both, and from that time until almost the

other day Zangwill's clever associate — who now edits and partly owns two important English weeklies — was known in the journalistic world by the pseudonym that originally belonged to two men. — *Bangor Whig.*

Zola. — "You know," said M. Zola to a recent interviewer, "that I am, above all things, a worker, an observer. I took advantage of my forced residence in England to glean as many facts as I could about the industrial conditions of the country, and my notes on the subject will form the basis of a future volume. Industrial questions have always interested me intensely." — *Columbus Dispatch.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE STOLEN STORY AND OTHER NEWSPAPER STORIES. By Jesse Lynch Williams. 291 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Mr. Williams has had practical experience as a newspaper man, and his stories of newspaper life are written from the inside. They picture various phases in the life of the New York reporter, and besides being full of excitement and dramatic interest, they show to outsiders how newspaper work is done. "The Stolen Story," "The New Reporter," "Mrs. H. Harrison Wells's Shoes," "The Great Secretary of State Interview," "The City Editor's Conscience," and "The Cub Reporter" were first published in magazine form, but they have all been revised, and in some cases changed or added to, before the present publication. "The Old Reporter" was written expressly for the book, with a view to rounding out the whole subject and showing just what is the effect upon character of the news-gathering and news-writing depicted in the previous stories. The great American newspaper novel yet remains to be written. These stories show that Mr. Williams is well qualified to undertake the task.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 306 — The Rivals and the School for Scandal. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. No. 307 — The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. No. 308. — Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay. No. 309. — Essays and Tales. By Joseph Addison. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Company. 1899.

These new numbers in the new series of Cassell's National Library indicate the value of the collection. They are handy little volumes, well printed on good paper, and one of them costs only as much as two trashy Sunday newspapers.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

THE LADDER OF FORTUNE. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. 253 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.

THE ANNUAL LITERARY INDEX—1898. Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. 284 pp. Cloth. New York: Office of the Publishers' Weekly. 1899.

COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC FOR SCHOOLS. By Robert Herrick, A. B., and Lindsay Todd Damon, A. B. 466 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Scott, Foresman, & Co 1899.

A KEN OF KIPLING. By Will M. Clemens. With frontispiece portrait. 141 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company. 1899.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

BRET HARTE IN CALIFORNIA. With portrait. Noah Brooks. *Century* for July.

GEORGE ELIOT. With portrait. Annie Fields. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

THE MAKING OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE." Illustrated. J. Cuthbert Hadden. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE: WILLAMINA STUART. F. M. F. Skene. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Illustrated. John Thomson. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

FRANKLIN'S RELATIONS WITH THE FAIR SEX. (The Many-sided Franklin.) Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

VICTOR HUGO, DRAFTSMAN AND DECORATOR. With designs by Victor Hugo. Le Coeq de Lautreppe. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

STEVENSON IN SAMOA. Isobel Osbourne Strong. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

THE CANONIZATION OF STEVENSON. Montgomery Schuyler. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND RACIAL INSTINCT. With frontispiece portrait. Henry Rutgers Marshall. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

LETTERS OF BAYARD TAYLOR AND SIDNEY LANIER. — II. Henry W. Lanier. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

THE RIGHT APPROACH TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. Mark H. Liddell. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

THE TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE. Charles Johnston. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

THE PLOT OF MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Horace Howard Furness. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. From Bournemouth, 1884-1885. Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

DANIEL WEBSTER. (With unpublished manuscripts and some examples of his preparation for public speaking.) George F. Hoar. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

BALZAC AND HIS WORK. Illustrated. Harry Thurston Peck. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for July.

THOMAS CARLYLE. Portrait. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for July.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS: HARRY FURNISS. Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for July.

BOOK NOMENCLATURE. M. R. Silsby. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for July.

MALAY LITERATURE. Professor R. Clyde Ford. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for July.

WILLIAM KEITH BROOKS. With portrait. E. A. Andrews. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for July.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: ESSAYIST, NOVELIST, AND POET. H. P. Baildon. Reprinted from *Englische Studien* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM: ITS PAST AND ITS FUTURE. Clement K. Shorter. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

RUDYARD KIPLING. A biographical sketch. Charles Eliot Norton. *McClure's* (13 c.) for July.

A THEORY OF THE DRAMA. Ferris Greenslet. *Forum* (38 c.) for July.

THE CREED OF THOMAS HARDY. Illustrated. James Main Dixon. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

RUDYARD KIPLING. With portrait. J. Tallman Pitcher. *Methodist Magazine* (23 c.) for June.

MRS. MARY WRIGHT SEWALL. With portrait. *Success* (8c.) for June 3.

EDWARD ATKINSON. With portrait. M. E. Hennesey. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for June 3.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. H. B. Baildon. Reprinted from *Englische Studien* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 10.

THE ALPS IN LITERATURE. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 17.

WOMAN IN TRANSLATION. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 17.

ALBANY LIBRARY SCHOOL. Illustrated. Corinne R. Stocker Horton. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 24.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Weir Mitchell are at their Bar Harbor home. Dr. Mitchell is taking his outing very quietly, and resting completely from his literary work.

Harper & Brothers and the Doubleday & McClure Company have formed an alliance.

The report that President Finley of Knox College would soon succeed Henry M. Alden as editor of *Harper's Magazine* is denied by the publishers of the magazine.

Lippincott's Magazine starts on an entirely new career with the July number.

The *Christian Mirror* (Portland, Me.)—not the *Christian Union*, as the June WRITER had it—has been consolidated with the *Congregationalist* of Boston.

The biographical sketch of Rudyard Kipling by Professor Charles Eliot Norton in *McClure's Magazine* for July is the only sketch of Mr. Kipling's life that has been written by his authority.

The *Religious Review of Reviews* says that Rev. Lach Szyrma, of London, a devout Episcopalian clergyman, is seriously agitating the founding of an order of journalists, which is to be placed under the special protection of the Apostle St. Paul.

"Advertising the Climax," "Why Have We No Satire?" and "The Revolution as a Theme for Novelists" are three topics discussed in the Contributors' Club of the July *Atlantic*.

The July *Century* is a story-teller's number, and is novel in its make-up, not only because it has a large amount of original fiction by ten living story-writers, but because it contains also articles on seven of the world's most famous makers of fiction, only two of whom are living. In only one or two cases do these articles consist of criticism. In most cases they are new material concerning the writers mentioned.

A new feature has been added to *Collier's Weekly*—a collection of short articles, under the head "From Week to Week," covering the latest interesting news of the world.

Demorest's Magazine (New York) for July has portraits of these nine editors: Henry Mills Alden, *Harper's Monthly;* Edward Livermore Burlingame, *Scribner's Magazine;* Richard Watson Gilder, the *Century;* William Jay Youmans, the *Popular Science Monthly;* Albert Shaw, the *Review of Reviews;* David A. Munro, the *North American Review* (now succeeded by G. B. M. Harvey); Frank A. Munsey, *Munsey's Magazine;* Samuel S. McClure, *McClure's Magazine;* and John Brisben Walker, the *Cosmopolitan*.

The Stevenson letters in the July *Scribner's* were written from "Skerryvore," and contain several to Henry James on the art of fiction, upon which these two eminent novelists held divergent views.

Philip H. Savage died in Boston June 4, aged thirty-one.

Augustin Daly died in Paris June 7, aged sixty-one.

Mrs. Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth died in Washington, D. C., June 30, aged eighty years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1899. No. 8.

8/24/99

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
THE ART OF FICTION. *Walter Besant.*	113
EDITORIAL	128
Note	128
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS	128
NEWS AND NOTES	128

THE ART OF FICTION.*

I desire, this evening, to consider Fiction as one of the Fine Arts. In order to do this, and before doing it, I have first to advance certain propositions. They are not new, they are not likely to be disputed, and yet they have never been so generally received as to form part, so to speak, of the national mind. These propositions are three, though the last two directly spring from the first. They are: —

1. That Fiction is an Art in every way worthy to be called the sister and the equal of the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Poetry; that is to say, her field is as boundless, her possibilities as vast, her excellences as worthy of admiration, as may be claimed for any of her sister Arts.

2. That it is an Art, which, like them, is governed and directed by general laws; and that these laws may be laid down and taught with as much precision and exactness as the laws of harmony, perspective, and proportion.

3. That, like the other Fine Arts, Fiction is so far removed from the mere mechanical arts, that no laws or rules whatever can teach it to those who have not already been endowed with the natural and necessary gifts.

These are the three propositions which I have to discuss. It follows as a corollary and evident deduction that, these propositions once admitted, those who follow and profess the Art of Fiction must be recognized as artists, in the strictest sense of the word, just as much as those who have delighted and elevated mankind by music and painting; and that the great Masters of Fiction must be placed on the same level as the great Masters in the other Arts. In other words, I mean that where the highest point, or what seems the highest point, possible in this Art is touched, the man who has reached it is one of the world's greatest men.

I cannot suppose that there are any in this room who would refuse to admit these propositions; on the contrary, they will seem to most here self-evident; yet the application of theory to practice, of principle to persons, may be more difficult. For instance, so boundless is the admiration for great Masters such as Raphael or Mozart, that if one were to propose that Thackeray should be placed beside them, on the same level, and as an equal, there would be felt by most a certain shock. I am not suggesting that the art of Thackeray is to be compared with that of Raphael, or that there is any similarity in the work of the two men: I only say that, Fiction being one Art, and Painting another and a sister Art, those who attain the highest possible distinction in either are equal.

Let us, however, go outside this room, among the multitudes by whom a novelist has never been considered an artist at all. To them the claim that a great novelist should be considered to occupy the same level as a great musician, a great painter, or a great poet, would appear at first a thing ludicrous and even painful. Consider for a moment how the world at large regards the novelist. He is, in their eyes, a person who tells stories, just as

* A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, April 25, 1884.

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

they used to regard the actor as a man who tumbled on the stage to make the audience laugh, and a musician as a man who fiddled to make the people dance. This is the old way of thinking, and most people think first as they have been taught to think; and next as they see others think. It is, therefore, quite easy to understand why the art of novel-writing has always been, by the general mass, undervalued. First, while the leaders in every other branch of Art, in every department of Science, and in every kind of profession, receive their share of the ordinary national distinctions, no one ever hears of honors being bestowed upon novelists. Neither Thackeray nor Dickens was ever, so far as I know, offered a peerage; neither King, Queen, nor Prince in any country throughout the whole world takes the least notice of them. I do not say they would be any the better for this kind of recognition, but its absence clearly proves, to those who take their opinions from others, that they are not a class at all worthy of special honor. Then, again, in the modern craze which exists for every kind of art — so that we meet everywhere, in every household, amateur actors, painters, etchers, sculptors, modelers, musicians, and singers, all of them serious and earnest in their aims — amateur novelists alone regard their Art as one which is learned by intuition. Thirdly, novelists are not associated as are painters; they hold no annual exhibitions, dinners, or conversazioni; they put no letters after their name; they have no President or Academy; and they do not themselves seem desirous of being treated as followers of a special Art. I do not say that they are wrong, or that much would be gained for Art if all the novelists of England were invited to court and created into a Royal Academy. But I do say that for these three reasons it is easy to understand how the world at large does not even suspect that the writing of novels is one of the Fine Arts, and why they regard the story-teller with a sort of contempt. It is, I acknowledge, a kindly contempt — even an affectionate contempt; it is the contempt which the practical man feels for the dreamer, the strong man for the weak, the man who can do for the man who can only look on and talk.

The general — the Philistine — view of the Profession is, first of all, that it is not one which a scholar and a man of serious views should take up: the telling of stories is inconsistent with a well-balanced mind; to be a teller of stories disqualifies one from a hearing on important subjects. At this very day there are thousands of living people who will never understand how the author of "Coningsby" and "Vivian Grey" can possibly be regarded as a serious statesman — all the Disraeli literature, even to the comic cartoons, expresses the popular sentiment that a novelist must not presume to call himself a statesman: the intellect of a novelist, it is felt, if he have any intellect at all, which is doubtful, must be one of the most frivolous and lightest kind; how can a man whose mind is always full of the loves of Corydon and Amaryllis be trusted to form an opinion on practical matters? When Thackeray ventured to contest the city of Oxford, we know what happened. He thought his failure was because the people of Oxford had never even heard of him; I think otherwise. I think it was because it was whispered from house to house and was carried from shop to shop, and was mentioned in the vestry, that this fellow from London, who asked for their votes, was nothing but a common novelist.

With these people must not be confounded another class, not so large, who are prepared to admit that Fiction is in some qualified sense an Art; but they do this as a concession to the vanity of its followers, and are by no means prepared to allow that it is an Art of the first rank. How can that be an Art, they might ask, which has no lecturers or teachers, no school or college or Academy, no recognized rules, no text-books, and is not taught in any University? Even the German Universities, which teach everything else, do not have Professors of Fiction, and not one single novelist, so far as I know, has ever pretended to teach his mystery, or spoken of it as a thing which may be taught. Clearly therefore, they would go on to argue, such art as is required for the making and telling of a story can and must be mastered without study, because no materials exist for the student's use. It may even, perhaps, be acquired unconsciously or by imitation. This view, I am sorry to say,

largely prevails among the majority of those who try their chance in the field of fiction. Any one, they think, can write a novel; therefore, why not sit down and write one? I would not willingly say one word which might discourage those who are attracted to this branch of literature; on the contrary, I would encourage them in every possible way. One desires, however, that they should approach their work at the outset with the same serious and earnest appreciation of its importance and its difficulties with which they undertake the study of music and painting. I would wish, in short, that from the very beginning their minds should be fully possessed with the knowledge that Fiction is an Art, and, like all other Arts, that it is governed by certain laws, methods, and rules, which it is their first business to learn.

It is then, first and before all, a real Art. It is the oldest, because it was known and practiced long before Painting and her sisters were in existence or even thought of; it is older than any of the Muses from whose company she who tells stories has hitherto been excluded; it is the most widely spread, because in no race of men under the sun is it unknown, even though the stories may be always the same, and handed down from generation to generation in the same form; it is the most religious of all the Arts, because in every age until the present the lives, exploits, and sufferings of gods, goddesses, saints, and heroes have been the favorite theme; it has always been the most popular, because it requires neither culture, education, nor natural genius to understand and listen to a story; it is the most moral, because the world has always been taught whatever little morality it possesses by way of story, fable, apologue, parable, and allegory. It commands the widest influence, because it can be carried easily and everywhere, into regions where pictures are never seen and music is never heard; it is the greatest teaching power, because its lessons are most readily apprehended and understood. All this, which might have been said thousands of years ago, may be said to-day with even greater force and truth. That world which exists not, but is an invention or an imitation — that world in which the shadows and shapes of men move about before our eyes as real as if they were actually living and speaking among us, is like a great theatre accessible to all of every sort, on whose stage are enacted, at our own sweet will, whenever we please to command them, the most beautiful plays: it is, as every theatre should be, the school in which manners are learned: here the majority of reading mankind learn nearly all that they know of life and manners, of philosophy and art; even of science and religion. The modern novel converts abstract ideas into living models; it gives ideas, it strengthens faith, it preaches a higher morality than is seen in the actual world; it commands the emotions of pity, admiration, and terror; it creates and keeps alive the sense of sympathy; it is the universal teacher; it is the only book which the great mass of reading mankind ever do read; it is the only way in which people can learn what other men and women are like; it redeems their lives from dullness, puts thoughts, desires, knowledge, and even ambitions into their hearts: it teaches them to talk, and enriches their speech with epigrams, anecdotes and illustrations. It is an unfailing source of delight to millions, happily not too critical. Why, out of all the books taken down from the shelves of the public libraries, four-fifths are novels, and of all those that are bought nine-tenths are novels. Compared with this tremendous engine of popular influence, what are all the other Arts put together? Can we not alter the old maxim, and say with truth, Let him who pleases make the laws if I may write the novels?

As for the field with which this Art of Fiction occupies itself, it is, if you please, nothing less than the whole of Humanity. The novelist studies men and women; he is concerned with their actions and their thoughts, their errors and their follies, their greatness and their meanness; the countless forms of beauty and constantly varying moods to be seen among them; the forces which act upon them; the passions, prejudices, hopes, and fears which pull them this way and that. He has to do, above all, and before all, with men and women. No one, for instance, among novelists, can be called a landscape painter, or a

painter of sea-pieces, or a painter of fruit and flowers, save only in strict subordination to the group of characters with whom he is dealing. Landscape, sea, sky, and air, are merely accessories introduced in order to set off and bring into greater prominence the figures on the stage. The very first rule in Fiction is that the human interest must absolutely absorb everything else. Some writers never permit anything at all in their pages which shall divert our thoughts one moment from the actors. When, for instance, Charles Reade — Alas! that we must say the late Charles Reade, for he is dead — when this great Master of Fiction, in his incomparable tale of the "Cloister and the Hearth," sends Gerard and Denis the Burgundian on that journey through France, it is with the fewest possible of words that he suggests the sights and persons met with on the way; yet, so great is the art of the writer, that, almost without being told, we see the road, a mere rough track, winding beside the river and along the valleys; we see the silent forests where lurk the *routiers* and the robbers, the cut-throat inn, the merchants, peasants, beggars, soldiers who go riding by; the writer does not pause in his story to tell us of all this, but yet we feel it — by the mere action of the piece and the dialogue we are compelled to see the scenery: the life of the fifteenth century passes before us, with hardly a word to picture it, because it is always kept in the background, so as not to interfere with the central figure of the young clerk journeying to Rome.

The human interest in Fiction, then, must come before aught else. It is of this world, wholly of this world. It might seem at first as if the limitation of this Art to things human placed it on a lower level than the Arts of Painting and Music. That, however, is not so. The stupendous subjects which were undertaken by the old Italian painters are, it is true, beyond the power of Fiction to attempt. It may be questioned whether they are not also, according to modern ideas, beyond the legitimate scope of painting. Certainly, just as there is nothing in the whole of creation more worthy of being studied and painted than the human face and form, so there is nothing more worthy of representation than men and women in action and in passion. The ancient poet placed the gods themselves upon the stage with the Furies and the Fates. Then we had the saints, confessors, and martyrs. We next descended to kings and great lords; in our times painter, poet, and novelist alike are contented with plain humanity, whether crowned or in rags. What picture, let us ask, what picture ever painted of angels and blessed souls, even if they are mounting the hill on which stands the Four Square City of the jasper wall, is able to command our interest and sympathy more profoundly than the simple and faithful story, truly and faithfully told, of a lover and his mistress?

It is, therefore, the especial characteristic of this Art, that, since it deals exclusively with men and women, it not only requires of its followers, but also creates in readers, that sentiment which is destined to be a most mighty engine in deepening and widening the civilization of the world. We call it Sympathy, but it means a great deal more than was formerly understood by the word. It means, in fact, what Professor Seeley once called the Enthusiasm of Humanity, and it first appeared, I think, about a hundred and fifty years ago, when the modern novel came into existence. You will find it, for instance, conspicuous for its absence in Defoe. The modern Sympathy includes not only the power to pity the sufferings of others, but also that of understanding their very souls; it is the reverence for man, the respect for his personality, the recognition of his individuality, and the enormous value of the one man, the perception of one man's relation to another, his duties and responsibilities. Through the strength of this newly-born faculty, and aided by the guidance of a great artist, we are enabled to discern the real indestructible man beneath the rags and filth of a common castaway, and the possibilities of the meanest gutter-child that steals in the streets for its daily bread. Surely that is a wonderful Art which endows the people — all the people — with this power of vision and of feeling. Painting has not done it, and could never do it; Painting has done more for nature than for humanity. Sculpture could not do it, because

it deals with situation and form rather than action. Music cannot do it, because Music (if I understand rightly) appeals especially to the individual concerning himself and his own aspirations. Poetry alone is the rival of Fiction, and in this respect it takes a lower place, not because Poetry fails to teach and interpret, but because Fiction is, and must always be, more popular.

Again, this Art teaches, like the others, by suppression and reticence. Out of the great procession of Humanity, the *Comédie Humaine* which the novelist sees passing ever before his eyes, single figures detach themselves one after the other, to be questioned, examined, and received or rejected. This process goes on perpetually. Humanity is so vast a field that to one who goes about watching men and women, and does not sit at home and evolve figures out of inner consciousness, there is not, and can never be, any end or limit to the freshness and interest of these figures. It is the work of the artist to select the figures, to suppress, to copy, to group, and to work up the incidents which each one offers. The daily life of the world is not dramatic — it is monotonous; the novelist makes it dramatic by his silences, his suppressions, and his exaggerations. No one, for example, in fiction behaves quite in the same way as in real life; as, on the stage, if an actor unfolds and reads a letter, the simple action is done with an exaggeration of gesture which calls attention to the thing and to its importance; so in romance, while nothing should be allowed which does not carry on the story, so everything as it occurs must be accentuated and yet deprived of needless accessory details. The gestures of the characters at an important juncture, their looks, their voices, may all be noted if they help to impress the situation. Even the weather, the wind and the rain, with some writers, have been made to emphasize a mood or a passion of a heroine. To know how to use these aids artistically is to the novelist exactly what to the actor is the right presentation of a letter, the handing of a chair, even the removal of a glove.

A third characteristic of Fiction, which should alone be sufficient to give it a place among the noblest forms of Art, is that, like Poetry, Painting, and Music, it becomes a vehicle, not only for the best thoughts of the writer, but also for those of the reader, so that a novelist may write truthfully and faithfully, but simply, and yet be understood in a far fuller and nobler sense than was present to his own mind. This power is the very highest gift of the poet. He has a vision and sees a thing clearly, yet perhaps afar off; another who reads him is enabled to get the same vision, to see the same thing, yet closer and more distinctly. For a lower intellect thus to lead and instruct a higher is surely a very great gift, and granted only to the highest forms of Art. And this it is which Fiction of the best kind does for its readers. It is, however, only another way of saying that Truth in Fiction produces effects similar to those produced by Truth in every other Art.

So far, then, I have showed that this Art of Fiction is the most ancient of all Arts and the most popular; that its field is the whole of humanity; that it creates and develops that sympathy which is a kind of second sight; that, like all other Arts, its function is to select, to suppress, and to arrange; that it suggests as well as narrates. More might be said — a great deal more — but enough has been said to show that in these, the leading characteristics of any Art, Fiction is on exactly the same level as her sisters. Let me only add that in this Art, as in the others, there is, and will be always, whatever has been done already, something new to discover, something new to express, something new to describe. Surgeons dissect the body, and account for every bone and every nerve, so that the body of one man, considered as a collection of bones and nerves, is so far exactly like the body of another man. But the mind of man cannot be so exhausted: it yields discoveries to every patient student; it is absolutely inexhaustible; it is to every one a fresh and virgin field: and the most successful investigator leaves regions and tracts for his successor as vast as those he has himself gone over. Perhaps, after all, the greatest Psychologist is not the metaphysician, but the novelist.

We come next to speak of the Laws which govern this Art. I mean those general rules

and principles which must necessarily be acquired by every writer of Fiction before he can even hope for success. Rules will not make a man a novelist, any more than a knowledge of grammar makes a man know a language, or a knowledge of musical science makes a man able to play an instrument. Yet the Rules must be learned. And, in speaking of them, one is compelled, so close is the connection between the sister Arts, to use not only the same terms, but also to adopt the same rules, as those laid down by painters for their students. If these Laws appear self-evident, it is a proof that the general principles of the Art are well understood. Considering, however, the vast quantity of bad, inartistic work which is every week laid before the public, one is inclined to think that a statement of these principles may not be without usefulness.

First, and before everything else, there is the Rule that everything in Fiction which is invented and is not the result of personal experience and observation is worthless. In some other Arts, the design may follow any lines which the designer pleases: it may be fanciful, unreal, or grotesque; but in modern Fiction, whose sole end, aim, and purpose is to portray humanity and human character, the design must be in accordance with the customs and general practice of living men and women under any proposed set of circumstances and conditions. That is to say, the characters must be real, and such as might be met with in actual life, or, at least, the natural developments of such people as any of us might meet; their actions must be natural and consistent; the conditions of place, of manners, and of thought must be drawn from personal observation. To take an extreme case: a young lady brought up in a quiet country village should avoid descriptions of garrison life; a writer whose friends and personal experiences belong to what we call the lower middle class should carefully avoid introducing his characters into Society; a South-countryman would hesitate before attempting to reproduce the North-country accent. This is a very simple Rule, but one to which there should be no exception — never to go beyond your own experience.* Remember that most of the people who read novels, and know nothing about the art of writing them, recognize before any other quality that of fidelity: the greatness of a novelist they measure chiefly by the knowledge of the world displayed in his pages; the highest praise they can bestow upon him is that he has drawn the story to the life. It is exactly the same with a picture. If you go to the Academy any day, and listen to the comments of the crowd, which is a very instructive thing to do, and one recommended to young novelists, you will presently become aware that the only thing they look for in a picture is the story which it tells, and therefore the fidelity with which it is presented on the canvas. Most of the other qualities of the picture, and of the novel as well, all that has to do with the technique, escape the general observer.

This being so, the first thing which has to be acquired is the art of description. It seems easy to describe; any one, it seems, can set down what he sees. But consider. How much does he see? There is everywhere, even in a room, such a quantity of things to be seen: far, far more in field and hedge, in moun-

* It has been objected to this Rule, that if followed, it would entirely shut out the historical novel. Not at all. The interest of the historical novel, as of any other novel, depends upon the experience and knowledge which the writer has of humanity, men and women being pretty much alike in all ages. It is not the setting that we regard, so much as the acting of the characters The setting in an historical novel is very often absurd, incorrect, and incongruous; but the human interest, the skill and knowledge of character shown by the writer, may make us forget the errors of the setting. For instance, "Romola" is undoubtedly a great novel, not because it contains a true, and therefore valuable, reproduction of Florentine life in the time of the early Renaissance, for it does not; nor because it gives us the ideas of the age, for it does not; the characters, especially that of the heroine, being full of nineteenth century ideas: but it is great as a study of character. On the other hand, in the "Cloister and the Hearth" we do really have a description of the time and its ideas, taken bodily, sometimes almost literally, from the pages of the man who most truly represents them — Erasmus. So that here is a rule for the historical novelist — when he must describe, he must borrow. If it be objected, again, that he may do the same thing with contemporary life, I reply that he may, if he please, but he will *most assuredly be found out* through some blunder, omission, or confusion caused by ignorance. No doubt the same blunders are perpetrated by the historical novelist; but these are not so readily found out except by an archaeologist. Of course, one who desires to reproduce a time gone by would not go to the poets, the divines, the historians, so much as to the familiar literature, the letters, comedies, tales, essayists, and newspapers.

tain and in forest and beside the stream, are there countless things to be seen; the unpracticed eye sees nothing, or next to nothing. Here is a tree, here is a flower, there is sunshine lying on the hill. But to the observant and trained eye, the intelligent eye, there lies before him everywhere an inexhaustible and bewildering mass of things to see. Remember how Mr. Jefferies sits down in a coppice with his eyes wide open to see what the rest of us never dreamed of looking for. Long before he has half finished telling us what he has seen — behold! a volume, and one of the most delightful volumes conceivable. But, then, Mr. Jefferies is a profound naturalist. We cannot all describe after his manner; nor should we try, for the simple reason that descriptions of still life in a novel must be strictly subordinated to the human interest. But while Mr. Jefferies has his hedge, and ditch, and brook, we have our towns, our villages, and our assemblies of men and women. Among them we must not only observe, but we must select. Here, then, are two distinct faculties which the intending novelist must acquire: viz., observation and selection. As for the power of observation, it may be taught to any one by the simple method adopted by Robert Houdin, the French conjuror. This method consists of noting down continually and remembering all kinds of things remarked in the course of a journey, a walk, or the day's business. The learner must carry his note-book always with him, into the fields, to the theatre, into the streets — wherever he can watch man and his ways, or Nature and her ways. On his return home he should enter his notes in his commonplace book. There are places where the production of a note-book would be embarrassing — say, at a dinner-party, or a street fight; yet the man who begins to observe will speedily be able to remember everything that he sees and hears until he can find an opportunity to note it down, so that nothing is lost.* The materials for the novelist, in short, are not in the books upon the shelves, but in the men and women he meets with everywhere; he will find them, where Dickens found them, in the crowded streets, in trains, tramcars, and omnibuses, at the shop-windows, in churches and chapels: his materials are everywhere — there is nothing too low, nothing too high, nothing too base, nothing too noble, for the novelist. Humanity is like a kaleidoscope, which you may turn about and look into, but you will never get the same picture twice — it cannot be exhausted. But it may be objected, that the broad distinctive types have been long since all used. They *have* been used, but the comfort is that they can never be used up, and that they may be constantly used again and again. Can we ever be tired of them when a master hand takes one of them again and gives him new life? Are there to be no more hypocrites because we have already had Tartuffe and Pecksniff? Do we suppose that the old miser, the young spendthrift, the gambler, the adventurer, the coquette, the drunkard, the soldier of fortune, are never to reappear, because they have been handled already? As long, on the contrary, as man shall continue story-telling, so long will these characters occur again and again, and look as fresh each time that they are treated by a master's hand as if they were newly discovered types.

Fidelity, therefore, can be only assured by acquiring the art of observation, which further assists in filling the mind with stored experience. I am quite sure that most men never see anything at all. I have known men who have even gone all round the world and seen nothing — no, nothing at all. Emerson says, very truly, that a traveler takes away nothing from a place except what he brought into it. Now, the observation of things around us is no part of the ordinary professional and commercial life; it has nothing at all to do with success and the making of money; so that we do not learn to observe. Yet it is very easy to shake people and make them open their eyes. Some

* I earnestly recommend those who desire to study this Art to begin by daily practice in the description of things, even common things, that they have observed, by reporting conversations, and by word portraits of their friends. They will find that the practice gives them firmness of outline, quickness of observation, power of catching important details, and, as regards dialogue, readiness to see what is unimportant. Preliminary practice and study of this kind will also lead to the saving of a vast quantity of valuable material, which is only wasted by being prematurely worked up into a novel written before the elements of the Art have been acquired.

of us remember, for instance, the time when Kingsley astonished everybody with his descriptions of the wonders to be seen on the seashore and to be fished out of every pond in the field. Then all the world began to poke about the seaweed and to catch tritons and keep water-grubs in little tanks. It was only a fashion, and it presently died out; but it did people good, because it made them understand, perhaps for the first time, that there really is a good deal more to see than meets the casual eye. At present the lesson which we need is not that the world is full of the most strange and wonderful creatures, all eating each other perpetually, but that the world is full of the most wonderful men and women, not one of whom is mean or common, but to each his own personality is a great and awful thing, worthy of the most serious study.

There are, then, abundant materials waiting to be picked up by any who has the wit to see them lying at his feet and all around him. What is next required is the power of Selection. Can this be taught? I think not, at least I do not know how, unless it is by reading. In every Art, selection requires that kind of special fitness for the Art which is included in the much-abused word Genius. In Fiction the power of selection requires a large share of the dramatic sense. Those who already possess this faculty will not go wrong if they bear in mind the simple rule that nothing should be admitted which does not advance the story, illustrate the characters, bring into stronger relief the hidden forces which act upon them, their emotions, their passions, and their intentions. All descriptions which hinder instead of helping the action, all episodes of whatever kind, all conversation which does not either advance the story or illustrate the characters, ought to be rigidly suppressed.

Closely connected with selection is dramatic presentation. Given a situation, it should be the first care of the writer to present it as dramatically, that is to say as forcibly, as possible. The grouping and setting of the picture, the due subordination of description to dialogue, the rapidity of the action, those things which naturally suggest themselves to the practiced eye, deserve to be very carefully considered by the beginner. In fact, a novel is like a play: it may be divided into scenes and acts, tableaus and situations, separated by the end of the chapter instead of the drop-scene: the writer is the dramatist, stage-manager, scene-painter, actor, and carpenter, all in one; it is his single business to see that none of the scenes flag or fall flat: he must never for one moment forget to consider how the piece is looking from the front.

The next simple rule is that the drawing of each figure must be clear in outline, and, even if only sketched, must be sketched without hesitation. This can be done only when the writer himself sees his figures clearly. Characters in fiction do not, it must be understood, spring Minerva-like from the brain. They grow: they grow sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly. From the first moment of conception, that is to say, from the first moment of their being seen and caught, they grow continuously and almost without mental effort. If they do not grow and become every day clearer, they had better be put aside at once, and forgotten as soon as may be, because that is a proof that the author does not understand the character he has himself endeavored to create. To have on one's hands a half-created being without the power of finishing him must be a truly dreadful thing. The only way out of it is to kill and bury him at once. I have always thought, for instance, that the figure of Daniel Deronda, whose portrait, blurred and uncertain as it is, has been drawn with the most amazing care and with endless touches and retouches, must have become at last to George Eliot a kind of awful veiled spectre, always in her brain, always seeming about to reveal his true features and his mind, but never doing it, so that to the end she never clearly perceived what manner of man he was, nor what was his real character. Of course, what the author cannot set down, the reader cannot understand. On the other hand, how possible, how capable of development, how real becomes a true figure, truly understood by the creator, and truly depicted! Do we not know what they would say and think under all conceivable conditions? We can dress them as we will; we

can place them in any circumstances of life: we can always trust them because they will never fail us, never disappoint us, never change, because we understand them so thoroughly. So well do we know them that they become our advisers, our guides, and our best friends, on whom we model ourselves, our thoughts, and our actions. The writer who has succeeded in drawing to the life, true, clear, distinct, so that all may understand, a single figure of a true man or woman, has added another exemplar or warning to humanity. Nothing, then, it must be insisted upon as of the greatest importance, should be begun in writing until the characters are so clear and distinct in the brain, so well known, that they will act their parts, bend their dialogue, and suit their action to whatever situations they may find themselves in, if only they are becoming to them. Of course, clear outline drawing is best when it is accomplished in the fewest strokes, and the greater part of the figures in Fiction, wherein it differs from Painting, in which everything should be finished, require no more work upon them, in order to make them clear, than half-a-dozen bold, intelligible lines.

As for the methods of conveying a clear understanding of a character, they are many. The first and the easiest is to make it clear by reason of some mannerism or personal peculiarity, some trick of speech or of carriage. This is the worst, as may generally be said of the easiest way. Another easy method is to describe your character at length. This also is a bad, because a tedious, method. If, however, you read a page or two of any good writer, you will discover that he first makes a character intelligible by a few words, and then allows him to reveal himself in action and dialogue. On the other hand, nothing is more inartistic than to be constantly calling attention in a dialogue to a gesture or a look, to laughter or to tears. The situation generally requires no such explanation: in some well-known scenes which I could quote, there is not a single word to emphasize or explain the attitude, manner, and look of the speakers, yet they are as intelligible as if they were written down and described. That is the highest art which carries the reader along and makes him see, without being told, the changing expressions, the gestures of the speakers, and hear the varying tones of their voices. It is as if one should close one's eyes at the theatre, and yet continue to see the actors on the stage as well as hear their voices. The only writer who can do this is he who makes his characters intelligible from the very outset, causes them first to stand before the reader in clear outline, and then with every additional line brings out the figure, fills up the face, and makes his creatures grow from the simple outline more and more to the perfect and rounded figure.

Clearness of drawing, which includes clearness of vision, also assists in producing directness of purpose. As soon as the actors in the story become real in the mind of the narrator, and not before, the story itself becomes real to him. More than this, he becomes straightway vehemently impelled to tell it and he is moved to tell it in the best and most direct way, the most dramatic way, the most truthful way possible to him. It is, in fact, only when the writer believes his own story, and knows it to be every word true, and feels that he has somehow learned from every one concerned the secret history of his own part in it, that he can really begin to write it.* We know how sometimes, even from a practiced hand, there comes a work marred with the fatal defect that the writer does not believe in his own story. When this is the case, one may generally find on investigation that one cause at least of the failure is that the characters, or some of them, are blurred and uncertain.

Again, the modern English novel, whatever form it takes, almost always starts with a conscious moral purpose. When it does not, so much are we accustomed to expect it that one

* Hardly anything is more important than this — to believe in your own story. Wherefore let the student remember that unless the characters exist and move about in his brain, all separate, distinct, living, and perpetually engaged in the action of the story, sometimes at one part of it, sometimes at another, and that in scenes and places which must be omitted in the writing, he has got no story to tell and had better give it up. I do not think it is generally understood that there are thousands of scenes which belong to the story and never get outside the writer's brain at all. Some of these may be very beautiful and touching; but there is not room for all, and the writer has to select.

feels as if there has been a debasement of the Art. It is, fortunately, not possible in this country for any man to defile and defame humanity and still be called an artist; the development of modern sympathy, the growing reverence for the individual, the ever-widening love of things beautiful and the appreciation of lives made beautiful by devotion and self-denial, the sense of personal responsibility among the English-speaking races, the deep-seated religion of our people, even in a time of doubt, are all forces which act strongly upon the artist as well as upon his readers, and lend to his work, whether he will or not, a moral purpose so clearly marked that it has become practically a law of English Fiction. We must acknowledge that this is a truly admirable thing, and a great cause for congratulation. At the same time, one may be permitted to think that the preaching novel is the least desirable of any, and to be unfeignedly rejoiced that the old religious novel, written in the interests of High Church or Low Church or any other Church, has gone out of fashion.

Next, just as in Painting and Sculpture, not only are fidelity, truth, and harmony to be observed in Fiction, but also beauty of workmanship. It is almost impossible to estimate too highly the value of careful workmanship, that is, of style. Every one, without exception, of the great Masters in Fiction, has recognized this truth. You will hardly find a single page in any of them which is not carefully and even elaborately worked up. I think there is no point on which critics of novels should place greater importance than this, because it is one which young novelists are so very liable to ignore. There ought not to be in a novel, any more than in a poem, a single sentence carelessly worded, a single phrase which has not been considered. Consider, if you please, any one of the great scenes in Fiction — how much of the effect is due to the style, the balanced sentences, the very words used by the narrator! This, however, is only one more point of similarity between Fiction and the sister Arts. There is, I know, the danger of attaching too much attention to style at the expense of situation, and so falling a prey to priggishness, fashions, and mannerisms of the day. It is certainly a danger; at the same time, it sometimes seems, when one reads the slipshod, careless English which is often thought good enough for story-telling, that it is almost impossible to overrate the value of style. There is comfort in the thought that no reputation worth having can be made without attending to style, and there is no style, however rugged, which cannot be made beautiful by attention and pains. "How many times," a writer once asked a girl who brought him her first effort for advice and criticism; "how many times have you rewritten this page?" She confessed that she had written it once for all, had never read it afterward, and had not the least idea that there was such a thing as style. Is it not presumptuous in the highest degree to believe that what one has produced without pains, thought, or trouble will give any pleasure to the reader?

In fact, every scene, however unimportant, should be completely and carefully finished. There should be no unfinished places, no sign anywhere of weariness or haste — in fact, no scamping. The writer must so love his work as to dwell tenderly on every age and be literally unable to send forth a single page of it without the finishing touches. We all of us remember that kind of novel in which every scene has the appearance of being hurried and scamped.

To sum up these few preliminary and general laws. The Art of Fiction requires first of all the power of description, truth, and fidelity, observation, selection, clearness of conception and of outline, dramatic grouping, directness of purpose, a profound belief on the part of the story-teller in the reality of his story, and beauty of workmanship. It is, moreover, an Art which requires of those who follow it seriously that they must be unceasingly occupied in studying the ways of mankind, the social laws, the religions, philosophies, tendencies, thoughts, prejudices, superstitions of men and women. They must consider as many of the forces which act upon classes and upon individuals as they can discover; they should be always trying to put themselves into the place of another; they must be as inquisitive and as watchful as a detective, as sus-

picious as a criminal lawyer, as eager for knowledge as a physicist, and withal fully possessed of that spirit to which nothing appears mean, nothing contemptible, nothing unworthy of study, which belongs to human nature.

I repeat that I submit some of these laws as perhaps self-evident. If that is so, many novels which are daily submitted to the reviewer are written in willful neglect and disobedience of them. But they are not really self-evident; those who aspire to be artists in Fiction almost invariably begin without any understanding at all of these laws. Hence the lamentable early failures, the waste of good material, and the low level of Art with which both the novel-writer and the novel-reader are too often contented. I am certain that if these laws were better known and more generally studied, a very large proportion of the bad works of which our critics complain would not be produced at all. And I am in great hopes that one effect of the establishment of the newly founded Society of Authors will be to keep young writers of fiction from rushing too hastily into print, to help them to the right understanding of their Art and its principles, and to guide them into true practice of their principles while they are still young, their imaginations strong, and their personal experiences as yet not wasted in foolish failures.

After all these preliminary studies there comes the most important point of all — the story. There is a school which pretends that there is no need for a story: all the stories, they say, have been told already; there is no more room for invention: nobody wants any longer to listen to a story. One hears this kind of talk with the same wonder which one feels when a new monstrous fashion changes the beautiful figure of woman into something grotesque and unnatural. Men say these things gravely to each other, especially men who have no story to tell: other men listen gravely; in the same way women put on the newest and most preposterous fashions gravely, and look upon each other without either laughing or hiding their faces for shame. It is, indeed, if we think of it, a most strange and wonderful theory, that we should continue to care for Fiction and cease to care for the story. We have all along been training ourselves how to tell the story, and here is this new school which steps in, like the needy knife-grinder, to explain that there is no story left at all to tell. Why, the story is everything. I cannot conceive of a world going on at all without stories, and those strong ones, with incident in them, and merriment and pathos, laughter and tears, and the excitement of wondering what will happen next. Fortunately, these new theorists contradict themselves, because they find it impossible to write a novel which shall not contain a story, although it may be but a puny bantling. Fiction without adventure — a drama without a plot — a novel without surprises — the thing is as impossible as life without uncertainty.*

As for the story, then. And here theory and teaching can go no farther. For every Art there is the corresponding science, which may be taught. We have been speaking of the corresponding science. But the Art itself can neither be taught nor communicated. If the thing is in a man, he will bring it out somehow, well or badly, quickly or slowly. If it is not, he can never learn it. Here, then, let us suppose that we have to do with the man to whom the invention of stories is part of his nature. We will also suppose that he has mastered the laws of his Art, and is now anxious to apply them. To such a man one can only recommend that he should with the greatest care and attention analyze and examine the construction of certain works, which are acknowledged to be of the first rank in fiction. Among them, not to speak of Scott, he might pay especial attention, from the constructive point of view, to the truly admirable shorter stories of Charles Reade, to George Eliot's "Silas Marner," the most *perfect* of English novels, Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Holmes's "Elsie Venner," Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," or Black's "Daughter of Heth." He must not

* A correspondent asks me if I do not like the work of Mr. Howells. Of course one cannot choose but like his writing. But one cannot also avoid comparing his work with that of his countryman, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who added to the charm of style the interest of a romantic and exciting story.

sit down to read them "for the story," as uncritical people say: he must read them slowly and carefully, perhaps backward, so as to discover for himself how the author built up the novel, and from what original germ or conception it sprang. Let me take another novel by another writer to illustrate my meaning. It is James Payn's "Confidential Agent," a work showing, if I may be permitted to say so, constructive power of the very highest order. You have all, without doubt, read that story. As you know, it turns upon a diamond robbery. To the unpracticed hand it would seem as if stories of theft had already been told *ad nauseam*. The man of experience knows better: he knows that in his hands every story becomes new, because he can place it upon his stage with new incidents, new conditions, and new actors. Accordingly, Payn connects his diamonds with three or four quite ordinary families: he does not search for strange and eccentric characters, but uses the folk he sees around him, plain middle-class people, to whom most of us belong. He does not try to show these people cleverer, better cultured, or in any respect at all other than they really are, except that some of them talk a little better than in real life they would be likely to do. That is to say, in dialogue he exercises the art of selection. Presently, in this quiet household of age and youth, love and happiness, there happens a dreadful thing: the young husband vanishes amid circumstances which give rise to the most horrible suspicions. How this event acts upon the minds of the household and their friends: how the faith, sorely tried, of one breaks down, and that of another remains steadfast: how the truth is gradually disclosed, and the innocence of the suspected man is made clear — all this should be carefully examined by the student as a lesson in construction and machinery. He will not, one hopes, neglect the other lesson taught him by this novel, which is the art of telling the story, selecting the actors, and skillfully using the plain and simple materials which lie around us everywhere ready to our hands. I am quite sure that the chief lesson to be learned from the study of nearly all our own modern novelists is that adventure, pathos, amusement, and interest, are far better sought among lives which seem dull, and among people who seem at first beyond the reach of romance, than from eccentricity and peculiarity of manner, or from violent and extreme reverses and accidents of fortune. This is, indeed, only another aspect of the increased value which we have learned to attach to individual life.

One thing more the Art student has to learn. Let him not only believe his own story before he begins to tell it, but let him remember that in story-telling, as in almsgiving, a cheerful countenance works wonders, and a hearty manner greatly helps the teller and pleases the listener. One would not have the novelist make continual efforts at being comic; but let him not tell his story with eyes full of sadness, a face of woe and a shaking voice. His story may be tragic, but continued gloom is a mistake in Art, even for a tragedy. If his story is a comedy, all the more reason to tell it cheerfully and brightly. Lastly, let him tell it without apparent effort: without trying to show his cleverness, his wit, his powers of epigram, and his learning. Yet let him pour without stint or measure into his work all that he knows, all that he has seen, all that he has observed, and all that he has remembered: all that there is of nobility, sympathy, and enthusiasm in himself. Let him spare nothing, but lavish all that he has, in the full confidence that the wells will not be dried up, and that the springs of fancy and imagination will flow again, even though he seem to have exhausted himself in this one effort.

Here, therefore, we may leave the student of this Art.* It remains for him to show whether he does wisely in following it farther. Of one thing for his encouragement he may rest assured; in the Art of Fiction more than in any other it is easy to gain recognition, far easier than in any of the sister Arts. In the English school of painting, for example, there are already so many good men in the field that it is most difficult to win an acknowledged position; in the drama it is next to impossible to get a play produced, in spite of our thirty

* See Appendix.

London theatres; in poetry it seems almost hopeless to get a hearing, even if one has reached the second rank; but in Fiction the whole of the English-speaking race are always eager to welcome a newcomer; good work is instantly recognized, and the only danger is that the universal cry for more may lead to hasty and immature production. I do not mean that ready recognition will immediately bring with it a great pecuniary success. Unfortunately, there has grown up of late a bad fashion of measuring success too much by the money it seems to command. It is not always, remember, the voice of the people which elects the best man, and though in most cases it follows that a successful novelist commands a large sale of his works, it may happen that the Art of a great writer is of such a kind that it may never become widely popular. There have been among us two or three such writers. One case will immediately occur to most of us here. It is that of a man whose books are filled with wisdom, experience, and epigram: whose characters are most admirably studied from the life, whose plots are ingenious, situations fresh, and dialogues extraordinarily clever. Yet he has never been widely popular, and, I am sure, never will be. One may be pretty certain that this writer's money-value in the market is considerably less than that of many another whose genius is not half so great, but his popularity twice as large. So that a failure to hit the popular taste does not always imply failure in Art. How, then, is one to know, when people do not ask for his work, if he has really failed or not? I think he must know without being told if he has failed to please. If a man sings a song, he can tell in a moment, even before he has finished, if he has pleased his audience. So, if a man writes a novel, he can tell by the criticisms in the journals, by reading between the lines of what his friends tell him, by the expression of their eyes, by his own inner consciousness, if he has succeeded or failed. And if the latter, let him find out as quickly as may be through what causes. The unlucky dramatist can complain that his piece was badly mounted and badly acted. The novelist cannot, because he is sure not to be badly read. Therefore, if a novelist fail at first, let him be well assured that it is his own fault; and if, on his second attempt, he cannot amend, let him for the future be silent. One is more and more astonished at seeing the repeated efforts of writers whose friends should make them understand that they have not the least chance of success unless they unlearn all that they have learned and begin again upon entirely different methods and some knowledge of the science. It must be a cruel blow, after all the work that goes to make even a bad novel, after all the trouble of getting it published, to see it drop unnoticed, stillborn, thought hardly worthy to receive words of contempt. If the disappointment leads to examination and self-amendment, it may prove the greatest blessing. But he who fails twice probably deserves to fail, because he has learned nothing, and is incapable of learning anything, from the lessons of his first failure.

Let me say one word upon the present condition of this most delightful Art in England. Remember that great Masters in every Art are rare. Perhaps one or two appear in a century: we ought not to expect more. It may even happen that those modern writers of our own whom we have agreed to call great Masters will have to take lower rank among posterity, who will have great Masters of their own. I am inclined, however, to think that a few of the nineteenth-century novelists will never be suffered to die, though they may be remembered principally for one book — that Thackeray will be remembered for his "Vanity Fair," Dickens for "David Copperfield," George Meredith for the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," George Eliot for "Silas Marner," Charles Reade for the "Cloister and the Hearth," and Blackmore for his "Lorna Doone." On the other hand, without thinking or troubling ourselves at all about the verdict of posterity, which matters nothing to us compared with the verdict of our contemporaries, let us acknowledge that it is a bad year indeed when we have not produced some good work, work of a very high kind, if not immortal work. An exhibition of the year's novels would generally show two or three, at least, of which the country may be,

say, reasonably proud? Does the Royal Academy of Arts show every year more than two or three pictures — not immortal pictures, but pictures of which we may be reasonably proud? One would like, it is true, to see fewer bad novels published, as well as fewer bad pictures exhibited; the standard of the work which is on the borderland between success and failure should be higher. At the same time I am very sure and certain that there never has been a time when better works of Fiction have been produced, both by men and women. That Art is not declining, but is advancing, which is cultivated on true and not on false or conventional principles. Ought we not to be full of hope for the future, when such women as Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie write for us — when such men as Meredith, Blackmore, Black, Payn, Wilkie Collins, and Hardy are still at their best, and such men as Louis Stevenson, Christie Murray, Clark Russell, and Herman Merivale have just begun? I think the fiction, and, indeed, all the imaginary work of the future will be far fuller in human interest than in the past; the old stories — no doubt they will still be the old stories — will be fitted to actors who up till recently were only used for the purposes of contrast; the drama of life which formerly was assigned to kings and princes will be played by figures taken as much from the great struggling, unknown masses. Kings and great lords are chiefly picturesque and interesting on account of their beautiful costumes, and a traditional belief in their power. Costume is certainly not a strong point in the lower ranks, but I think we shall not miss that, and wherever we go for our material, whether to the higher or the lower ranks, we may be sure of finding everywhere love, sacrifice, and devotion for virtues, with selfishness, cunning, and treachery for vices. Out of these, with their endless combinations and changes, that novelist must be poor indeed who cannot make a story.

Lastly, I said at the outset that I would ask you to accord to novelists the recognition of their place as artists. But after what has been said, I feel that to urge this further would be only a repetition of what has gone before. Therefore, though not all who write novels can reach the first, or even the second, rank, wherever you find good and faithful work, with truth, sympathy, and clearness of purpose, I pray you to give the author of that work the praise as to an Artist — an Artist like the rest — the praise that you so readily accord to the earnest student of any other Art. As for the great Masters of the Art — Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Victor Hugo — I, for one, feel irritated when the critics begin to appraise, compare, and to estimate them: there is nothing, I think, that we can give them but admiration that is unspeakable, and gratitude that is silent. This silence proves more eloquently than any words how great, how beautiful an Art is that of Fiction.

APPENDIX.

I have been asked not to leave the young novelist at this point. Let me, therefore, venture upon a few words of advice. I do this without apology, because, like most men who write, I receive, every week, letters from young beginners asking for counsel and guidance. To all these I recommend the consideration of the rules I have laid down, and, above all, attention to truth, reality, and style.

I was once asked to read a manuscript novel written by a young lady. The work was hurried, scamped, unreal — in fact, it had every fault. Yet there was something in it which made me think that there was hope for her. I therefore wrote to her, pointing out the faults, without sparing her. I added that, if she was not discouraged, but would begin again, and would prepare carefully the *scenario* of a novel, fitted with characters duly thought out, I would give her such further advice as was in my power. The *very next day* she sent me five *scenarios*. I have not heard from her since, and I hope she has renounced the Art whose very elements she could not understand.

Let me suppose, then, that the writer has got his novel completed. Here begins the "trouble," as the Americans say. And at this point my advice may be of use.

Remember that all publishers are eager to get good work: they are prepared to consider

manuscripts carefully — most of them pay men, on whose judgment they rely, men of literary standing, to read and "taste" for them; therefore it is a simple and obvious piece of advice that the writer should send his work to some good publisher, and it is perfectly certain that if the work is good it will be accepted and published. There is, as I have said in the lecture, little or no risk, even with an unknown author, over a really good novel. But, then, the first work almost always contains immaturities and errors which prevent it from being really good. More often than not, it is on the border line, not so good as to make its publication desirable by a firm which will only issue good work, or by any means safe to pay its expenses. What then? I would advise the author never, from any considerations of vanity or self-confidence, to pay money to a publisher for bringing out his book. There are cert in publishing houses, not the best, which bring out yearly quantities of novels, nearly every one of which is paid for by the author, because they are not good enough to pay their own expenses. Do not, I would say, swell the ranks of those who give the enemy reason to blaspheme this Art. Refuse absolutely to publish on such ignominious terms. Remember that to be asked for money to pay for the expense of publication is to be told that your work is not good enough to be published. If you have tried the half-dozen best publishers, and been refused by all, realize that the work *will not do.* Then, if you can, get the advice of some experienced man of letters upon it, and ponder over his judgment.

If you cannot, reconsider the whole story from the beginning, with special reference to the rules which are here laid down. If necessary, rewrite the whole. Or, if necessary, put the whole into the fire, and, without being disheartened, begin again with another and a better story. Do not aim at producing an absolutely new plot. You cannot do it. But persevere, if you feel that the root of the matter is in you, till your work is accepted; and *never*, NEVER, NEVER pay for publishing a novel.

Let me end with a little piece of personal history.

A good many years ago, there was a young man of four or five and twenty, who ardently desired before all things to become a novelist. He spent a couple of years, giving to the work all his unemployed hours, over a novel of modern life. He took immense pains with it, rewrote some of the scenes half a dozen times, and spared neither labor nor thought to make it as good as he could make it. When he really felt that he could do nothing more with it, he rolled it up and sent it to a friend with the request that he would place it anonymously in Mr. Macmillan's hands. Mr. Macmillan had it carefully read, and sent the author, still through the friend, his Reader's opinion. The Reader did not sign his opinion, but he was a Cambridge man, a critic of judgment, a man of taste, a kindly man, and he had once been, if he was not still, a mathematician. These things were clearly evident from his handwriting, as well as from the wording of his verdict. This was to the effect that the novel should not be published, for certain reasons which he proceeded to give. But he laid down his objections with very great consideration for the writer, indicating for his encouragement what he considered points of promise, suggesting certain practical rules of construction which had been violated, and showing where ignorance of the Art and inexperience of life had caused faults such as to make it most undesirable for the author, as well as impossible for a publisher of standing, to produce the work. The writer, after the first pangs of disappointment, plucked up heart and began to ponder over the lessons contained in that opinion. The young man has since become a novelist, "of a sort," and he takes this opportunity of returning his most sincere thanks to Mr. Macmillan for his kindness in considering and refusing to publish an immature novel, and to his anonymous critic for his invaluable letter. Would that all publishers' Readers were like unto that Reader, as conscientious and as kindly, and as anxious to save beginners from putting forth bad work!

LONDON, England. *Walter Besant.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

VOL. XII. AUGUST, 1899. NO. 8.

Having printed in full Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on "Style in Literature," in THE WRITER for November, 1896; Walter Pater's essay on "Style," in THE WRITER for January, 1898; and Frederic Harrison's essay on "Style in English Prose," in THE WRITER for August, 1898. the editor reprints in full in the present number Walter Besant's essay on "The Art of Fiction," which is not procurable elsewhere excepting in book form at the cost of seventy-five cents. He believes that the readers of THE WRITER will appreciate the essay enough to overlook the crowding out for this month of the magazine's usual departments. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

FRANKLIN AS JACK OF ALL TRADES. Illustrated. Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

GLIMPSES OF WILD LIFE ABOUT MY CABIN. Illustrated. John Burroughs. *Century* (38 c.) for August

DANIEL WEBSTER. With unpublished manuscripts and some examples of his preparation for public speaking. Second paper. George F. Hoar. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Bournemouth (continued), 1885-1886. Edited by Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

THE VITALITY OF MACAULAY. H. D. Sedgewick, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

HIS BROTHER'S BROTHER (John Holmes). T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

RECENT CANADIAN FICTION. Lawrence J. Burpee. *Forum* (38 c.) for August.

HERBERT SPENCER AT SEVENTY-NINE. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for August.

MENTAL FATIGUE. Professor M. V. O'Shea. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for August.

THE GROWTH OF SHAKESPEARE'S FAME. Eugene Parsons. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for August.

AUGUSTIN DALY AND HIS LIFE-WORK. Illustrated. Gustav Kobbé. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for August.

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION OF TENNYSON. With portrait. Edith M. Nicoll. *Little Folks* (13 c.) for August.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Bliss Perry is to succeed Walter H. Page as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.* Mr. Page will go to New York to take charge of a new magazine to be issued by the Harper-McClure combination.

Elliott's Magazine is a new monthly started in Boston by Sterling Elliott. It will include the *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

The *Southwest Magazine*, published at San Antonio by the Southwest Magazine Company, is a recent addition to Texas literature.

The *Sewanee Review*, edited by Professor W. P. Trent, will hereafter be published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

Sunday Reading (New York) has discontinued publication.

The *Midland Monthly* (St. Louis) has been sold to the publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* and its publication has been discontinued.

To the preacher who sends during the month of August the best true story of heroism, the *New Voice* (New York) will pay $50. This offer will be repeated every month of the present year; and in addition to these prizes, the best story submitted will entitle its writer to a free trip to the Paris exposition and return.

Julian Ralph has written for the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) a series of twelve papers on "The Making of a Journalist." The first will be published in the *Post* for August 12.

Robert Bonner died in New York July 5, aged seventy-five.

Horatio Alger died at Natick, Mass., July 18, aged about sixty-five.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1899. No. 9.

9.17.99

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
DON'TS FOR WRITERS. *Arthur Fosdick.*	129
THE ART OF FICTION. *Henry James.*	130
EDITORIAL.	142
Unnatural Dialogue in Story Writing, 142 — Misspelling not Dialect, 142 — Tolstoi's Trials.	142
THE SCRAP BASKET	142
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.	143
AN OFFER TO POETS.	143
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.	143
NEWS AND NOTES.	144

DON'TS FOR WRITERS.

Don't begin writing until you have thought all around your subject, whatever it may be, and feel sure that you have something original to give out to the world.

Don't quit working on your manuscript until you have made it as nearly perfect in all respects as possible. Never allow a piece of careless work to leave your hands.

Don't undertake a 200,000-word historical novel as your first work. It might be better to try writing for your local paper a report of a church sociable, instead.

Don't try to write poetry. If you can't write poetry without trying, you probably won't be able to write anything more than verse, no matter how hard you try.

Don't write stories that are like other stories that you have read. If you have written something that is like something already printed, you may feel sure that no editor will buy it.

Don't try to write stories at all if it is an effort for you to devise plots or to conceive characters. You never will be successful in story-telling unless you have the story-teller's faculty.

Don't make it an invariable rule to send your manuscript, when it is completed, in the first instance to the *Century*. Give some of the other magazines — and incidentally yourself — a show.

Don't overlook the fact that articles giving information — real information, not a rehash of cyclopedia facts — on subjects of live interest are always in demand. If your experience has been unusual, the world wants to know about it. If your observation has taught you things not generally known, editors will welcome you if you can tell in an interesting way what you have seen.

Don't expect, because Kipling's latest book is in its hundredth thousand, that your new novel will be equally successful. In all probability it won't.

Don't believe all that you hear and read about the great sale of books that are prominently before the public. Sometimes when the press agents say that a book is "in its sixty-fifth thousand," not more than 7,342 copies have actually been sold.

Don't fail to spend a goodly portion of your time each day in judicious reading. Reading both informs and cultivates the mind, and if you are to write successfully, your mind needs to have all the cultivation and information that it can get.

Don't wait for inspiration, if writing is to be your life-work. Inspiration is more likely to come to you when your brain is actively at work than it is to come when you are idle, and in any case the habit of regular work is as valuable to an author as it is to a farmer or a carpenter. Dilettanti have never produced anything noteworthy in literature.

Don't begin a story with a long description of a landscape. Story readers want action, not scenery and sunsets.

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

Don't get discouraged and put your manuscript in a drawer because the first two or three editors who read it do not want it. Keep it going until it is accepted or has been rejected so many times that it is evidently unsalable.

Don't take your manuscripts to editors personally. No editor ever wants to *see* a new contributor.

Don't write to an editor to ask him if he wants a manuscript of a certain kind. He generally cannot tell you whether he does or not, until he sees the manuscript. Everything depends on the way in which the manuscript is written.

Don't expect editors to do your punctuation for you. As a rule, they won't.

Don't try to get along without a typewriter. Unless your handwriting is phenomenally clear, you can't.

Don't think too much about your style. Educate yourself before you begin to write, an-your style will take care of itself.

Don't try to be funny. Unless you are funny without trying, you can never be any thing more than ridiculous.

Don't fasten the sheets of your manuscript together. Paper fasteners and knots of ribbon only bother editors in reading.

Don't try to save paper by cramping your writing into the smallest possible space. Paper is cheaper than the bad-will of editors.

Don't expect to make a good living by writing fiction from the very first. You won't.

Don't write at all, if you can help it. The successful author is the man who writes because his pen will go whether he wants it to or not.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, Mass.

THE ART OF FICTION.*

I should not have affixed so comprehensive a title to these few remarks, necessarily wanting in any completeness, upon a subject the full consideration of which would carry us far, did I not seem to discover a pretext for my temerity in the interesting pamphlet lately published under this name by Mr. Walter Besant. Mr. Besant's lecture at the Royal Institution — the original form of his pamphlet — appears to indicate that many persons are interested in the art of fiction, and are not indifferent to such remarks as those who practice it may attempt to make about it. I am therefore anxious not to lose the benefit of this favorable association, and to edge in a few words under cover of the attention which Mr. Besant is sure to have excited. There is something very encouraging in his having put into form certain of his ideas on the mystery of story-telling.

It is a proof of life and curiosity — curiosity on the part of the brotherhood of novelists, as well as on the part of their readers. Only a short time ago it might have been supposed that the English novel was not what the French call *discutable*. It had no air of having a theory, a conviction, a consciousness of itself behind it — of being the expression of an artistic faith, the result of choice and comparison. I do not say it was necessarily the worse for that; it would take much more courage than I possess to intimate that the form of the novel, as Dickens and Thackeray (for instance) saw it, had any taint of incompleteness. It was, however, *naïf* (if I may help myself out with another French word); and, evidently, if it is destined to suffer in any way for having lost its

* A reply to Walter Besant's essay, published in full in the August WRITER.

naïveté, it has now an idea of making sure of the corresponding advantages. During the period I have alluded to there was a comfortable, good-humored feeling abroad that a novel is a novel, as a pudding is a pudding, and that this was the end of it. But within a year or two, for some reason or other, there have been signs of returning animation—the era of discussion would appear to have been to a certain extent opened. Art lives upon discussion, upon experiment, upon curiosity, upon variety of attempt, upon the exchange of views and the comparison of standpoints; and there is a presumption that those times when no one has anything particular to say about it, and has no reason to give for practice or preference, though they may be times of genius, are not times of development, are times, possibly even, a little of dullness. The successful application of any art is a delightful spectacle, but the theory, too, is interesting; and though there is a great deal of the latter without the former, I suspect there has never been a genuine success that has not had a latent core of conviction. Discussion, suggestion, formulation, these things are fertilizing when they are frank and sincere. Mr. Besant has set an excellent example in saying what he thinks, for his part, about the way in which fiction should be written, as well as about the way in which it should be published; for his view of the "art," carried on into an appendix, covers that too. Other laborers in the same field will doubtless take up the argument, they will give it the light of their experience, and the effect will surely be to make our interest in the novel a little more what it had for some time threatened to fail to be — a serious, active, inquiring, interest, under protection of which this delightful study may, in moments of confidence, venture to say a little more what it thinks of itself.

It must take itself seriously for the public to take it so. The old superstition about fiction being "wicked" has doubtless died out in England; but the spirit of it lingers in a certain oblique regard directed toward any story which does not more or less admit that it is only a joke. Even the most jocular novel feels in some degree the weight of the proscription that was formerly directed against literary levity; the jocularity does not always succeed in passing for gravity. It is still expected, though perhaps people are ashamed to say it, that a production which is after all only a "make believe" (for what else is a "story"?) shall be in some degree apologetic — shall renounce the pretension of attempting really to compete with life. This, of course, any sensible wide-awake story declines to do; for it quickly perceives that the tolerance granted to it on such a condition is only an attempt to stifle it, disguised in the form of generosity. The old Evangelical hostility to the novel, which was as explicit as it was narrow, and which regarded it as little less favorable to our immortal part than a stage-play, was in reality far less insulting. The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it *does* compete with life. When it ceases to compete as the canvas of the painter competes, it will have arrived at a very strange pass. It is not expected of the picture that it will make itself humble in order to be forgiven; and the analogy between the art of the painter and the art of the novelist is, so far as I am able to see, complete. Their inspiration is the same, their process (allowing for the different quality of the vehicle) is the same, their success is the same. They may learn from each other, they may explain and sustain each other. Their cause is the same, and the honor of one is the honor of another. Peculiarities of manner, of execution, that correspond on either side, exist in each of them and contribute to their development. The Mahometans think a picture an unholy thing, but it is a long time since any Christian did, and it is therefore the more odd that in the Christian mind the traces (dissimulated though they may be) of a suspicion of the sister art should linger to this day. The only effectual way to lay it to rest is to emphasize the analogy to which I just alluded — to insist on the fact that, as the picture is reality, so the novel is history. That is the only general description (which does it justice) that we may give of the novel. But history also is allowed to compete with life, as I say; it is not, any more than painting, expected to apologize. The subject-matter of fiction is stored up likewise in

documents and records, and if it will not give itself away, as they say in California, it must speak with assurance, with the tone of the historian. Certain accomplished novelists have a habit of giving themselves away which must often bring tears to the eyes of people who take their fiction seriously. I was lately struck, in reading over many pages of Anthony Trollope, with his want of discretion in this particular. In a digression, a parenthesis or an aside, he concedes to the reader that he and this trusting friend are only "making believe." He admits that the events he narrates have not really happened, and that he can give his narrative any turn the reader may like best. Such a betrayal of a sacred office seems to me, I confess, a terrible crime ; it is what I mean by the attitude of apology, and it shocks me every whit as much in Trollope as it would have shocked me in Gibbon or Macaulay. It implies that the novelist is less occupied in looking for the truth than the historian, and in doing so it deprives him at a stroke of all his standing-room. To represent and illustrate the past, the actions of men, is the task of either writer, and the only difference that I can see is, in proportion as he succeeds, to the honor of the novelist, consisting as it does in his having more difficulty in collecting his evidence, which is so far from being purely literary. It seems to me to give him a great character, the fact that he has at once so much in common with the philosopher and the painter; this double analogy is a magnificent heritage.

It is of all this evidently that Mr. Besant is full when he insists upon the fact that fiction is one of the *fine* arts, deserving in its turn of all the honors and emoluments that have hitherto been reserved for the successful profession of music, poetry, painting, architecture. It is impossible to insist too much on so important a truth, and the place that Mr. Besant demands for the work of the novelist may be represented, a trifle less abstractly, by saying that he demands not only that it shall be reputed artistic, but that it shall be reputed very artistic indeed. It is excellent that he should have struck this note, for his doing so indicates that there was need of it, that his proposition may be to many people a novelty. One rubs one's eyes at the thought; but the rest of Mr. Besant's essay confirms the revelation. I suspect, in truth, that it would be possible to confirm it still further, and that one would not be far wrong in saying that in addition to the people to whom it has never occurred that a novel ought to be artistic, there are a great many others who, if this principle were urged upon them, would be filled with an indefinable mistrust. They would find it difficult to explain their repugnance, but it would operate strongly to put them on their guard. "Art," in our Protestant communities, where so many things have got so strangely twisted about, is supposed, in certain circles, to have some vaguely injurious effect upon those who make it an important consideration, who let it weigh in the balance. It is assumed to be opposed in some mysterious manner to morality, to amusement, to instruction. When it is embodied in the work of the painter (the sculptor is another affair!) you know what it is; it stands there before you, in the honesty of pink and green and a gilt frame; you can see the worst of it at a glance, and you can be on your guard. But when it is introduced into literature it becomes more insidious — there is danger of its hurting you before you know it. Literature should be either instructive or amusing, and there is in many minds an impression that these artistic pre-occupations, the search for form, contribute to neither end, interfere, indeed, with both. They are too frivolous to be edifying, and too serious to be diverting; and they are, moreover, priggish and paradoxical and superfluous. That, I think, represents the manner in which the latent thought of many people who read novels as an exercise in skipping would explain itself if it were to become articulate. They would argue, of course, that a novel ought to be "good," but they would interpret this term in a fashion of their own, which, indeed, would vary considerably from one critic to another. One would say that being good means representing virtuous and aspiring characters, placed in prominent positions; another would say that it depends for a "happy ending" on a distribution at the last of prizes, pensions, husbands, wives, babies, millions, appended paragraphs,

and cheerful remarks. Another still would say that it means being full of incident and movement, so that we shall wish to jump ahead, to see who was the mysterious stranger, and if the stolen will was ever found, and shall not be distracted from this pleasure by any tiresome analysis or "description." But they would all agree that the "artistic" idea would spoil some of their fun. One would hold it accountable for all the description, another would see it revealed in the absence of sympathy. Its hostility to a happy ending would be evident, and it might even, in some cases render any ending at all impossible. The "ending" of a novel is, for many persons, like that of a good dinner, a course of dessert and ices, and the artist in fiction is regarded as a sort of meddlesome doctor who forbids agreeable aftertastes. It is therefore true that this conception of Mr. Besant's, of the novel as a superior form, encounters not only a negative but a positive indifference. It matters little that, as a work of art, it should really be as little or as much concerned to supply happy endings, sympathetic characters, and an objective tone, as if it were a work of mechanics the association of ideas, however incongruous, might easily be too much for it if an eloquent voice were not sometimes raised to call attention to the fact that it is at once as free and as serious a branch of literature as any other.

Certainly, this might sometimes be doubted in presence of the enormous number of works of fiction that appeal to the credulity of our generation, for it might easily seem that there could be no great substance in a commodity so quickly and easily produced. It must be admitted that good novels are somewhat compromised by bad ones, and that the field at large suffers discredit from overcrowding. I think, however, that this injury is only superficial, and that the superabundance of written fiction proves nothing against the principle itself. It has been vulgarized, like all other kinds of literature, like everything else to-day, and it has proved more than some kinds accessible to vulgarization. But there is as much difference as there ever was between a good novel and a bad one; the bad is swept, with all the daubed canvases and spoiled marble into some unvisited limbo or infinite rubbish yard, beneath the back-windows of the world, and the good subsists and emits its light and stimulates our desire for perfection. As I shall take the liberty of making but a single criticism of Mr. Besant, whose tone is so full of the love of his art, I may as well have done with it at once. He seems to me to mistake in attempting to say so definitely beforehand what sort of an affair the good novel will be. To indicate the danger of such an error as that has been the purpose of these few pages; to suggest that certain traditions on the subject, applied *a priori*, have already had much to answer for, and that the good health of an art which undertakes so immediately to reproduce life must demand that it be perfectly free. It lives upon exercise, and the very meaning of exercise is freedom. The only obligation to which in advance we may hold a novel, without incurring the accusation of being arbitrary, is that it be interesting. That general responsibility rests upon it, but it is the only one I can think of. The ways in which it is at liberty to accomplish this result (of interesting us) strike me as innumerable and such as can only suffer from being marked out, or fenced in, by prescription. They are as various as the temperament of man, and they are successful in proportion as they reveal a particular mind, different from others. A novel is, in its broadest definition, a personal impression of life; that, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression. But there will be no intensity at all, and therefore no value, unless there is freedom to feel and say. The tracing of a line to be followed, of a tone to be taken, of a form to be filled out, is a limitation of that freedom and a suppression of the very thing that we are most curious about. The form, it seems to me, is to be appreciated after the fact; then the author's choice has been made, his standard has been indicated; then we can follow lines and directions and compare tones. Then, in a word, we can enjoy one of the most charming of pleasures, we can estimate quality, we can apply the test of execution. The execution belongs to the author alone; it is what is most personal to him, and we measure him by that

The advantage, the luxury, as well as the torment and responsibility, of the novelist is that there is no limit to what he may attempt as an executant — no limit to his possible experiments, efforts, discoveries, successes. Here it is especially that he works, step by step, like his brother of the brush, of whom we may always say that he has painted his picture in a manner best known to himself. His manner is his secret, not necessarily a deliberate one. He cannot disclose it, as a general thing, if he would; he would be at a loss to teach it to others. I say this with a due recollection of having insisted on the community of method of the artist who paints a picture and the artis- who writes a novel. The painter *is* able to teach the rudiments of his practice, and it is possible, from the study of good work (granted the aptitude), both to learn how to paint and to learn how to write. Yet it remains true, without injury to the *rapprochement*, that the literary artist would be obliged to say to his pupil much more than the other, "Ah, well, you must do it as you can!" It is a question of degree, a matter of delicacy. If there are exact sciences, there are also exact arts, and the grammar of painting is so much more definite that it makes the difference.

I ought to add, however, that if Mr. Besant says at the beginning of his essay that the "laws of fiction may be laid down and taught with as much precision and exactness as the laws of harmony, perspective, and proportion," he mitigates what might appear to be an overstatement by applying his remark to "general" laws, and by expressing most of these rules in a manner with which it would certainly be unaccommodating to disagree. That the novelist must write from his experience, that his "characters must be real and such as might be met with in actual life"; that "a young lady brought up in a quiet country village should avoid descriptions of garrison life," and "a writer whose friends and personal experiences belong to the lower middle-class should carefully avoid introducing his characters into Society": that one should enter one's notes in a commonplace book: that one's figures should be clear in outline; that making them clear by some trick of speech or of carriage is a bad method, and "describing them at length" is a worse one; that English Fiction should have a "conscious moral purpose"; that "it is almost impossible to estimate too highly the value of careful workmanship — that is, of style"; that "the most important point of all is the story"; that "the story is everything," — these are principles with most of which it is surely impossible not to sympathize. That remark about the lower middle-class writer and his knowing his place is perhaps rather chilling; but for the rest, I should find it difficult to dissent from any one of these recommendations. At the same time, I should find it difficult positively to assent to them, with the exception, perhaps, of the injunction as to entering one's notes in a commonplace book. They scarcely seem to me to have the quality that Mr. Besant attributes to the rules of the novelist — the "precision and exactness" of "the laws of harmony, perspective, and proportion." They are suggestive, they are even inspiring, but they are not exact, though they are doubtless as much so as the case admits of; which is a proof of that liberty of interpretation for which I just contended. For the value of these different injunctions — so beautiful and so vague — is wholly in the meaning one attaches to them. The characters, the situation, which strike one as real will be those that touch and nterest one most, but the measure of reality is very difficult to fix. The reality of Don Quixote or Mr. Micawber is a very delicate shade; it is a reality so colored by the author's vision that, vivid as it may be, one would hesitate to propose it as a model; one would expose one's self to some very embarrassing questions on the part of a pupil. It goes without saying that you will not write a good novel unless you possess the sense of reality; but it will be difficult to give you a recipe for calling that sense into being. Humanity is immense, and reality has a myriad forms; the most one can affirm is that some of the flowers of fiction have the odor of it, and others have not; as for telling you in advance how your nosegay should be composed, that is another affair. It is equally excellent and inconclusive to say that one must write from experience; to our supposititious aspirant such a declaration might savor of

mockery. What kind of experience is intended, and where does it begin and end? Experience is never limited, and it is never complete; it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider-web, of the finest silken threads, suspended in the chamber of consciousness and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue. It is the very atmosphere of the mind; and when the mind is imaginative — much more when it happens to be that of a man of genius — it takes to itself the faintest hints of life, it converts the very pulses of the air into revelations. The young lady living in a village has only to be a damsel upon whom nothing is lost to make it quite unfair (as it seems to me) to declare to her that she shall have nothing to say about the military. Greater miracles have been seen than that, imagination assisting, she should speak the truth about some of these gentlemen. I remember an English novelist, a woman of genius, telling me that she was much commended for the impression she had managed to give in one of her tales of the nature and way of life of the French Protestant youth. She had been asked where she learned so much about this recondite being, she had been congratulated on her peculiar opportunities. These opportunities consisted in her having once, in Paris, as she ascended a staircase, passed an open door where, in the house hold of a *pasteur*, some of the young Protestants were seated at table round a finished meal. The glimpse made a picture; it lasted only a moment, but that moment was experience. She had got her impression, and she evolved her type. She knew what youth was, and what Protestantism; she also had the advantage of having seen what it was to be French; so that she converted these ideas into a concrete image, and produced a reality. Above all, however, she was blessed with the faculty which when you give it an inch takes an ell, and which for the artist is a much greater source of strength than any accident of residence or of place in the social scale. The power to guess the unseen from the seen, to trace the implication of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling life, in general, so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it — this cluster of gifts may almost be said to constitute experience, and they occur in country and in town, and in the most differing stages of education. If experience consists of impressions, it may be said that impressions *are* experience, just as (have we not seen it?) they are the very air we breathe. Therefore, if I should certainly say to a novice: "Write from experience, and experience only," I should feel that this was a rather tantalizing monition if I were not careful immediately to add: "Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost!"

I am far from intending by this to minimize the importance of exactness — of truth of detail. One can speak best from one's own taste, and I may therefore venture to say that the air of reality (solidity of specification) seems to me to be the supreme virtue of a novel — the merit on which all its other merits (including that conscious moral purpose of which Mr. Besant speaks) helplessly and submissively depend. If it be not there, they are all as nothing, and if these be there, they owe their effect to the success with which the author has produced the illusion of life. The cultivation of this success, the study of this exquisite process, form, to my taste, the beginning and the end of the art of the novelist. They are his inspiration, his despair, his reward, his torment, his delight. It is here, in very truth, that he competes with life; it is here that he competes with his brother, the painter, in *his* attempt to render the look of things, the look that conveys their meaning, to catch the color, the relief, the expression, the surface, the substance of the human spectacle. It is in regard to this that Mr. Besant is well inspired when he bids him take notes. He cannot possibly take too many, he cannot possibly take enough. All life solicits him, and to "render" the simplest surface, to produce the most momentary illusion, is a very complicated business. His case would be easier, and the rule would be more exact, if Mr. Besant had been able to tell him what notes to take. But this I fear he can never learn in any hand-book; it is the business of his life. He has to take a great many in order to select a few, he has to work them up as he can, and even the guides and philosophers who might have most to say to him must leave him alone

when it comes to the application of precepts, as we leave the painter in communion with his palette. That his characters "must be clear in outline," as Mr. Besant says — he feels that down to his boots; but how he shall make them so is a secret between his good angel and himself. It would be absurdly simple if he could be taught that a great deal of "description" would make them so, or that, on the contrary, the absence of description and the cultivation of dialogue, or the absence of dialogue and the multiplication of "incident," would rescue him from his difficulties. Nothing, for instance, is more possible than that he be of a turn of mind for which this odd, literal opposition of description and dialogue, incident and description, has little meaning and light People often talk of these things as if they had a kind of internecine distinctness, instead of melting into each other at every breath, and being intimately associated parts of one general effort of expression. I cannot imagine composition existing in a series of blocks, nor conceive, in any novel worth discussing at all, of a passage of description that is not in its intention narrative, a passage of dialogue that is not in its intention descriptive, a touch of truth of any sort that does not partake of the nature of incident, and an incident that derives its interest from any other source than the general and only source of the success of a work of art, — that of being illustrative. A novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like every other organism, and in proportion as it lives will it be found, I think, that in each of the parts there is something of each of the other parts. The critic who over the close texture of a finished work will pretend to trace a geography of items will mark some frontiers as artificial, I fear, as any that have been known to history. There is an old fashioned distinction between the novel of character and the novel of incident, which must have cost many a smile to the intending romancer who was keen about his work. It appears to me as little to the point as the equally celebrated distinction between the novel and the romance — to answer as little to any reality. There are bad novels and good novels, as there are bad pictures and good pictures; but that is the only distinction in which I see any meaning, and I can as little imagine speaking of a novel of character as I can imagine speaking of a picture of character. When one says picture, one says of character; when one says novel, one says of incident; and the terms may be transposed. What is character but the determination of incident? What is incident but the illustration of character? What is a picture or a novel that is *not* of character? What else do we seek in it and find in it? It is an incident for a woman to stand up with her hand resting on a table and look out at you in a certain way; or, if it be not an incident, I think it will be hard to say what it is. At the same time it is an expression of character. If you say you don't see it (character in *that — allons donc!*), this is exactly what the artist, who has reasons of his own for thinking he *does* see it, undertakes to show you. When a young man makes up his mind that he has not faith enough, after all, to enter the church, as he intended, that is an incident, though you may not hurry to the end of the chapter to see whether, perhaps, he does n't change once more. I do not say that these are extraordinary or startling incidents. I do not pretend to estimate the degree of interest proceeding from them, for this will depend upon the skill of the painter. It sounds almost puerile to say that some incidents are intrinsically much more important than others, and I need not take this precaution, after having professed my sympathy for the major ones, in remarking that the only classification of the novel that I can understand is into the interesting and the uninteresting.

The novel and the romance, the novel of incident and that of character, — these separations appear to me to have been made by critics and readers for their own convenience, and to help them out of some of their difficulties, but to have little reality or interest for the producer, from whose point of view it is, of course, that we are attempting to consider the art of fiction. The case is the same with another shadowy category, which Mr. Besant apparently is disposed to set up, — that of the "modern English novel"; unless, indeed, it be that in this matter he has fallen into an accidental confusion of standpoints. It is not quite clear whether he intends the remarks in which he

alludes to it to be didactic or historical. It is as difficult to suppose a person intending to write a modern English novel as to suppose him writing an ancient English novel; that is a label which begs the question. One writes the novel, one paints the picture of one's language and of one's time, and calling it modern English will not, alas! make the difficult task any easier. No more, unfortunately, will calling this or that work of one's fellow-artist a romance, — unless it be, of course, simply for the pleasantness of the thing, as, for instance, when Hawthorne gave this heading to his story of Blithedale. The French, who have brought the theory of fiction to remarkable complete ness, have but one word for the novel, and have not attempted smaller things in it, that I can see, for that. I can think of no obligation to which the "romancer" would not be held equally with the novelist; the standard of execution is equally high for each. Of course it is of execution that we are talking,— that being the only point of a novel that is open to contention. This is, perhaps, too often lost sight of, only to produce interminable confusions and cross-purposes. We must grant the artist his subject, his idea, what the French call his *donnée;* our criticism is applied only to what he makes of it. Naturally, I do not mean that we are bound to like it or find it interesting; in case we do not, our course is perfectly simple, to let it alone. We may believe that of a certain idea even the most sincere novelist can make nothing at all, and the event may perfectly justify our belief; but the failure will have been a failure to execute, and it is in the execution that the fatal weakness is recorded. If we pretend to respect the artist at all, we must allow him his freedem of choice, in the face, in particular cases, of innumerable presumptions that the choice will not fructify. Art derives a considerable part of its beneficial exercise from flying in the face of presumptions, and some of the most interesting experiments of which it is capable are hidden in the bosom of common things. Gustave Flaubert has written a story about the devotion of a servant-girl to a parrot, and the production, highly finished as it is, cannot on the whole be called a success. We are perfectly free to find it flat, but I think it might have been interesting; and I, for my part, am extremely glad he should have written it. It is a contribution to our knowledge of what can be done — or what cannot. Ivan Turgénieff has written a tale about a deaf and dumb serf and a lap-dog, and the thing is touching, loving, a little masterpiece. He struck the note of life where Gustave Flaubert missed it; he flew in the face of a presumption and achieved a victory.

Nothing, of course, will ever take the place of the good old fashion of "liking" a work of art or not liking it; the more improved criticism will not abolish that primitive, that ultimate, test. I mention this to guard myself from the accusation of intimating that the idea, the subject, of a novel or a picture does not matter. It matters, to my sense, in the highest degree, and if I might put up a prayer, it would be that artists should select none but the richest. Some, as I have already hastened to admit, are much more substantial than others, and it would be a happily arranged world in which persons intending to treat them should be ex empt from confusions and mistakes. This fortunate condition will arrive only, I fear, on the same day that critics become purged from error. Meanwhile, I repeat, we do not judge the artist with fairness unless we say to him: "Oh, I grant you your starting-point, because if I did not I should seem to prescribe to you, and heaven forbid I should take that responsibility. If I pretend to tell you what you must not take, you will call upon me to tell you then what you must take; in which case I shall be nicely caught! Moreover, it is n't till I have accepted your data that I can begin to measure you. I have the standard; I judge you by what you propose, and you must look out for me there. Of course I may not care for your idea at all; I may think it silly, or stale, or unclean; in which case I wash my hands of you altogether. I may content myself with believing that you will not have succeeded in being interesting, but I shall, of course, not attempt to demonstrate it, and you will be as indifferent to me as I am to you. I need n't remind you that there are all sorts of tastes; who can know it better? Some people, for excellent reasons, don't like to read about carpenters;

others, for reasons even better, don't like to read about courtesans. Many object to Americans. Others (I believe they are mainly editors and publishers) won't look at Italians. Some readers don't like quiet subjects; others don't like bustling ones. Some enjoy a complete illusion; others revel in a complete deception. They choose their novels accordingly, and if they don't care about your idea, they won't, *a fortiori*, care about your treatment."

So that it comes back very quickly, as I have said, to the liking; in spite of M. Zola, who reasons less powerfully than he represents, and who will not reconcile himself to this absoluteness of taste, thinking that there are certain things that people ought to like, and that they can be made to like. I am quite at a loss to imagine anything (at any rate in this matter of fiction) that people *ought* to like or to dislike. Selection will be sure to take care of itself, for it has a constant motive behind it. That motive is simply experience. As people feel life, so they will feel the art that is most closely related to it. This closeness of relation is what we should never forget in talking of the effort of the novel. Many people speak of it as a factitious, artificial form, a product of ingenuity, the business of which is to alter and arrange the things that surround us, to translate them into conventional, traditional moulds. This, however, is a view of the matter which carries us but a very short way, condemns the art to an eternal repetition of a few familiar *clichés*, cuts short its development, and leads us straight up to a dead wall. Catching the very note and trick, the strange irregular rhythm of life, that is the attempt whose strenuous force keeps Fiction upon her feet. In proportion as in what she offers us we see life *without* rearrangement do we feel that we are touching the truth; in proportion as we see it *with* rearrangement do we feel that we are being put off with a substitute, a compromise and convention. It is not uncommon to hear an extraordinary assurance of remark in regard to this matter of rearranging, which is often spoken of as if it were the last word of art. Mr. Besant seems to me in danger of falling into this great error with his rather unguarded talk about "selection." Art is essentially selection, but it is a selection whose main care is to be typical, to be inclusive. For many people art means rose-colored windows, and selection means picking a bouquet for Mrs. Grundy. They will tell you glibly that artistic considerations have nothing to do with the disagreeable, with the ugly: they will rattle off shallow commonplaces about the province of art and the limits of art, till you are moved to some wonder in return as to the province and the limits of ignorance. It appears to me that no one can ever have made a seriously artistic attempt without becoming conscious of an immense increase — a kind of revelation — of freedom. One perceives, in that case, — by the light of a heavenly ray,— that the province of art is all life, all feeling, all observation, all vision. As Mr. Besant so justly intimates, it is all experience. That is a sufficient answer to those who maintain that it must not touch the painful, who stick into its divine unconscious bosom little prohibitory inscriptions on the end of sticks, such as we see in public gardens — "It is forbidden to walk on the grass; it is forbidden to touch the flowers; it is not allowed to introduce dogs, or to remain after dark; it is requested to keep to the right." The young aspirant in the line of fiction, whom we continue to imagine, will do nothing without taste, for in that case his freedom would be of little use to him; but the first advantage of his taste will be to reveal to him the absurdity of the little sticks and tickets. If he have taste, I must add, of course he will have ingenuity, and my disrespectful reference to that quality just now was not meant to imply that it is useless in fiction. But it is only a secondary aid; the first is a vivid sense of reality.

Mr. Besant has some remarks on the question of "the story," which I shall not attempt to criticise, though they seem to me to contain a singular ambiguity, because I do not think I understand them. I cannot see what is meant by talking as if there were a part of a novel which is the story and part of it which for mystical reasons is not — unless indeed the distinction be made in a sense in which it is difficult to suppose that any one should attempt to convey anything. "The story," if it rep-

resents anything, represents the subject, the idea, the data of the novel; and there is surely no "school" — Mr. Besant speaks of a school — which urges that a novel should be all treatment and no subject. There must assuredly be something to treat; every school is intimately conscious of that. This sense of the story being the idea, the starting-point, of the novel, is the only one that I see in which it can be spoken of as something different from its organic whole; and since, in proportion as the work is successful, the idea permeates and penetrates it, informs and animates it, so that every word and every punctuation-point contribute directly to the expression, in that proportion do we lose our sense of the story being a blade which may be drawn more or less out of its sheath. The story and the novel, the idea and the form, are the needle and thread, and I never heard of a guild of tailors who recommended the use of the thread without the needle or the needle without the thread. Mr. Besant is not the only critic who may be observed to have spoken as if there were certain things in life which constitute stories and certain others which do not. I find the same odd implication in an entertaining article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, devoted, as it happens, to Mr. Besant's lecture. "The story is the thing!" says this graceful writer, as if with a tone of opposition to another idea. I should think it was, as every painter who, as the time for "sending in" his picture looms in the distance, finds himself still in quest of a subject — as every belated artist, not fixed about his *donnée*, will heartily agree. There are some subjects which speak to us, and others which do not, but he would be a clever man who should undertake to give a rule by which the story and the no-story should be known apart. It is impossible (to me at least) to imagine any such rule which shall not be altogether arbitrary. The writer in the *Pall Mall* opposes the delightful (as I suppose) novel of "Margot la Balafrée" to certain tales in which "Bostonian nymphs" appear to have "rejected English dukes for psychological reasons." I am not acquainted with the romance just designated, and can scarcely forgive the *Pall Mall* critic for not mentioning the name of the author; but the title appears to refer to a lady who may have received a scar in some heroic adventure. I am inconsolable at not being acquainted with this episode, but am utterly at a loss to see why it is a story when the rejection (or acceptance) of a duke is not, and why a reason, psychological or other, is not a subject when a cicatrix is. They are all particles of the multitudinous life with which the novel deals, and surely no dogma which pretends to make it lawful to touch the one and unlawful to touch the other will stand for a moment on its feet. It is the special picture that must stand or fall, according as it seems to possess truth or to lack it. Mr. Besant does not, to my sense, light up the subject by intimating that a story must, under penalty of not being a story, consist of "adventures." Why of adventures more than of green spectacles? He mentions a category of impossible things, and among them he places "fiction without adventure." Why without adventure more than without matrimony, or celibacy, or parturition, or cholera, or hydropathy, or Jansenism? This seems to me to bring the novel back to the hapless little *rôle* of being an artificial, ingenious thing — bring it down from its large, free character of an immense and exquisite correspondence with life. And what *is* adventure, when it comes to that, and by what sign is the listening pupil to recognize it? It is an adventure — an immense one — for me to write this little article; and for a Bostonian nymph to reject an English duke is an adventure only less stirring, I should say, than for an English duke to be rejected by a Bostonian nymph. I see dramas within dramas in that, and innumerable points of view. A psychological reason is, to my imagination, an object adorably pictorial; to catch the tint of its complexion — I feel as if that idea might inspire one to Titianesque efforts. There are few things more exciting to me, in short, than a psychological reason, and yet, I protest, the novel seems to me the most magnificent form of art. I have just been reading, at the same time, the delightful story of "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the last tale from Edmond de Goncourt, which is entitled "Chérie." One of these works treats of murders, mysteries,

islands of dreadful renown, hairbreadth escapes, miraculous coincidences, and buried doubloons. The other treats of a little French girl who lived in a fine house in Paris and died of wounded sensibility because no one would marry her. I call "Treasure Island" delightful, because it appears to me to have succeeded wonderfully in what it attempts; and I venture to bestow no epithet upon "Chérie," which strikes me as having failed in what it attempts — that is, in tracing the development of the moral consciousness of a child. But one of these productions strikes me as exactly as much of a novel as the other, and as having a "story" quite as much. The moral consciousness of a child is as much a part of life as the islands of the Spanish Main, and the one sort of geography seems to me to have those "surprises" of which Mr. Besant speaks quite as much as the other. For myself (since it comes back in the last resort, as I say, to the preference of the individual), the picture of the child's experience has the advantage that I can at successive steps (an immense luxury, near to the "sensual pleasure" of which Mr. Besant's critic in the *Pall Mall* speaks) say Yes or No, as it may be, to what the artist puts before me. I have been a child, but I have never been on a quest for a buried treasure, and it is a simple accident that with M. de Goncourt I should have for the most part to say No. With George Eliot, when she painted that country, I always said Yes.

The most interesting part of Mr. Besant's lecture is unfortunately the briefest passage — his very cursory allusion to the "conscious moral purpose" of the novel. Here again it is not very clear whether he is recording a fact or laying down a principle; it is a great pity that in the latter case he should not have developed his idea. This branch of the subject is of immense importance, and Mr. Besant's few words point to considerations of the wides reach, not to be lightly disposed of. He will have treated the art of fiction but superficially who is not prepared to go every inch of the way that these considerations will carry him. It is for this reason that at the beginning of these remarks I was careful to notify the reader that *my reflections on so large a theme* have no pretension to be exhaustive. Like Mr. Besant, I have left the question of the morality of the novel till the last, and at the last I find I have used up my space. It is a question surrounded with difficulties, as witness the very first that meets us, in the form of a definite question, on the threshold. Vagueness, in such a discussion, is fatal, and what is the meaning of your morality and your conscious moral purpose? Will you not define your terms and explain how (a novel being a picture) a picture can be either moral or immoral? You wish to paint a moral picture or carve a moral statue; will you not tell us how you would set about it? We are discussing the Art of Fiction; questions of art are questions (in the widest sense) of execution; questions of morality are quite another affair, and will you not let us see how it is that you find it so easy to mix them up? These things are so clear to Mr. Besant that he has deduced from them a law which he sees embodied in English Fiction and which is "a truly admirable thing and a great cause for congratulation." It is a great cause for congratulation, indeed, when such thorny problems become as smooth as silk. I may add that, in so far as Mr. Besant perceives that in point of fact English Fiction has addressed itself preponderantly to these delicate questions, he will appear to many people to have made a vain discovery. They will have been positively struck, on the contrary, with the moral timidity of the usual English novelist; with his (or with her) aversion to face the difficulties with which, on every side, the treatment of reality bristles. He is apt to be extremely shy (whereas the picture that Mr. Besant draws is a picture of boldness), and the sign of his work, for the most part, is a cautious silence on certain subjects. In the English novel (by which I mean the American as well), more than in any other, there is a traditional difference between that which people know and that which they agree to admit that they know, that which they see and that which they speak of, that which they feel to be a part of life and that which they allow to enter into literature. There is the great difference, in short, between what they talk of in conversation, and what they talk of in print. The essence of moral

energy is to survey the whole field, and I should directly reverse Mr. Besant's remark, and say, not that the English novel has a purpose, but that it has a diffidence. To what degree a purpose in a work of art is a source of corruption I shall not attempt to inquire; the one that seems to me least dangerous is the purpose of making a perfect work. As for our novel, I may say, lastly, on this score, that, as we find it in England to-day, it strikes me as addressed in a large degree to "young people," and that this in itself constitutes a presumption that it will be rather shy. There are certain things which it is generally agreed not to discuss, not even to mention, before young people. That is very well, but the absence of discussion is not a symptom of the moral passion. The purpose of the English novel — "a truly admirable thing, and a great cause for congratulation" — strikes me, therefore, as rather negative.

There is one point at which the moral sense and the artistic sense lie very near together; that is, in the light of the very obvious truth that the deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of the mind of the producer. In proportion as that mind is rich and noble, will the novel, the picture, the statue, partake of the substance of beauty and truth. To be constituted of such elements is, to my vision, to have purpose enough. No good novel will ever proceed from a superficial mind; that seems to me an axiom which, for the artist in fiction, will cover all needful moral ground; if the youthful aspirant take it to heart, it will illuminate for him many of the mysteries of "purpose." There are many other useful things that might be said to him, but I have come to the end of my article, and can only touch them as I pass. The critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whom I have already quoted, draws attention to the danger, in speaking of the art of fiction, of generalizing. The danger that he has in mind is rather, I imagine, that of particularizing; for there are some comprehensive remarks which, in addition to those embodied in Mr. Besant's suggestive lecture might, without fear of misleading him, be addressed to the ingenuous student. I should remind him first of the magnificence of the form that is open to him, which offers to sight so few restrictions and such innumerable opportunities. The other arts, in comparison, appear confined and hampered; the various conditions under which they are exercised are so rigid and definite. But the only condition that I can think of attaching to the composition of the novel is, as I have already said, that it be interesting. This freedom is a splendid privilege, and the first lesson of the young novelist is to learn to be worthy of it. "Enjoy it as it deserves," I should say to him; "take possession of it, explore it to its utmost extent, reveal it, rejoice in it. All life belongs to you, and don't listen either to those who would shut you up into corners of it and tell you that it is only here and there that art inhabits, or to those who would persuade you that this heavenly messenger wings her way outside of life altogether, breathing a superfine air and turning away her head from the truth of things. There is no impression of life, no manner of seeing it and feeling it, to which the plan of the novelist may not offer a place; you have only to remember that talents so dissimilar as those of Alexandre Dumas and Jane Austen, Charles Dickens and Gustave Flaubert, have worked in this field with equal glory. Don't think too much about optimism and pessimism; try to catch the color of life itself. In France to day we see a prodigious effort (that of Emile Zola, to whose solid and serious work no explorer of the capacity of the novel can allude without respect), we see an extraordinary effort, vitiated by a spirit of pessimism on a narrow basis. M. Zola is magnificent, but he strikes an English reader as ignorant; he has an air of working in the dark; if he had as much light as energy, his results would be of the highest value. As for the aberrations of a shallow optimism, the ground (of English fiction especially) is strewn with their brittle particles as with broken glass. If you must indulge in conclusions, let them have the taste of a wide knowledge. Remember that your first duty is to be as complete as possible — to make as perfect a work. Be generous and delicate, and then, in the vulgar phrase, "Go in!"

Henry James.

LONDON, England.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. SEPTEMBER, 1899. NO. 9.

Story writers should take especial care that the speeches they put into the mouths of their characters are easy, colloquial, and natural. People in stories cannot be made to talk exactly like people in real life, perhaps, but they should not be made to say things that in life would be impossible. Here is an extract from a story that was published lately: —

> Going to the designated apartment, she saw the agent, who, rising from his seat, said: —
>
> "Good evening, Miss King. I am sorry to disturb you, and I hope you will excuse me for so doing when you know my reason for calling upon you."
>
> "I have no doubt that I shall," she smilingly responded.
>
> "I have understood that you are an excellent telegrapher."
>
> "I hardly think that I deserve to be thus denominated; but when I was teaching I devoted my spare moments to the art, became greatly interested in it and a fair operator."

The agent's speech in addressing Miss King is stilted and unnatural, and her reply to his suggestion that she is an expert telegrapher is such as no human being would ever make. A girl — in a story — might properly say something like this: —

> "Hardly that, I think; but I did study telegraphy when I was teaching, and I am a fair operator."

The quickest way to detect absurdities in dialogue is to read it aloud after it is written, speaking each sentence as it would be spoken in real life by the character to whom it is assigned. Writers should remember that most conversation is colloquial. In writing dialogue short sentences and ordinary words should generally be used, and periodic construction and high-flown language should be carefully avoided.

* * *

That misspelling is not dialect is something that writers frequently forget. The author of some child rhymes in the *Chicago Record* makes a little girl say "going" in this outlandish way: "Doughin' down to Sadie's house," which leads the *Brooklyn Eagle* to remark: "The man who wrote this would spell 'though' 'tho' and think he was writing dialect."

* * *

Tolstoi is having a hard time in getting his latest story before the world. His agents complain that the *Cosmopolitan* has made a travesty of the novel by its unauthorized changes; that the English periodical also publishing it has omitted important parts; that its publication in Russia is absolutely prohibited for political reasons, and that nowhere has the story been printed as Tolstoi wrote it. Perhaps it is just as well.

W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Ten years ago I knew only one writer who gave out "Pigeon English" of this sort: "I shall be home to-morrow," "The child stayed home from school." I note — but with no less dislike — an increasing tendency to omit the preposition. Mary E. Wilkins in a story, "The Tree of Knowledge" (August *Harper's*), says: "She always hid the letter in the depths of her pocket and never by any chance read it until she was home, and sometimes not until she

went to bed." To keep the unity of the sentence, should it not read: "And sometimes not until she was bed"? If "I was home Monday" is good style, then, "I was church Sunday" is the same. L. S. G.

BOSTON, Mass.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Alger retires on August 1. — *New York Sun headline July 21.*	Alger will retire August 1.
One woman suicides, another attempts it. — *Boston Post headline.*	One woman commits suicide, another tries to.
Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has applied for space for an individual exhibit at the Paris exhibition. He will display his novels in every edition and every translation that has been printed, and he has written over 300 books. — *New York Sun.*	Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has applied for space for an individual exhibit at the Paris exhibition. He will display his novels in every edition and every translation that has been printed, and he has written more than 300 books.

AN OFFER TO POETS.

"A gentleman of responsibility," vouched for by the *New York Sun*, has offered a first prize of $400, a second prize of $200, and a third prize of $100 for the three best poems in a general way antiphonal to Edwin Markham's verses, "The Man with the Hoe." The donor's ideas in making this generous offer to genius were defined by himself as follows: —

What about the man without the hoe? he who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labor, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them, and, in many cases, they have grown to be ashamed of it and of their parents. In European countries, particularly, there are multitudes of young men, the younger sons of titled people, for instance, who have been taught that common labor or work in the trades is beneath them, and they sink their individuality, their manhood, and their future in the ranks of the army and in petty government positions. They must have money, but they must earn it only in a "genteel" way. These are the men without the hoe — the real brothers to the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned and bringing distress upon those dependent on them because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labor with his hands, who wields the hoe, and is master of his destiny?

Poets are invited to try their hands at a poem worthy of the theme here suggested, "brevity, strength of sentiment and expression, and literary grace and merit to be the factors of merit" in the award.

Manuscripts intended for this competition will be received until October 15. Poems may be sent either with the name and address of the author openly attached, or accompanied by name and address in a sealed envelope to be opened after the award. In every case where the return of the manuscript is desired, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed. All manuscripts or communications should be addressed as follows: —

"THE MAN WITHOUT THE HOE COMPETITION,
"Care of the *Sun*,
"New York, N. Y."

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE AND ITS PRESIDENT, BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. M. B. Thrasher. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for September.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Saranac Lake—Winter, 1887-1888. Edited by Sidney Colvin. Illustrated. *Scribner's* (28 c) for September.

FRANKLIN THE SCIENTIST. (The Many-sided Franklin.) Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

WHERE STOCKTON WROTE HIS STORIES. Theodore F. Wolfe *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

THE YOUNGER RUSSIAN WRITERS. A. Cahan. *Forum* (38 c.) for September.

THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS. I.— Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated. Luther S. Livingston. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

THE SYSTEMATIC EPIGRAM. Frank Moore Colby. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

"IK MARVEL" IN HIS "REVERIES" RETREAT. With portrait. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

THE SCOT OF FICTION. Jane Helen Findlater. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for September.

THE BOOK REVIEW, PAST AND PRESENT. J. S. Tunison. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE MISSION OF HUMOR. Samuel M. Crothers. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

CRITICISM AND THE MAN. John Burroughs. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE AUTHOR OF "DAVID HARUM." *Ainslee's Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. W. M. Gamble. *Conservative Review* (53 c.) for August.

GEORGE BORROW. Cyrus Adler, Ph.D. *Conservative Review* (53 c.) for August.

GOETHE. William McKendree Bryant. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Madame Darmesteter's recent essay on "The Social Novel in France" is printed in full in the *Living Age* (Boston) for August 5.

Nicholas P. Gilman will resign the editorship of the *New World* (Boston) with the appearance of the number for next December, having arranged to spend five months of 1900 — April to August inclusive — in England and France

The first number of the *Harper-McClure Illustrated Review* will appear November 1. Dr. John H. Finley will be the editor. The price of the new magazine will be ten cents a copy, and it will be something like a monthly newspaper. Dr. Finley says of it: "In the first place, it contains a monthly synopsis of all the work done in the world; that is, whatever would interest men and women in our part of the world. This synopsis will be written briefly, plainly, and uncolored by partisanship. It will be supplemented in another portion by the comments of able men on, and outside of, the magazine. The departmental system will be a distinctive feature, and religious, scientific, industrial, economical, and political subjects will receive impartial treatment." The magazine will print also short stories by well-known authors.

Literary Life, "a weekly newspaper devoted to books and bookmen," will be launched in September in New York City by the Montgomery Publishing Company, of No. 23 Park row. Its day of issue will be Saturday.

Deshler Welch will revive the *Theatre Magazine* in October, after a few seasons' suspension. During the weekly publication of this periodical, from 1886 to 1894, it enjoyed much popularity.

In Lantern Land (Hartford) has discontinued publication.

The *New Voice*, the organ of the prohibition party, has been sold by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, and will hereafter be issued in Chicago. The new publishers will be Samuel Dickie and John G. Woolsey, and the publishing office the Temple, Chicago, Ill.

With the first number of the fourteenth volume of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* (that for October, 1899) the subscription price will be advanced from two dollars a year to three dollars a year. A number of improvements will be made. The general departments of the journal will be enlarged, and a hospitable welcome will be given to contributions, from whatever quarter, of enduring value for economic science.

The *Ladies' Home Herald* (New York) offers a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best Christmas poem, not exceeding twenty lines, submitted before October 1.

Two prizes are offered, one for men and one for women, of $100 each, for the best articles in favor of the unification of the public schools of New York state, under the supervision of the board of regents of the University of the State of New York. The papers offered in the contest should be sent to Pliny T. Sexton, Palmyra, N. Y., before October 1. They should be typewritten on only one side of paper ten inches long and eight inches wide, with a blank binding margin, at the left, of one and one-half inches. Papers that have been published are not debarred from the competition.

The Women's National Sabbath Alliance offers a prize of $25 for the best short paper on the lasting influence of the religious training received in the schoolroom; a personal experience preferred. The manuscripts should be sent to the Women's National Sabbath Alliance, on or before November 1, 1899, with the name and address of the writer in a sealed envelope bearing the motto of the paper. The winning manuscript will become the property of the Alliance. Those not accepted will not be returned, but may be called for at the office, 156 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Isaac McClellan died at Greenport, L. I., August 20, aged ninety-three.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1899. No. 10.

10.10.99

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

CONTENTS:

PAGE.

WORDS COINED IN BOSTON. *C. W. Ernst.* 145

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS. — XX. By the Managing Editor of the *Congregationalist. Howard A. Bridgman.* 147

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE REPORTERS. *James Jeffrey Roche.* 149

EDITORIAL. 150

A Drudgerman on Dickens, 150 — Dealing with New Periodicals, 150 — The *Congregationalist* to Contributors. 151

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 151

QUERIES. 151

WRITERS OF THE DAY. 153

Ina M. Boles, 153 — Ann Devoore, 153 — Jennie E. T. Dowe, 153 — Charles Ferguson, 154 — Edna Kenton, 154 — Annie Fellows Johnston, 154 — Anna C. Minogue, 155 — Emma Huntington Nason, 155 — Frances Bacon Paine, 156 — Etta W. Pierce, 156 — Anna Wentworth Sears, 156 — Benjamin Coxe Stevenson, 156 — Charles F. Welles, 156 — Brand Whitlock. 157

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 157

Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, 157 — Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace, 157 — Maurice Thompson, 158

BOOK REVIEWS. 158

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 158

NEWS AND NOTES. 159

WORDS COINED IN BOSTON.

"Advice and consent" is among the happiest political phrases used in the United States. It occurs in the national Constitution, in the Constitution of Massachusetts, in the Massachusetts charter of 1691, in the Boston Town Records of October 4, 1636. Cromwell made laws with the advice and consent of his council; but the lovely term has an American stamp, denoting government by friendly agreement rather than by bossism. Bostonians should associate the interesting and telling phrase with John Adams, Increase Mather, and the golden era when John Winthrop and his companions laid the foundation of New England. Winthrop's Journal, November 28, 1635, mentions the word "boss," and those thinking it a Dutch contribution had best show cause. It is not a Boston coinage, and not fully naturalized in Boston.

"Help," meaning household or outside assistants engaged for short periods, occurs in the Massachusetts Records of 1645 (ed. Shurtl. II., 139), where help and servants are treated as separate, the latter being inferior. A "servant" in those days was not *sui juris;* "help" stood on different ground, and the distinction is still felt, however faintly. "Help" meant a free person, "servant" did not.

That the Oxford dictionary begins the biography of "abutter" in 1874 is not surprising. The Boston Town Records have the term on September 10, 1673, when it was new. It was occasioned by a great harbor of refuge then in hand, and still to be traced in Atlantic avenue, which was undertaken as a wall or dyke connecting the North End with the South End of the town. The abutters on the harbor of refuge, which was a vast basin between the fortified sea wall and the town, were beneficiaries of so great a work, and their betterment naturally led to debates and agreements, in which there was need for just such a term. When the town dock was undertaken in 1641, abutters were called "all such whose grounds doe butt."

In assessing taxes Boston officials always used their own "will and doom" (IV., 1 Mass. Rec. 38), and in due course coined the verb which is still in use. A law of 1703 (1 Prov. Laws, 516) provides that assessors shall "doom" persons who fail to report their taxable property. Hence "dooming-board."

We may owe the word "transient" to Milton, who was much read in Boston. Our selectmen, October 17, 1709, licensed a house "for the entertainment of Trancient persons." Every hotel clerk knows the meaning of "tran-

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

sient," and the post-office calls "transient" a newspaper mailed by the public at large, as distinct from papers mailed by publishers.

The Boston fire of 1711 occasioned the word "fireward" (1 Prov. Laws, 677), which is still in use, and means a sort of superintendent at fires. In the same year the annual town meeting ordered the purchase of "some real estate," a phrase recurring in "real estate dealers and exchanges," and distinctly American.

September 28, 1719, the Boston selectmen ordered the town lantern "well fixed with Lights in all dark or Stormy Nights." "Fix" is an Americanism, dealing with results rather than causes, and "stormy" means cloudy, when the moon is not visible. James Franklin advertised "blanks," still called forms in England, in his N. E. Courant for July 27, 1724. For about the same year, or a little later, the diary of Thomas Hutchinson reports "hogueing," or cheating, in a recitation at Harvard.

As Boston invented paper money, it gave the world a long list of financial terms, including "currency" (paper money), "depreciation," "appreciation"; and in the William Douglass pamphlet of 1740, often reprinted, we read of "fluctuating" paper, meaning paper money "continually depreciating," and of our financial friend, the "promoter." In those days of speculation, imperialism, financial reform, and hardships, it was Major Nathaniel Thwing who invented Boston "brown bread." The first permit for selling Boston brown bread, the essence of which is a mixture of wheat flour and Indian meal, was issued January 7, 1746, o. s., corresponding to January 18, 1746, as we reckon, and we might celebrate the day when our brown bread was differentiated from the article known to Shakespeare.

Boston was always good at eating and drinking, and Franklin's sister used a Boston folk-word, when she wrote to her brother, February 27, 1766 (Letters to Franklin, ed. Duane, p. 186), that he used to take "goodies" to his friends, as Sewall did in earlier days, before the word "goodies" was coined. And as early as December 22, 1767, the Boston Town Records use "factory" in the modern sense. In 1753, when the municipal factory began, it was called "the Linnen Manufactory Company."

William Cooper, the Boston town clerk, gave us the phrase, "the spirit of the times," on February 22, 1774 (23 Boston Record Comm. 211), and by 1790 it appeared in Goethe's "Faust." Sam Adams and the Boston town meeting demanded a "Continental" Congress June 17, 1774, and the term answered requirements until we made continental money of the fluctuating kind, with plenty of depreciation. The term thus suffered a great decline, but survives, though scarce worth a "continental."

Boston is unique for its use of the word "team," which used to denote a horse and cart, and occasioned the word "teamster," which meant a man having charge of a horse and cart. The latter term appears in the Town Records of February 19, 1779. "Teaming" and "teamster" still refer to the carrying of dead freight, and Boston is unique in dealing officially with one-horse and two-horse teams.

The Boston town code of 1786, p. 66, uses the term "police" in its modern sense. Apparently we took the new meaning from the French, either in the Revolution or via Quebec. Virginia at that time employed a "professor of law and police," where we should say government.

When turnpikes came, about a century ago, patrons used to commute toll, whence our "commutation tickets" and the New York "commuter." But while we read of travelers' tickets in 1671 (7 Suffolk Deeds, 226), I have no earlier quotation of "commutation tickets" than 1849 (*Pathfinder*, November, 1849, p. 50).

"Democrat" as a political term arose at Philadelphia, July 4, 1793, and was due to Citizen Genet; but Boston led in using the term for a newspaper, the first number of which appeared on January 4, 1804. "Block," meaning a group of tenements or stores under one roof, is used by the Mercantile Directory of 1809, when the term was not new, perhaps. Some such word was apt to rise in Boston, which was always cramped for room and economized space for business buildings.

In 1810 we read here of "bindery" (Thomas, "Printing," vol. I., p. 402) and of a "dressmaker" (Col. Centin., October 3, 2/4). The terms may not turn out Boston coinages, though

"bindery" has the Boston stamp. But the telephone call, "Hullo," is a Boston coinage, as is the term "bicycler." The latter was given us by C. E. Pratt, in 1879, in his book entitled "The American Bicycler," where he explains his coinage. "Hullo," as a telephone call, may have come in 1878, and has gone all round the world. "Trolley" trips, going "by trolley" may be Boston coinages, and came about 1890.

These are minor coinages connected with Boston. They are offered subject to better evidence. The best evidence in the biography of words is sound chronology. Should we live longer, we should use dictionaries of words, names, and phrases from which guesses and dogmatism were eliminated, each word being treated about as a good biographical dictionary treats persons. The American part of our language, especially proper names, offers all the delights of original research together with abundant rewards. *C. W. Ernst.*

BOSTON, Mass.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XX. — BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

Instead of giving certain abstract directions to those who wish to market their writings with the *Congregationalist*, perhaps the end in view will be served if one who handles, in the course of the year, hundreds of manuscripts should select at random from his drawer the last dozen found unavailable and explain in a sentence or two just why this particular paper is obliged to decline with thanks this budget. It represents an average lot of communications, being perhaps, if anything, a little better than usual.

Here is a long, well-written story about the adventures of two girls in an English town, who conceived the idea that it would be great fun to secure seats on what is called a carrier's cart, and go to the nearest market town for a day's frolic. Of course, they have a good time, but nothing sufficiently startling happens to warrant spreading out the tale to the extent of three or four thousand words.

Now comes a tale about a girl who took a position as governess in a rich family, was snubbed by the oldest daughter of the house, became fond of the little boy, her particular charge, rescued him on one occasion from imminent death, thus attracting the attention of a lawyer visiting the family, who, after a little investigation, found out that she was the person for whom he had been looking for some time as the just recipient of a great legacy. So the girl bounds forward into a fortune and more amicable relations with all her fellow men and women. The moral of it all is that she obeyed her mother's dying words, to be faithful. Too long! is our verdict again. Too improbable and strained! Such things do not

*This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The articles that have been published so far are as follows: September, 1895, by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*; October, 1895, by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*; November, 1895, by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*; December 1895, by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*; January, 1896, by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin M. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*; February, 1896, by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*; March, 1896, by Nella I. Daggett editor of the *Home*; June, 1896, by Amos R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*, now the *Christian Endeavor World*; September, 1896, by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess*; October, 1896, by the editors of the *Youth's Companion*; May, 1897, by A. R. Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World Magazine*; June, 1897, by Arthur T. Vance, editor of the *Home Magazine*; March, 1898, by Arthur W. Tarbell, editor of the *National Magazine*.

The numbers of THE WRITER containing these articles may be had separately or together. Numbers published before January, 1898, will be sent postpaid for fifteen cents each; numbers beginning with January, 1898, will be sent for ten cents each.

happen in real life often enough to be made the staple of a story.

The next envelope contains a lengthy production entitled "Persian Characteristics." It reveals a faithful handling of encyclopedias. Portions of it are well put, but the public eye is not directed to Persia just at the moment. Give us something on Philippine characteristics, Erastus, and we shall have a very friendly attitude toward it.

A similar criticism springs to one's lips touching an article on "Garfield's Statesmanship." That subject would naturally be treated in such a series as Senator Hoar has been writing for *Scribner's* on his political reminiscences, but why should a youngster in his sophomore year think that the public is lying awake nights to get his estimate of a president who has been dead nearly twenty years? The vital trouble with articles like this is that they exploit persons and matters that are not now in the stream of current thought. As the Chicago man said after gazing at the Pyramids: "Well, I suppose they are wonderful, but the fact is there ain't no market for pyramids." There is absolutely no market for articles by unknown writers touching these distant and abstract themes.

We press on to pick up what the author calls a carefully prepared essay on "Disadvantages of Contemporary Life." His personal letter kindly gives *carte blanche* to alter or expunge any part, and indicates a disposition to accept whatever rates the editor may be pleased to offer. One hates to say no to such an accommodating individual, but this aspirant for fame has too many ideas for the space at his disposal. His basal notion is that our generation labors under a great disadvantage because so many great thoughts have been "thunk" before, and so many valiant deeds accomplished before we came on the stage. Then he twists around to the position that the ancients, after all, had some disadvantages of their own, after which he reverts to his original thesis, and then draws the final lesson that we would all better be content with honest mediocrity. The article leaves the impression that the author does n't get anywhere, after all; and Little Peterkin's question, "What good came of it at last?" comes to mind.

An Ohio minister sends an article entitled "Name or Number?" in which he starts out with a dissertation on the significance of church names. His first page is interesting and encouraging reading, but the subsequent ones are little more than a repetition of it, in different language. So we proceed to take up a young man's homily on "Meditation," the opening sentence of which is that we are living in a busy age. Recovering from the shock produced by this surprising statement, we work our way through four pages, which set forth the need of more meditation. It is a pretty good article, but there is nothing sparkling in it, or nothing that lays hold of the inner life particularly. As our homiletic professor in the theological seminary used to say of some of our sermons, "It lacks prongs."

We proceed to glance over "Swinging a Lantern." This is autobiographical. A youth in Northern Michigan stopped, in the middle of the night, an East-bound freight train by swinging his lantern, and as he walks home afterward, across the clearing, he is thrilled by the thought that the swing of his lantern had not only stopped the heavy train, but had started influences that will reach to the very ends of the universe. This thought he proceeds to develop at length, winding up with the very commendable conclusion that if he can stop a freight train, God, who created the universe, can perform miracles. Our friend William does not tell us just why he stopped that heavy freight train, but if it was for the purpose of securing material for a newspaper article, we are sorry to say that, so far as we are concerned, he made one of the greatest mistakes of his life — not that we do not agree with all that he says, but the general public would not rate the effect of William's swing of his lantern as highly as William does himself, and we cater to the general public.

"Some Memories of Charles Kingsley" is a long and well-written article, but just why it should come in now does not appear until the very last sentence, when the writer says that a quarter of a century has passed since Kingsley died. He should have started out with that statement, as well as with a statement of the fact, which appears in his letter accompanying

the manuscript, that he himself personally knew Kingsley thirty years ago. But the recollections now before us add hardly anything to that delightful memoir, than which there is nothing better in biographical literature, written by Mrs. Charles Kingsley. The only new fact which appears is that Kingsley, though a smoker himself, does not believe that a young man should smoke until he is twenty-one years of age; but we can hardly give a page of the paper to exploit this hitherto unpublished announcement. This author's personal letter to the editor, by the way, is commendable in that he tells us that he has contributed, now and then, to the *Youth's Companion* and to *Frank Leslie's*. Such an announcement predisposes the reader to favorable consideration of the manuscript.

Last in the packet is a paper on "Mind Building in Dogs." Its great defect is that it is too technical. It talks about "frontal convolutions" and "embryonic cells." We had hoped that it would be suitable for our juvenile department, but we shall advise the writer to send it to the editor of *Great Thoughts*, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Howard A. Bridgman.

BOSTON, MASS.

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE REPORTERS.

1. Don't begin by asking a busy editor for a place on his paper without showing him samples of your work.

2. Don't expect him to read them if he does not need an assistant.

3. Don't invite sudden death by asking him for an opinion or criticism of your prose or poetry. He has a thousand other things to do.

4. Don't forget that journalism is a trade, and requires at least as much apprenticeship as any other trade. You wouldn't ask an Atlantic liner's captain to give you a mate's berth just because you had a taste for yachting.

So much for the preliminary "don'ts." If you aspire to succeed as a newspaper writer, it is essential to bear in mind that the rules of rhetoric are the rules of all good writing, whether it be the editorial, reporting, or any other branch.

1. Be brief. When you have boiled down your article to the smallest dimensions, boil it again.

2. Avoid "fine writing" and, equally, hackneyed phrases, and, above all, slang, which is language in its shirt-sleeves and stocking feet, and vulgar beyond — alas, no! — not "beyond expression."

3. Say whatever you have to say plainly, succinctly, and with every essential detail of date, place, and person.

4. Don't take it for granted that your reader knows all about any of the matter until you have briefly recapitulated it. Then, if you must turn your pen loose and burst into metaphors and other fireworks, do so. The editor will cross it all out, and admire you not at all for giving him the trouble.

5. Always respect your reader's intellect. You are in no danger of ever writing above it if you humbly endeavor to write after the manner of the best masters. Shakespeare is not above the understanding of the wayfaring man; and the literary merits of the Bible are second only to its religious value.

Finally, if you "contemplate embarking on the sea of literature," and if that is the way that you are tempted to express your intention — Don't! The ocean is crowded with polysyllabic derelicts; but there is room enough still for modest little one-masted shallops, which may grow up to be full-rigged ships if they sail prudently on their early voyages.

James Jeffrey Roche.

The Holy Cross Purple.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. OCTOBER, 1899. NO. 10.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed: the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

If the shoemaker doesn't get too far from his last, his critical comments may expose flaws in what the world — lacking the expert knowledge of the specialist — has agreed to call its masterpieces. B. Fletcher Robinson, *in Cassell's Magazine* for September, quotes a Thames waterman as saying that he knew the very "drudgerman," or "underwaterman," who used to take Charles Dickens out in his boat, and whose experiences gave the inspiration for the opening of "Our Mutual Friend." "To my mind," says the waterman, "Mr. Dickens overdid it a sight too much in that same book. A drudgerman would never have passed all his time hunting for dead 'uns. It would n't have paid him, seeing as the parishes never gave more than five bob for the job. Of course, he would take one if it came, in the way of business, and maybe he would go through its pockets, though it would be little he was likely to find there. As for charging a pal with committing murder for the sake of finding the body afterwards, 'twas mere fool-talking, which the riverside folk would have laughed at." The critical waterman undoubtedly speaks with authority on this subject. Still, one does not regret having read the Dickens story.

***

It is important to writers who are offering miscellaneous manuscripts for publication that they should know of new ventures in the publishing world, since the publishers of a new magazine, for instance, are likely to want more manuscripts from general contributors than the publishers of magazines which have had storms of manuscripts aimed at them for years. For this reason THE WRITER gives regularly information regarding new periodicals and publishing houses, as it does of changes of all kinds in the publishing world. Writers should remember, however, that there is always risk in dealing with a new publication. Experience has shown that more than ninety per cent. of new magazines fail, and some of the few that survive live only from hand to mouth and are unable to pay contributors for manuscripts. The writer, therefore, who bombards every new editor with manuscripts as soon as the editorial head appears in sight is more than likely to lose some of them, and if he is wise he will conduct his operations with even more than military discretion. Before sending a manuscript to a new publication it is always wise to buy a copy of the periodical, and not

only to study it with a view to discovering its apparent needs, but to look up the financial standing of its publishers as well. If writers would take more ordinary business precautions in dealing with editors and publishers, fewer complaints would be made of the loss or misuse of manuscripts. In the case of new magazines, especially, it is better to be safe than to be sorry. A list of the promising periodical ventures launched since the first number of THE WRITER was printed in April, 1887, would more than fill a single number of the magazine.

* * *

The methods of authors should always include good business methods.

* * *

In connection with the "Editorial Talk with Contributors," by the editor of the *Congregationalist*, which is published in this number of THE WRITER, these instructions to writers, which the *Congregationalist* prints on its first page, will be read with interest: —

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We do not return manuscripts unless, *when received*, stamps are found with them. We do not undertake to notify those who offer to send stamps for return of their manuscripts, if rejected.

Our declination of a manuscript does not imply that it is not valuable. We receive many more than we can use, especially on theological, historical, and denominational themes.

Manuscripts accepted are often of necessity held for some time before they can be used. Some good articles have been waiting in our safe for years.

We pay for accepted unsolicited manuscripts when they are published.

We do not pay for sermons, papers which have been read in public or which have already been printed, or for letters used in Readers' Forum.

It is not honorable to send the same articles to two or more publications unaccompanied by information to that effect.

The effort to save paper by writing in close lines, in small letters, and on both sides of the sheet is worse than wasted. Such communications usually slip unread into the wastebasket.

We do not acknowledge the receipt of manuscripts unless requested, with directed and stamped envelope enclosed.

Articles which range in length from 500 to 1,200 words, and which treat some vital subject in a direct and graphic way, are most likely to prove acceptable.

Articles or news designed for immediate insertion should reach us not later than Monday morning.

Those who send manuscripts to the *Congregationalist* are expected to comply with these conditions.

* * *

The list of new books announced this fall covers forty-two pages of the October *Critic*. And yet there are authors who complain that publishers will not put their manuscripts in print! W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Through the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*, a review of high standing, the Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower, a grandson of the poetical Duchess, proves that Byron could not have been the author of "Werner," satisfactorily to himself, if not to others. — *Literature*.

Through the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*, a review of high standing, the Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower, a grandson of the poetical Duchess, proves satisfactorily to himself, if not to others, that Byron could not have been the author of "Werner."

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is it correct to say: "Next Monday is Christmas"? B. E. T.

[Is it correct to say: "Last Monday is Christmas"? As it is right to say: "Last Monday was Christmas," so it is best to say: "Next Monday will be Christmas."—W. H. H.]

How can a reviser best become known? How can he gain a reputation for satisfactory work, granted he can do such? Is it a breach of business confidence to say I have examined such and such a story? I have considerable of this work to do, and find each client exacting as to my part being confidential, yet the same persons inquire minutely as to my experience in this line. M. M.

[The best way for a reviser to make himself known is by advertising in literary publications and by circulars. He may establish his reputation by giving references to those for whom he has done work, having previously obtained their permission, or by giving references to prominent writers, or editors, or publishers, whom he has first satisfied of his ability. It would be a breach of confidence to refer to a client without having first obtained express permission. — W. H. H.]

Allow me to suggest that the value of your magazine as a help to writers would, in my opinion, be increased if a descriptive list of all new publications which are likely to be in the market for manuscripts of any kind were published in it. Writers want to know of all the

places where their productions may be wanted. They know, of course, the names and addresses of the older publications, syndicates, literary bureaus, etc., but as this field is all the time being entered by new ventures, I think these should be brought to their notice in a journal especially designed to be helpful to the writing fraternity. I believe that if THE WRITER would devote more space to this kind of literary news, its course would not only be approved and appreciated by its present readers, but it would thereby add many new names to its list of subscribers. J. C. W.

[THE WRITER has always given regularly in its "News and Notes" information about all new periodicals of general interest. Any one who reads the magazine month after month will get all the news of this kind that is worth having. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Just what is meant by a story so many words long?

(2.) How would you write the singular possessive of the word "Moses"? I have two works on punctuation (Bigelow and Allardyce) which differ. What is your opinion?

E. A. C.

[(1.) "A story of 2,000 words" means a story that in print would fill the space required to print a story of 2,000 ordinary words with only an ordinary number of paragraphs. Editors estimate the length of stories by the approximate number of words they contain, instead of by the number of sheets of paper on which they are written. A 2,000-word story will overrun a little an ordinary newspaper column. Eight hundred words approximately will fill a page of THE WRITER. Of course, if a story is paragraphed in the French style, 2,000 words will fill much more space than if the story is printed with only a few paragraphs. In estimating the length of manuscripts, editors take the paragraphing into account. If there is a good deal of dialogue, a story containing say 1,500 words, actual count, may be reckoned as a 2,000-word story, because it will take up in print the space ordinarily required for 2,000 words.

(2.) Instead of saying either "Moses' mistakes" or "Moses's mistakes," it is undoubtedly better to follow Bob Ingersoll and say "The mistakes of Moses." If the apostrophe must be used, the editor of THE WRITER thinks that the spelling should be such as to indicate the usual pronunciation of the word that is used in the possessive case. For instance, he would write: "The Mothers' Club," "The Johnsons' cat," "John Kendrick Bangs's book," "Charles's horse," "Mr. and Mrs. Haynes's house," "Richard Harding Davis's brother." No one would say "The Mothers's Club," pronouncing "Mothers" in three syllables. On the other hand, if one says "John Kendrick Bangs' book," the hearer does not necessarily know whether John Kendrick is a Bang or a Bangs. The pronunciation should be such as to make the matter clear to him, and the printed form of the word should indicate that pronunciation.— W. H. H.]

(1.) How can I obtain a copyright? Please give details of correspondence necessary and cost of taking out a copyright.

(2.) If I write a book and it is published on a royalty, what assurance have I that the publishers will pay me a percentage on every book sold? It seems to me that the publisher could make such returns as he saw fit.

(3.) What is the common method of handling the business? What is the usual percentage paid to authors on the gross sales of a book?

(4.) In case an author is dissatisfied with his publisher, what must he do to change publishers, provided the author holds the copyright?

(5.) If a writer has an article printed in a magazine which is protected by general copyright, and the writer has a personal copyright, does the magazine acquire any right to his articles other than for the first insertion?

M. Z.

[(1.) Full instructions regarding the process of obtaining a copyright are given in a circular which the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., will send to anybody on request. The necessary fee is sixty cents — or $1.10 if a certificate of copyright is desired. The certificate is not necessary, and, if it is wanted, can be obtained at any time.

(2.) The question of possible fraudulent treatment of authors by publishers was fully discussed in an answer to a query published in THE WRITER for March, 1899 (Vol. XII., p. 42).

(3.) The royalty paid to authors varies according to the ability of the author in each

case to dictate terms to his publisher. Ten per cent. of the retail price is perhaps the ordinary royalty where the publisher takes the whole risk in publishing a book. If the author shares the risk, his royalty should be larger. If he takes the whole risk, it should be considerably larger.

(4.) An author who is dissatisfied with his publisher, and who holds the copyright of his book, will do well to consult a lawyer. What he can do will depend on the terms of the agreement under which the book is published.

(5.) If an article printed in a copyrighted magazine has printed under the title a line showing that the author has personally copyrighted the article, the copyright is controlled by him, unless he has assigned his original copyright to the editor or publisher.— W. H. H.]

If an author's manuscript be published in an uncopyrighted magazine, can he legally, and without risking the "Black List," send it for publication to another magazine that is copyrighted? E. P. N.

[No. A manuscript once published without copyright belongs to the public, and the author has no more legal interest in it than anybody else.— W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Ina M. Boles, who wrote the bright verses, "The Fashion-plate Girl," in *St. Nicholas* for July, lives in Arkansas. She has never had any other literary work published outside of school magazines and the like. "The truth is," she says, in answering a request for personal information, "my aspirations are in the line of the brush instead of the pen, and the jingle printed in *St. Nicholas* was submitted merely as an accompaniment to two drawings that I thought were fairly good. *St. Nicholas* declined to share this opinion, but accepted the verses."

Ann Devoore, whose dinner sketch, "The Stolen Saint," was published in the August *Munsey's*, is a new writer. Another dinner sketch of hers, "The Kentucky Heiress," appeared in *Munsey's* not long ago, and she has contributed short stories and verse to *McClure's* and other magazines. Her fantastic novel, "Oliver Iverson," was published in May by Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago, as one of the series of Blue Cloth Books.

Jennie E. T. Dowe, author of the song, "Larry Kisses the Right Way," in the *Century* for August, is now a resident of Boston. She has also lived in Worcester, Mass., but was born and has passed much of her life among the famous Berkshires. Her early work appeared in *Scribner's*, in the form of light verse and song. Much of it was Anglo-Scottish, and exceedingly quaint and musical. Her songs of Ireland, more than fifty of which have appeared in the *Century*, have been made a distinctive feature of that publication. The work of Mrs. Dowe has also appeared at varying intervals in the *Independent*, *Harper's*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Youth's Companion*, and many other publications. She has also done much artistic and critical writing for the newspapers. Mrs. Dowe has published many short stories, among them stories of society, and many stories New England in character, as her birth and training have made her thoroughly familiar with people of cities as well as the more quaint residents of some of the rural districts. Many of her songs have been set to music by such composers as Alfred J. Dye, of London, and Alexander S. Gibson, president of the Connecticut Musical Association, and others. Her work lends itself readily to illustration, and has come under the hand of Robert Blum, Alfred Kappes, and other skillful artists. Mrs. Dowe's work is found in collections by the Harpers, and in the Canterbury Series, published in London, under Walter Scott. She has made a critical selection of her best work in verse and song, and is soon to issue it in book form. The influence of a varied ancestry is found in Mrs. Dowe. On her paternal side she is descended from good old New England stock, counting among her immediate ancestors Captain Shields, who was a famous man in the days of '76; also the Tuppers, who trace their descent back to nobility, and count as relatives the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" and the present Sir Charles Tupper of Canada. On

the maternal side Mrs. Dowe is in direct descent from Tom Moore, the Irish song writer. Mrs. Dowe began to scribble as soon as she learned to write, and, in her own words, her work has been successful and popular from the time it was worth publishing. She is now writing short stories for *Harper's*, which are receiving unqualified praise, and new Irish work from her pen will appear this year in the *Century*. Mrs. Dowe is a very busy woman, and at present has in preparation literary projects of importance. Her success is the deserved result of long and close study, keen observation, and hard work. In her method of writing she practices both the "inspiration" and the "thinking-out" processes; that is, she frequently spends several hours thinking out the plot of a story or the form of a poem, and then, sitting down to compose, writes on another subject entirely, which, without doubt, is an original method — and it might as well be said, in closing, that this is Mrs. Dowe's method in about everything she undertakes.

Charles Ferguson, whose poem, "A Song of the Nebraska Cattle Country," appeared in the *Critic* for August, is a clergyman living in Nebraska. He has written very little for print and mostly for newspapers. Last year he had an article in the *North American Review*, and this year the *Arena* has taken an article of his. The manuscript for a book upon which he has been at work for a long time is now in the hands of the publishers, and will appear in a few weeks. The book is called "The Religion of Democracy — A Manual of Devotion." Rev. Mr. Ferguson was bred to the legal profession, and came into the ministry of the Episcopal church "after traveling about the world," he says, "and living and learning some things — it was not a fatality."

Edna Kenton, whose story, "The Waiter's Story," appeared in *Munsey's* for August, was born in Springfield, Mo., is twenty-four years old, and is a graduate ('97) of the University of Michigan. Much of her practice work was done on different college publications and later in newspaper work in Chicago. *Munsey's* has published other work of hers, and she has now accepted manuscripts elsewhere, soon to appear. Miss Kenton's school life has so recently closed that she has had comparatively little time to write. In the next year or two she hopes to find some of the leisure necessary for getting her collection of material into shape for a future public.

Annie Fellows Johnston, whose story, "By Courtesy of the Clown," appeared in the August *McClure*, has written seven books in the last nine years. "Joel: A Boy of Galilee," which has often been called "a 'Ben Hur' for children," was brought out by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and Edward Arnold, of London, and has since been translated into Italian and published in Rome. "In League with Israel," a story relating to modern Judaism, was written specially for the reading course of the Epworth League, and was published by the Methodist Book Concern in 1895. L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, are the publishers of Mrs. Johnston's other books, which have all proved to be among the most popular and best-selling juvenile books issued lately. Several of them have been adopted by the Indiana State Reading Circle in its yearly course. "Big Brother" was the first of these, and was followed by "The Little Colonel" and "Ole Mammy's Torment," two stories of Kentucky life, the latter being the amusing experiences of a little darkey. The material for "The Gate of the Giant Scissors," published last year, was gathered by the author during a winter spent recently in France, in the quaint old village of St. Symphorian, just across the Loire from Tours. Her last story (now in press) is "Two Little Knights of Kentucky," and the scene is laid in the same neighborhood where the Little Colonel lived, and where Mrs. Johnston now resides. Besides these seven volumes of prose, Mrs. Johnston has also published a book of poems (L. C. Page & Co.) called "Songs Ysame," which were written by herself and her sister, Albion Fellows Bacon. Some of these appeared first in the *Youth's Companion*, the best being "At Early Candle-lighting," "Through an Amber Pane," and "At a Tenement Window." Mrs. Johnston has contributed

short stories to the *Youth's Companion* for a number of years, but has written for no magazine until recently, with the exception of a little Irish story, called "In a Jaunting-car," which appeared in *Munsey's* eight years ago. Mrs. Johnston has spent considerable time abroad, and while she has drawn extensively on her travels for material, her work has been influenced most by the country life of her childhood. She is a native of Indiana, and, like Riley, finds an inspiration in homely, every-day scenes. At present she is residing in Pewee Valley, Kentucky, one of the most charming suburbs of Louisville.

Anna C. Minogue, whose serial story, "A Plaything of Fate," was begun in *Donahoe's Magazine* for July, was born near Carlisle, Ky., and attended the public school and normal college there, finishing at the Paris (Ky.) Academy. It was the opinion of her friends that she should teach school; she wanted to write — so disappointed her friends. About five years ago she went to Cincinnati to get work. The first story that she submitted to the *Cincinnati Post* was accepted, and she was invited to become one of the paper's regular contributors, and later was given charge of its Woman's Column. This gave her a start. She is still in the journalistic profession, doing some correspondence and department work, but literary pursuits are more to her taste. Miss Minogue's talent first developed itself in verse-writing, and three stanzas, written at the age of twelve, brought her a complimentary note of acceptance from an editor, which was, and still is, a very precious document in her eyes. Her short stories have been published in various periodicals of high standing. Her first novels, "The Rainbow Chasers" and "Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky," were written last year and this year. These are stories of Kentucky, as are nearly all of her stories, for, she says, "there is a world of romance connected with the history of our state." "Cardome" is historical, and after the appearance of a few installments of the story in the *New World*, Miss Minogue received a communication from a publisher regarding it. "The Rainbow Chasers" has for its main theme one of Kentucky's always interesting gubernatorial and senatorial elections, and the favorable reception accorded it as a serial encourages Miss Minogue to publish it in book-form, and she is now revising it for publication. These stories are laid in the Blue Grass Belt, as it is with that section the author is best acquainted; but she is engaged on a story of life in the Kentucky mountain country, "which really is n't all made up," she says, "of running mountain stills and perpetuating feuds, as the newspapers would make the world believe." "Cardome," which gives the title to the story in the *New World*, was the home of the late ex-Governor Robinson, of Kentucky, and is one of the historic places of the state. It is on the edge of Georgetown, and in the governor's time was famous for its social life. When Lafayette visited this country he was entertained there with a big barbecue, and the family used to show the big high-posted bed and room he occupied. Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum, the poetess, was born there. It is a most interesting old place, and furnished Miss Minogue with much material for her story.

Emma Huntington Nason, whose poem, "St. Olga's Bell," appeared in *St. Nicholas* for August, has contributed to the *Atlantic*, the *Century*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Independent*, and other magazines. Her stories and verses for young people have appeared in *St. Nicholas*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Wide Awake*, and *Our Little Ones*. Mrs. Nason comes of staunch New England ancestry. She has a liberal strain of the "Mayflower" blood in her veins, and her ancestors have borne a conspicuous part in our Colonial history. She was the daughter of Samuel W. Huntington, whose ancestors came from Norwich, England, in 1633, and from whom all the Huntingtons in America have descended. This family has counted among its members many eminent and distinguished men. One was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, another a member of General Washington's staff, while in later generations some of the country's most noted lawyers, writers, artists, and divines have borne the name of Huntington. Mrs. Nason's mother was Sally Mayo, a lineal descendant of

Rev. John Mayo, who was the first pastor of the Second Church in Boston, where he preached for twenty years. From this sturdy Puritan stock Mrs. Nason has inherited a fine intellect, with varied powers of mind, and many admirable personal traits. She was born in Hallowell, Me., where her great-grandparents settled in 1793. Since her marriage to Charles H. Nason, a prominent business man of Augusta, her home has been in that city. Her spirited ballads and lovely child fancies, as they have appeared in the magazines, have had delighted readers unnumbered. In 1888 these ballads and lyrics appeared in a volume, "White Sails." Mrs. Nason is also the author of a volume of verse, recently published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., entitled "The Tower, with Legends and Lyrics." The verses, "Body and Soul," originally published in the *Century*, and "Two Faces," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, have been pronounced "two of the most remarkable poems published in this country in recent years. "Body and Soul" was selected by Mr. Warner for republication in his "World's Best Literature."

Frances Bacon Paine, who wrote the comedy, "The Complete Service," in *Harper's Bazar* for June 3, is a New York woman, who, with the exception of a few years spent in foreign travel, has lived always in New York city or its suburbs. Her home at present is at Mamaroneck, on the Sound. Her husband, Henry Gallup Paine, is managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Mrs. Paine has contributed largely to the Harper periodicals, most of her short stories, sketches, dialogues, and verses, together with articles of a more practical nature, having appeared in *Harper's Bazar*. Mrs. Paine has two little daughters, aged seven and nine.

Etta W. Pierce, author of the story, "Miss Angel," in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for August, is of old Revolutionary stock, and was born in a suburb of Boston, where she still lives a portion of each year, though her winters are spent in New York. For some years she has contributed stories and poems *to the Popular Monthly* and other publications, but only a small portion of her time has ever been devoted to literary work.

Anna Wentworth Sears (formerly Anna Wentworth Caldwell), the author of the short story, "When Mrs. Van Worcester Dines," that appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for August, was born in Brooklyn, but spent most of her childhood and early girlhood in Europe, where she went to school in France and Germany. On their return from abroad, her parents took up their abode in New York, and in that city she was married, in 1891, to Joseph Hamblen Sears, a Harvard graduate of the class of 1889, and the author of "Fur and Feather Tales." Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Sears have lived in New York in the winter, and now have their summer home at Oyster Bay, Long Island. Mrs. Sears has written several short stories, which have been published in the Harper periodicals, and one short article for the *North American Review*, and an article on "The Outdoor Woman," that appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Benjamin Coxe Stevenson, whose story, "Jenny," appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for August, is an Indiana farmer, and "Jenny" is his first and only story. He wrote the story about two years ago, but thought little of trying to get it published until last fall, when he sent it to *McClure's*. Mr. Stevenson received his primary education in country schools, and then studied at Harvard College for three years, with the class of 1889. After that he followed one or two occupations for a while, but finally drifted back to the farm, which he had been operating in the mean time at long range. He hopes to have more time to devote to literary work in the future than he has had in the past.

Charles F. Welles, author of the story, "The Little Red St. Joseph," which appeared in the *International Magazine* for May, lives in Indiana. His literary work has been mostly in the line of short stories, though he has furnished serials to Munsey's *Argosy*, the *Chicago Ledger*, and a New York juvenile paper. He also has a serial which will appear in a Southern paper soon, besides stories awaiting publica-

tion in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *Chicago Record*, and the *Home Magazine*. He has lately completed a manuscript of a nautical story relating to the late war, which has not yet been disposed of. The *International Magazine* has accepted an article of his entitled "Their Christmas Gift," which will probably appear in the December number.

Brand Whitlock, who wrote "The Pardon of Thomas Whalen," which was published in *Ainslee's Magazine* for July, and "The Question," which appeared the same month in *Munsey's Magazine*, was born thirty years ago in Urbana, Ohio. He is the son of a clergyman, and is a lawyer by profession, practicing in Toledo, Ohio. Before he practiced law, however, Mr. Whitlock was a newspaper man. He began as a reporter on the Toledo papers, and in a year or two became a writer of editorial paragraphs and matter of that nature on the *Toledo Blade*. From there he went to Chicago as a member of the staff of the *Herald* before it had agglutinated the old *Times*, and wrote on state politics, traveling as a political correspondent and spending the winters in Springfield, reporting the proceedings of the Illinois legislature for his paper. He then took up the study of law, and spent four years in the state house at Springfield, having charge of the department of records and the publication and annotation of the laws in the office of the secretary of state. He was admitted to the bar in 1894, and in 1897 returned to Toledo to take up active practice. Mr. Whitlock has embodied the experience and observation of his acquaintance with politics in a series of short stories on political life in the Middle West, which are to appear in *Ainslee's* during the coming year.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Kingsley.—Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley is best known as the author of "Titus," the book which had the phenomenal sale of three million copies in three years, and which has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Portuguese, Norwegian, Japanese, and Hindu. "Titus" won a prize of $1,000, ranking first among 377 competitions. When asked how she came to write the book, Mrs. Kingsley replied: "'Titus' was an accident, or, as I prefer to believe, an inspiration. I happen to have a favorite uncle who has always fancied that I had a gift for writing; and when, a few years ago, a publisher offered a prize for the best story embodying the life of Christ, this uncle sent me the circular, with the words 'You must write this' scrawled across it. I glanced over the announcement, carelessly brushed it aside with a little laugh at the absurdity of my too partial relative's demand, and gave the subject no further conscious thought. But something must have happened in that part of my brain where the unbidden work goes on, for vague ideas kept haunting me until, at four o'clock one morning, I suddenly awoke with the whole plot of 'Titus' clearly outlined in my mind, and from that moment the story gave me no rest until it was finished, eight weeks later. It seemed as if I could not stop. I wrote day and night. I would often take up my pen without an idea of what I was going to say, and whole pages would seem to come 'out of the nowhere into the here.'" Mrs. Kingsley has since written several other works. "My work?" she said, in answer to a question. "I fear I don't do it after any received fashion. It would be impossible for me to make a skeleton of a novel and then build around it. No, I write chapter after chapter, and almost unconsciously my characters become so thoroughly alive that of themselves they work out their destinies." Mrs. Kingsley is a graduate of Wellesley College, where, beside her scholastic distinctions, she was captain of a boat club.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Mace.—The poem, "Only Waiting," by the late Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace, was originally published in the *Waterville* (Me.) *Mail.* It adds very much to the beauty of the verse to know the source of its inspiration. At the time it was written (1851) Mrs. Mace was at Waterville, Me., and visited the "poor farm" of the town. She found among others there a very worthy man, deeply religious, and beloved by all who knew him — a Mr. Kimball. He had

lost the use of either hand, and could not walk without assistance; he was brought to this condition by a severe sickness in youth, and all through his life was "only waiting" — a daily expression of his. Late in life he married a worthy woman, who, owing to being totally blind, had been thrown upon public charity. He had the eyes, she the hands; she was indeed a helpmeet. Both have finished "waiting," as has Mrs. Mace. — *Henry Hatch, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

Thompson. — No writer can come anywhere near foreseeing what the editors are going to think of his short story. Why should I not tell my own experience to the extent of one incident? It is long since I have written a short story, and at this time but one, a single lonely manuscript, lies in my private drawer unsold and absolutely unsalable. It is about four or five thousand words in length, and it is, *me judice*, one of the best humorous stories I ever wrote. Nor am I alone in this estimate. I have let many friends read it; they all have been delighted. I have read it to considerable private audiences with flattering results, and my most familiar, exacting, unflinching fireside critics have unanimously decided that it is a rattling funny story. But every editor of high standing in America has graciously yet firmly declined it out of hand. There is nothing immoral in it, nothing irreligious, controversial, satirical, or didactic. It's a straightforward story; but it fails with the editors. They will have not a thing to do with it. It seems charmed against their favor. Everything else that I have ever written and considered excellent has gone to the public very easily, and for every cent that I thought it was worth. This lonesome manuscript short story lies yellowing in my drawer with the finger-marks upon it of all the editors and assistant editors who have ever had a chance to decline it, and their name is legion. — *Maurice Thompson, in the Independent.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MILITARY BELLE. By Henry Clinton Parkhurst. 303 pp. Cloth. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 1899.

The heroine of "A Military Belle" leaves her rich home in the highlands of the Hudson to link her fortunes with those of an army officer who has won her love Immediately after her marriage she follows him to the West, just before the beginning of the Black Hawk war. Her adventures on the prairies of Illinois and in the pine woods of Wisconsin at the time when Chicago was a mere trading post make the substance of the story, in which Abraham Lincoln, General Scott, Andrew Jackson, Black Hawk, Keokuk, and other historical figures appear.

BETTER WORLD PHILOSOPHY. A Sociological Synthesis. By J. Howard Moore. 275 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: The Ward Waugh Company. 1899.

Mr. Moore has thought deeply on social problems, and his book is one that will excite thought and arouse discussion. He examines into the existing order of things, points out what he regards as the chief evils of modern civilization, and suggests a remedy in scientific stirpiculture, and particularly in a system of education that shall be altruistic rather than egoistic. His style is clear and logical, and his book, though altogether serious, is not dry reading. His chapters on race culture and individual culture deserve general attention.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

FRANKLIN AS POLITICIAN AND DIPLOMATIST. (The Many-sided Franklin: Conclusion.) With portraits, fac-similes, etc. Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

JOHN MORLEY. A study, with frontispiece portrait. "A Member of Parliament." *Century* (38 c.) for October.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. The Voyage of the Casco; Honolulu (July, 1888–June, 1889). Edited by Sidney Colvin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

MARK TWAIN. A biographical sketch, with portrait. Samuel E. Moffet. *McClure's* (13 c.) for October.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. OLIPHANT. Harriet Waters PRESTON. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Paul Elmer More. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

LANGUAGE AS INTERPRETER OF LIFE. Benj. Ide Wheeler. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

LITERATURE OF THE PACIFIC COAST. Charles H. Shinn. *Forum* (38 c.) for October.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. Pierre Loti. *Critic* (18 c.) for October.

THE HOME OF GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE. Mrs. John Lane. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S MISSION AS A POET. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

VICTOR HUGO IN HIS LETTERS. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

NOTES ON ENGLISH STYLE IN THE VICTORIAN PERIOD. Ruskin, Thackeray, Stevenson, Meredith, Hardy, and "Mark Rutherford." W. Robertson Nicoll. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE TAMING OF THE JUNGLE." With portrait. George Hamlin Fitch. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

THE SMITH'S LITERARY CHANCE. Edward W. Bok. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER. Illustrated. Armand Dayot. *Harper's* (28 c.) for October.

THE RELIGIOUS TEACHING OF COUNT TOLSTOÏ. Samuel E. Keeble. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. G. McKenzie Cobban. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

SILAS K. HOCKING. Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Josiah Flynt" is Frank Willard, son of Mrs. Mary Bannister Willard, who is now residing in Berlin. He is a nephew of the late Frances E. Willard.

Lafcadio Hearn has taken the name of Y. Koisumi, and has become a subject of the Japanese empire.

Rudyard Kipling intends to revisit Australia, and will possibly stay for a short time in South Africa en route.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar is going to Denver. He is ill with consumption, and hopes to be benefited by the Colorado climate.

H. Rider Haggard has started for the Klondike. He is said to be largely interested in mining schemes.

Gilbert Parker is in New York. He is trying to raise funds for a good hotel, to be built in London, which will give to working women comfortable quarters at less than cost.

F. Marion Crawford is now in Sicily, and does not expect to return to this country for at least a year.

Rev. T. L. Flood, formerly editor of the *Chautauquan*, is now engaged in a manufacturing business in Meadville, Penn.

The late Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth wrote more novels than Dickens, Hawthorne, Thackeray, and Victor Hugo combined.

The late Alphonse Daudet's notebook was constantly in use wherever he might be. It is said that once, after a rather dramatic and sentimental scene with his wife, he remarked: "This seems, my dear, like a chapter out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," she replied, "to form a chapter that will slip into a novel."

Thomas Hardy writes all his stories with copying ink. This enables him to take press copies, and so obtain exact duplicates without the aid of clerk or typewriter.

The biography of Mr. Gladstone is making steady progress in the hands of John Morley.

A new biography of Charles Dickens by Thomas Wright is soon to be published, and will contain much matter concerning Dickens's life that was unknown to Forster.

Mr. Le Gallienne's new book on Rudyard Kipling is almost ready.

"Wildwood," the log cabin studio of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, near South Haven, Mich., was burned to the ground on the night of September 25. More than fifty of Mrs. Peattie's unpublished manuscripts, including two unfinished novels and twenty lectures, were destroyed. All of Mrs. Peattie's notes and memoranda for stories and essays were lost with the manuscripts and her working library.

"Geraldine, a Souvenir of the St. Lawrence," which was anonymous for so many years, was written by A. A. Hopkins.

Everybody's Magazine is a new monthly issued by the North American Company, of New York.

The *Magazine of American History* is to be revived, with William L. Stone, who was a frequent contributor to it, as editor.

Paul Tyner has resigned the editorship of the *Arena* to enter the lecture field this winter, although he has not given up his literary labors. He will live in New York City.

The *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) has been enlarged to a twenty-four-page weekly magazine, with a double number every fourth week.

The price of *Harper's Magazine* has been reduced to twenty-five cents a copy, beginning with the September number.

The publishers of the *New England Sportsman* (Boston), will give a Sportsman's Show, covering 15,000 feet of floor space, at the Food Fair which will be held in the Mechanics Building, Boston, October 2–28 inclusive.

In the *Century* for October announcement is made of the names of the three winners of the prizes offered for the best poem, essay, and story submitted in competition by American college graduates of 1898. Last year all the prizes were won by alumnæ of Eastern women's colleges; this year's winners are Westerners, and only one of them is a woman. The prize poem, entitled "A Hill-Prayer," is by Miss Marion Warner Wildman, of Norwalk, Ohio. The prize essay, entitled "The Poetry of Blake: An Opinion," is by Henry Justin Smith, of Chicago. The prize story, entitled "Only the Master Shall Praise," is by John M. Oskison, of Vinita, Indian Territory. The prize story-writer is by birth part Indian. A similar competition will occur next year.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* wishes to use some pictures of rural churches and suburban club houses, and offers twenty prizes, amounting to $250, for the best pictures submitted. The competition will be open until November 1.

The *Ledger Monthly* (New York) for September prints a portrait of the late Robert Bonner, founder of the *Ledger*, as a frontispiece, and the funeral address on Mr. Bonner, delivered by his friend, Rev. Dr. John S. MacIntosh, of Philadelphia, is given on the following page. The late Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the distinguished novelist, is the subject of a brief obituary notice, accompanied by an interesting photograph and a fac-simile of her handwriting.

"Herbert Spencer at Seventy-Nine," in the August number of *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly*, is the title of an interesting account of this great philosopher's work during the past ten years, and includes many interesting details regarding his habits and daily life. An engraving from Mr. Spencer's latest photograph forms the frontispiece of the number.

In "What Makes a Book Sell?" in the *Critic* for September, Miss E. B. Sherman mentions many things in answer to the question, but is forced to the conclusion that mere chance is the cause of many great successes in book publishing.

The Stevenson letters in the August *Scribner's* have to do with the Saranac Lake region of the Adirondacks in winter, and describe the outdoor life led by the novelist and his family when he was trying to regain his health.

L'Art de la Mode (New York) is the leading fashion publication in the United States.

Samuel E. Moffatt, a nephew of "Mark Twain," contributes to *McClure's Magazine* for October a biographical sketch of "Mark Twain," in regard to which "Mark Twain" himself has written to the author: "This biographical sketch suits me entirely — in simplicity, directness, dignity, lucidity — in all ways." It is illustrated with a new portrait of Mr. Clemens.

"Edgar Allen Poe's College Days," at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, are discussed in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for October in a richly illustrated article by Jennie Bard Dugdale, apropos of the unveiling of Zolnay's famous bust of Poe, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the poet's untimely death — October 7.

The *Home Magazine* (New York) for October contains an article on "The Real David Harum," being the account of a visit by William Hoge to Homer, N. Y., the "Homeville" of "David Harum," and the life long residence of David Hannum, the original of Mr. Westcott's character.

The literary interest of the *Eclectic Magazine* for October is well sustained by articles on "Lamb and Keats," by Frederic Harrison; on "Southey's Letters," by Leslie Stephen; on "Shakespeare in France," by Sidney Lee; and on "Puritanism in English Literature," by Edward Dowden. There is also an article on Tolstoi, translated from the French of Edouard Rod, which has both a literary and a personal interest.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 11.

12-7-99

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

COINING BRAINS. *Elisa Strang Baird.* 161
THE LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF WISCONSIN. *Duane Mowry.* 163
INDUSTRY AND INSPIRATION. *Arthur Fosdick.* . . . 165
EDITORIAL. 166
Perpetual Copyright. 166
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 167
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 167
Frederick Colburn Clarke, 167 — George Gibbs, 167 — Leila Herbert, 168 — Isabel Hornibrook, 168 — Lulu Judson, 168 — Clarence M. Lindsay, 169 — Luther S. Livingston, 169 — Lewis E. MacBrayne, 169 — Arthur Bartlett Maurice, 169 — Ida Goldsmith Morris, 170 — Henry Justin Smith, 170 — W. B. Van Ingen, 170 — Stewart Edward White, 170 — Marian Warner Wildman, 171 — Sara King Wiley. 171
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 171
Grant Allen, 171 — Honoré de Balzac, 172 — F. Marion Crawford, 172 — General Charles King, 172 — Robert Louis Stevenson. 172
BOOK REVIEWS. 173
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 175
NEWS AND NOTES. 176

COINING BRAINS.

We cannot wonder that writers were proverbially poor in the former days, when readers of good literature were found only in the highest ranks of society, when the educated public was a very small one, and when great authors were too often obliged to depend upon pensions begged from aristocratic patrons. It is difficult for us to conceive of a world without periodical literature, one in which the novel was either totally unknown or a rare and remarkable phenomenon. Certainly it is not surprising that authors of the seventeenth, or even of the eighteenth, century found it well-nigh impossible to earn the barest livelihood by means of their pens. The struggles of those neglected geniuses and literary hacks have been frequently recounted to us. But in our own enlightened times, when civilization and wide education have created an enormous and intelligent reading public, it seems as if there ought to be no repetition of such miseries.

We learn of the vast sums paid to the successful novelist, of the great revenue which a fortunate publisher sometimes derives from a single book, running swiftly through its thousands of copies, and we dream that the fate of the author is now totally changed, that his pathway leads forever among beds of flowers and beside peaceful streams.

Unquestionably, a writer in the twentieth century can succeed from a financial point of view, as he could not do at an earlier period. Yet, even now, the old question recurs, and will continue to recur as long as the profession of authorship exists, — How far is it a degradation for the thinker to use his mind-power for mercenary ends? Is it a lowering of the "gift divine" to earn money by its employment, — to coin brains for a living? Ought the creative soul, devoted to vast conceptions, the poet seeking lofty ideals, to condescend to the bartering of these that he may gain a subsistence? Can Art be kept at its highest level while undergoing such a process? Must not Pegasus, once harnessed to the plow, thereafter forget the use of his wings?

It is, indeed, sadly true that genius may sometimes be perverted by the necessity which forces it to work for daily bread, instead of for Fame's laurel-wreath alone. Dryden's life must serve as a melancholy example. Eminently gifted as a satirist, he lived at a period when the corrupt public taste demanded from him plays, and those, too, of a low order. So Dryden wrote plays, not because he liked to do so, but because he must, and, in consequence, his reputation suffered, his high position in our literature was lowered. This was surely a

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

degradation of talent; but when Dryden gave the public able exhibitions of power in his satires, he certainly had a right to demand from it a just compensation for such labor. An apple-tree performs its proper office in supplying us with apples, and a vine in bearing grapes; but we must not try to force apples from the vine because they will bring more than grapes at the present season.

If the subjects of Elizabeth had earnestly desired epics or lyrics from Shakespeare's pen, if they had been willing to shower gold and favors upon him for every line, it would have been a lasting dishonor to literature had he yielded to their solicitations. Yet, it was not wrong for him to accept the small competence with which he was able to settle down at Stratford and live comfortably, since he had gained it not through perverting, but through following the bent of his genius.

On the other hand, it is a fact that there have been frequent instances where the pressure of necessity has proved an aid, and not an injury, in the development of talent. Many great men have been of lethargic temper, and have needed a strong stimulus to exertion. It was only when Goldsmith found he could succeed at nothing else that he finally attempted authorship. Even then, he had to be hard pressed for debt, or pinched by hunger, before some of the highest triumphs of his art could be wrung from him. Had he not first made a failure in three professions, how much the world would have lost!

Dr. Johnson was so indolent that we owe the comparatively small amount of work which he really accomplished to his dislike for school-teaching, and the fact that he must do something.

Carlyle, for much the same reasons, went to Edinburgh, and began writing for the magazines.

Fielding tried law, and Smollett medicine, before necessity made either turn to literature.

Had Thackeray not lost his entire fortune through unlucky speculation, he should probably have had a third-rate artist, in place of a great novelist.

If a writer produces honorably what a respectable and morally clean public taste craves, we may safely assert that he will always be right in demanding a fair remuneration for his labor, nor can there be any degradation of his genius in the transaction. As a rule, veritable talent of any sort will not be long in finding a market for its wares, and our own era has furnished abundant instances of that speedy change which literary opinion may undergo in relation to its appreciation of a new author. We are informed by a London journal that fifteen years ago, when Mr. Kipling published his first paper-covered book of verse, it was a drug on the market at two shillings a copy. To-day, one is glad to purchase the small volume at twelve pounds, or one hundred and twenty times its original cost, and the income of its author has risen from a few pounds a month to almost as many thousands a year.

Hall Caine was an ill-paid journalist until he came to London as the secretary of Dante Rossetti. His first literary work brought him little of either fame or money, but it is probable that "The Christian" has realized returns equal to more than fifty times the amount received from the sales of his first four published books together.

When Mr. Zangwill was an obscure teacher in the Jews' Free School, we are told that he wrote some verses, which he ventured to send to the editor of a magazine in America, who promptly returned them. Years passed, and Mr. Zangwill became a famous author. One day this same American editor cabled to him for a poem, and the verses which he had formerly rejected were mailed to him at once, and were printed with great delight, and well paid for. The poverty-stricken Jewish teacher is now the successful novelist, whose income has risen to four figures.

It is a fact that Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds" was scorned by publishers, yet when it came out it immediately took with the public and obtained a phenomenal success.

It must be admitted, however, that such a speedy recognition does not always come to the diligent and painstaking literary worker. A case may easily be imagined where an author finds that there is no such transformation in public taste, and discovers that the best fruits which his talents can produce, though good in

themselves, are not acceptable to the majority of readers. It seems clear that such a man ought to continue steadily doing the work in which he excels, even though the remuneration offered for it be small. If he succeeds in accomplishing something truly noble and able, he will sooner or later meet with appreciation. His is a difficult, but a lofty task. He must look to the future, and assure himself that his reputation depends upon its verdict. If he has strength for this, his talents will surely find their most complete development, and he may at length discover how it is possible to keep his genius in its legitimate sphere and still to possess that secret so much coveted by our own generation, — the power of *coining brains.* *Eliza Strang Baird.*

ORANGE, N. J.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF WISCONSIN.

The Literary Association of Wisconsin is an organization incorporated under the laws of the state without capital stock. The articles of association define its purposes to be "to associate together persons of literary tastes and pursuits; to encourage the production and publication of literature by its members; to own, buy, sell, publish, or dispose of books, magazines, papers, manuscripts, or other literary documents; and to accept, acquire, buy, sell, lease, or dispose of real or other property, as may be necessary for the uses and purposes of the association."

The officers of the association are a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and seven directors. The four officers named may be members of the board of directors. The duties of the four officers are similar to those of like officers in other organizations. The directors have practical charge and supervision of the affairs of the association. They pass upon applications for membership, determine the scope of the work to be done by the members at the general meetings, suspend members under the by-laws, and are, in brief, the business head of the body.

The first meeting of the incorporated body was held December 17, 1896. There had been a number of voluntary gatherings of kindred spirits for several months before this time. But for want of adequate organization and direction, and for other causes purely local and not necessary to mention here, the gatherings had been very much strained and unsatisfactory. After the incorporation of the body, it took on new life, and has since had regular meetings once a month, at which many people of literary tastes meet. These meetings are invaluable from several points of view, as will appear later.

The charge for membership is two dollars for initiation fee. The annual dues are one dollar. So far there has been no disposition to make anything out of the organization for its members by reason of any payments which may be made to it in fees and dues. The sole purpose has been to receive enough from its members to meet legitimate expenses. The expenses have been inconsiderable, the officers and directors giving their services to the association.

The active membership is about fifty persons at the present time. The qualifications for membership are not very clearly defined. Members are expected to be persons of literary tastes, and to have good moral character. It has also been the practice to restrict the membership to residents of Wisconsin, and to others who have been residents of the state, and have gained some literary distinction. Whether applicants from other states would be refused admission on account of their places of residence has never yet been passed upon by the directors. It is the opinion of the

writer that they would not be refused admission.

A number of the members have an acknowledged standing in the world of letters, although by far the larger part of the present membership should be classed as amateur writers. Charles J. Woodbury, of Milwaukee, a devout disciple of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is one of our oldest members. He has been able, from time to time, to give the members valuable assistance in an advisory and suggestive way. His reminiscences of the great transcendentalist have been very interesting and helpful. He is the author of several books, among which is a book of poems which has won warm praise from the critics. Mrs. Sophie C. Gudden, of Oshkosh, is a lady of fine literary instincts, and has written much, both in German and in English. In 1886 she published in Berlin her first book, "Wilde Rosen," a volume of allegorical fairy tales; in 1891, in Stuttgart, was issued a book called "Festival Plays," written in poetry. Of this book and its author the late George Ebers said that "she was not a versifier, but a true poetess," which is high praise, coming from such a source. Mrs. Gudden has written much for the periodicals of two hemispheres. These writings consist of children's stories, critical articles, and novelettes. She has also prepared and given several lectures on thoughtful and critical subjects. John G. Gregory, associate editor of the *Evening Wisconsin*, of Milwaukee, wields a trenchant pen in the editorial columns of that paper. He is, moreover, a poet of undoubted ability, and possesses, in a marked degree, the critical instinct. A book of his poems was published a few years ago. Mrs. Mary E. Buell, of Milwaukee, is a poet and story-writer, and her writings find a ready market. She has published a book in prose entitled "The Sixth Sense," and also a small volume of poems. She writes considerably for the local and metropolitan newspapers. General Charles King is a member of the association, but has not been very active in its affairs. He is, perhaps, better known on account of his literary work than any other member of the organization. Charles K. Lush, of Milwaukee, has recently come into prominence on account of his story, "The Federal Judge." He has done considerable work on the newspapers and anonymously. "The Federal Judge" has made a decided hit with the public, and has awakened wide-spread interest on account of its keeping unpleasantly close to well-known facts of very recent date. Mrs. M. D. Malkoff, formerly of Milwaukee, but now of Chicago, has done considerable literary work, largely for newspapers, and has prepared several lectures of undoubted literary merit. Miss Mildred I. McNeal, of Appleton, Mrs. David Harlowe, of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Dutcher, of Stillwater, Minn., Miss Genesee Richardson, of Oconomowac, Mark Forrest, of Milwaukee, Mrs. Libbie C. Baer, of Appleton, Miss Mary Mears, of Oshkosh, Mrs. Mary M. Dickens, of Wausau, are all regular contributors to the newspaper and periodical literature of the day. Several of our members have ability to compose and to set to music their literary productions. Among these are Miss Creasdelli C. Fess, Mrs. Buell, Miss McNeal, Mrs. Jessie L. Davis, and Mrs. Helen Holton.

The monthly general meetings of the Literary Association of Wisconsin are, perhaps, entitled to more than a passing notice. They awaken more interest, and are, probably, of more real practical value to the members, than any other single feature of the association at the present time. Certainly, this is true so far as it concerns those who attend the meetings. Of course out-of-town members are debarred from the advantages which social and literary intercourse affords, as it is not possible for them to meet with the members at these general meetings very often. The intrinsic merit of these monthly meetings consist in the full and free interchange of literary views and experiences. These meetings, while not private, are not supposed to be public, in the sense of being the common property of the multitude. Nor is it likely that the general public would care much about the "views" and "experiences" which emanate from these monthly gatherings. If a member has had an "experience" with a dishonest publisher, the facts are submitted to the meeting, and the "experience" serves as a warning to the members who know of it, and perhaps to absent members, who are informed

of it through friends. The opportunities for selling literary wares are frequently and freely discussed. This is particularly helpful to young writers, who are often at a loss to know where to send their literary efforts. Carefully prepared papers are occasionally submitted giving information as to the proper preparation of manuscripts for the editor or the publisher. This would seem to be needless to any but amateurs, but it should not be forgotten that our membership is largely composed of young and inexperienced writers, and a paper or talk of the nature indicated has served a useful purpose in more than one instance. Essays, poems, short stories, and other literary matter form a part of nearly every monthly programme. These are sometimes of a timely character, sometimes upon abstract questions of a profound nature, and not infrequently ephemeral and without literary or other merit. The criticism of the productions of members is not indulged in at the general meetings, but opinions are freely and honestly given, if solicited, either personally or by letter. This proves very helpful. There are other features of the general meetings which are not always usual. The social feature, however, is constantly aimed at, and personal acquaintanceship has been the means of a larger and closer literary fellowship. It is difficult to emphasize too strongly the real value of these general monthly literary meetings.

The printed monthly letter which has been issued by the secretary was first tried as an experiment, but has now become a permanent feature. Its mission is to give to the members the action of the directors; to report, in brief, the proceedings of the last general meeting; to give out such information as may be brought to the notice of the secretary concerning the various members, particularly with reference to their literary work, both present and prospective; to summarize, so far as is possible in the space allotted, general literary news and information; and to outline some prospective work for the association, as it may be suggested by the members at the general meetings or at the meetings of the board of directors. The monthly letter has been appreciated by the members generally, and more especially by those who have found it impossible to attend the general monthly meetings. This class includes most of the members who do not reside in Milwaukee, the home of the association.

The membership is steadily increasing, and the making of an honorary list is under consideration. This list may be limited to Wisconsin literary folk who have attained distinction in the literary world. It seems to be conceded that there is a field for such an organization as the Literary Association of Wisconsin. Whether or not our organization sufficiently occupies the field, is the problem to which the future must give the adequate solution.

Duane Mowry.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

INDUSTRY AND INSPIRATION.

The writer who forms a habit of daily work, seating himself at his desk every morning as regularly as the morning comes, may never feel the glow of inspiration, but he is more likely to be inspired, and certainly he will accomplish more, than the writer who has no habit of regular work and trusts to inspiration to find him wherever he may be. Active literary work excites the brain, and when the brain is excited it is likely to throw off sparks. Laziness never produces literature. Thoughts come with thinking, and sometimes they may be great thoughts. The writer who thinks and writes regularly every day cultivates both his power of thought and his power of expression, and educates himself so that he may express to the best advantage the great thought if it ever comes.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. NOVEMBER, 1899. NO. 11.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Those who are working to secure perpetual copyright for authors seem to have the weight of common sense on their side. If it is just that an author should control the publication of his work during a term of years, — and everybody nowadays will agree to that, — why *is it not unjust to* deprive him of his property when twenty-eight or forty-two years have passed? The man who builds a house for himself adds to the value of the materials he uses the value of his labor, and the world recognizes that the whole property belongs to him and to his heirs and assigns forever. If the property created by a man's labor in building a house belongs forever to the builder, why should not the property created by an author's labor in writing a book belong forever to the author? The builder puts his brains into his house, in planning conveniences and making the house attractive, and the value of his brainwork is his forever. The author puts his brains into a book, and the world says that after twenty-eight or forty-two years have passed he shall have no more right than all other men to the value that he has created.

***

In the case of inventors the argument is made that a man who has invented something of great value to mankind — the telephone, for instance — ought not to have perpetual control of his invention, since in that case he would be vastly more than adequately paid for his achievement, while, on the other hand, the free use of his invention, after he has been adequately remunerated, belongs to the world in general. The argument does not seem to be sound, but even granting that it has some justice, the case of the author is different. While a patent remains in force the contrivance of the inventor may not be made by anybody else, and the world must depend on him for the article in question, and pay his price for it, or get along without it. The author of a successful book, on the other hand, does not bar any one from writing another book just as good, or better. Competition with him is free to every one, and if his work is preferred by the public, it is only because his genius transcends that of his rivals, and not because he has made something that anybody else could make as well after seeing him produce it.

***

The ethics of the question are confused somewhat because publishers and authors ought not to stand in the same position in respect to copyright. This fact is recognized by

the present law of the United States which provides that at the end of twenty-eight years a copyright may be renewed for fourteen years by an author or his heirs, but not by his publishers. THE WRITER believes that copyrights should be given in the first place only to authors, and never to publishers. The publisher bears the same relation to the author as the manufacturer bears to the inventor. Neither publisher nor manufacturer has any real right to exclusive privileges, save through the creator of the book or the invention for which the copyright or the patent may be granted. One of the arguments used by those who oppose perpetual copyright is that the publisher, who deserves only a fair return for the use of his capital and his enterprise, would get the greatest benefit from the change, while the author, who deserves a reward commensurate with his genius, and who is the real creator of the property to be protected, would get only a minor share. The world would be much more willing to give perpetual copyright to authors, if they and their descendants alone were to get the benefit of it. It naturally objects to giving publishers a perpetual monopoly of something which they had no real share in creating.

* * *

To return to the original proposition, viewed from another side, it is hard to see why the property right in an author's book, which is unquestionably his for all time so long as he keeps it to himself in manuscript, should be taken away from him twenty-eight or forty-two years after he has published it, and so has given to the world at large the benefit and use of it. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Prior to the above date.	Before this time.
There are rumors of a first-class literary magazine, with plenty of capital behind it, to be published in Atlanta in the near future. The parties that have the matter in hand state that the magazine will be up-to date in every respect, and that the work of the best writers will be secured and paid for at liberal rates. — *Atlanta Constitution.*	It is rumored that a first-class literary magazine, with plenty of capital behind it, will be published in Atlanta soon. The men that have the matter in hand say that the magazine will be up-to-date in every respect, and that the work of the best writers will be secured and paid for at liberal rates.
If they decide to throw in their lot with the two republics, then the situation assumes a wholly different phase to what it presents at present. — *New York Sun.*	If they decide to throw in their lot with the two republics, then the situation will assume a wholly different phase.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Frederick Colburn Clarke, whose poem, "The Old Home Haunts," in the September *Scribner's*, has been reprinted in almost every paper in the country, writes, in answer to a request for personal information: "I fear I can lay claim to no literary past. By profession I am an artist, an illustrator in black and white and photography. I took up literature that I might be able, in time, to write text that should harmonize with my art work, and, should I be so fortunate, acquire an individuality in that line as I have already done in drawing. 'The Old Home Haunts' is my first published work sold, and I sent it in for acceptance or rejection on its literary merits, unaccompanied by any illustration. I came from Ohio six years ago, a perfect stranger, to sink or swim in New York, and it gives me much pleasure to write that I am swimming still."

George Gibbs, author of "The Last Victory of 'Old Ironsides,'" which is printed in *Lippincott's* for November, is by profession an artist and illustrator. He was born in New Orleans, March 8, 1870. He is a son of the late medical inspector, B. F. Gibbs, United States navy, who died at Trieste while serving as fleet surgeon of the European squadron. Mr. Gibbs was educated at the Château de Lancy, near Geneva, Switzerland, and at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he was for three years as a midshipman. He resigned from the navy in 1888, and began the study of art at the Corcoran School of Art and the Art Students' League at Washington. He studied for five years, writing meanwhile special articles from Washington for the *New York Sun* and the *New York Times*. He now has a studio in Philadelphia, and his time for the last five years has been devoted mostly to book and magazine illustration. His work has appeared in many of the American magazines, more par-

ticularly *Collier's Weekly*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, and *McClure's Magazine*. His illustrations of naval subjects have been numerous in the publications of Charles Scribner's Sons, the Macmillans, the D. Appleton Company, and in the *Century* and *McClure's*. His work has been seen in almost every number of the *Saturday Evening Post* since August, 1898. As a writer Mr. Gibbs has shown unusual ability, his chief work being a series of navy stories, of which "The Last Victory of 'Old Ironsides'" is one. In the September number of *Lippincott's* he had "The Effrontery of Paul Jones," and in the October number "The Biggest Little Fighter in History." A score of these navy stories are now being brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Company in book form, under the title "Pike and Cutlass — Hero Tales of Our Navy." The book will be illustrated with about a dozen of Mr. Gibbs's illustrations, published by permission of the editors of the weekly papers in which they first appeared.

Miss Leila Herbert, whose four papers on Washington are now appearing in *Harper's Magazine*, died in December, 1897, just after the completion of the articles. Miss Herbert was the daughter of Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, and presided over the household of her father while he was Secretary of the Navy. She was educated at Hanover Hall, Ala., where she graduated at the age of fifteen. She then went to St. Agnes, in Albany, N. Y., where she graduated at seventeen. She was a young lady of many accomplishments, and was very popular in society in Washington, and at Bar Harbor and at Newport, which places she visited during her father's administration. Her mother, who died when Miss Herbert was a school girl, was vice-regent for the State of Alabama of the Ladies' Mt. Vernon Aid Association. After Mrs. Herbert's death the place was held open until 1895, when, Miss Herbert being deemed by the lady regents sufficiently matured to take the place, she was elected to succeed her mother, and was among the most popular of the vice-regents there. During her lifetime nothing of hers was published. Her papers on Washington are to be reprinted in book form by the Harpers, and the volume will appear some time during the coming year.

Isabel Hornibrook, who wrote the boys' story, "A Race for Camp," in the *Ledger Monthly* for October, was born in the south of Ireland, and her life before coming to America to reside with her sister was spent in England, Ireland, and France. She comes of a literary family, her mother being a veteran English author, and her brother now a noted short-story writer in London. She began to contribute to English papers while she was in her teens, and followed that up by writing eight juvenile books for Blackie & Co. and other English publishers, besides having stories in several magazines. Since coming to America she has kept up her English connection, and a book of hers has just been brought out by Blackie & Co. One of her books for boys, entitled "Camp and Trail," was published in 1897 by the Lothrop Company, Boston, and was much commended by the American press. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell wrote to the author regarding it that he was an old haunter of lake and wood ways, and he was sorry for the boy who didn't enjoy it. Some stories of Miss Hornibrook's in the style of "A Race for Camp" will appear later on in the *Youth's Companion*, and probably afterward in book form.

Lulu Judson, whose story, "When Thieves Break In," appeared in the September number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, was born in southwest Missouri, going when very young with her parents to New Orleans, where her father, William H. H. Judson, was business manager of the *Times-Democrat* for many years, and during the cotton exposition chief of the printing and publishing department. Miss Judson received her education in the old French city, and there her first story was published, when, at the age of twelve, she won the first prize in a short-story contest for children, the prize being offered by a leading daily. From that time to the present day Miss Judson has devoted a great part of her time to writing, being inspired by an ardent love of the work

and by an ambition to excel as a writer of short stories. She has had considerable experience in journalistic work, being a daily contributor to several Alabama papers, and on a number of occasions, in her father's absence, she has edited and managed his paper, the *Bessemer*, published at Bessemer, Ala., where the family now resides. Her short stories and sketches have appeared in many Southern newspapers, and in *Munsey's* and other magazines.

Clarence M. Lindsay, whose story, "The Princess Beautiful," was published in the *Ledger Monthly* for October, has spent a great part of his life in New Hampshire, but is now a resident of Brooklyn. "The Princess Beautiful," which was written for children, is the first story in that line which he has published. It is in the field of verse-writing that he hopes to achieve his chief success, for that he regards as the highest form of literary art. Mr. Lindsay has been writing for a number of years, but is not a rapid producer of work. "I would rather put my name to one perfect piece of inspiration," he says, "than to a thousand blemished verses."

Luther S. Livingston, who has contributed several articles on bibliographical subjects to recent numbers of the *Bookman*, had been a bookseller's clerk for six years in his native town in Michigan before he came to New York in 1887. Since that time — with the exception of about two years, the greater part of which was spent in South America collecting orchids — he has been with Dodd, Mead, & Co., and is still connected with that house. His work there is entirely among their rare books, their collection of fine and scarce books being the most important sale collection in America. Since the inception of the work in 1895 he has compiled the annual volumes of "American Book-Prices Current," which is a record of rare and out-of-print books sold at auction in America. This compilation is the best accessible guide to the prices of such books in this country. Aside from this, Mr. Livingston's published work has been confined to his articles for the *Bookman*. He has never submitted articles to any other publication.

Lewis E. MacBrayne, whose story, "A Thoroughbred," won the first prize in the *Woman's Home Companion* short-story competition, is the literary editor of the *Courier-Citizen* of Lowell, Mass. He is twenty-eight years old, and was born in New Britain, Conn., but has spent the greater part of his life in Massachusetts. After several years of varied experience as a reporter and newspaper correspondent, he began to write short stories two years ago, with a series published in the *New England Magazine*. "A Thoroughbred" will be followed by other stories in the *Woman's Home Companion*. Mr. MacBrayne has traveled extensively, and went to Italy recently to obtain the necessary color for several Italian stories that he desired to write. "My friends have been very kind to me," he said, recently, "but they are critics much more lenient than I am. When I feel capable of handling the stories that I most desire to write, then I shall be willing to be judged for my lasting condemnation, or, as I hope may be the case, for some measure of commendation."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice, who has recently succeeded James MacArthur as junior editor of the *Bookman*, was born in Rahway, N. J., April 10, 1873. He studied at Richmond College, Virginia, and Princeton University. He began newspaper work as editor of a small country weekly in Woodbridge, N. J., afterward becoming connected with a newspaper in Rahway. Later, he was the city editor of an afternoon daily in Elizabeth, N. J., and in the autumn of 1896 he joined the staff of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. During his connection with this paper Mr. Maurice occupied at various times the positions of sporting, dramatic, and exchange editor. During the past year he has been a regular contributor to the pages of the *Bookman*. His series dealing with "New York in Fiction" was suggested by his own study of the Paris of Honoré de Balzac. It then occurred to him that while the London of Dickens and Thackeray had been done over and over again in American maga-

zines, no one had thought it worth while to take up the subject of the literary association of our own novelists and cities.

Ida Goldsmith Morris, whose poem, "If Wishing Were Having," appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for October, lives in Kentucky and is twenty-eight years old. She has been writing poetry for many years, and her verses have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Judge*, *Belford's Magazine*, and the various newspapers of the country. One poem, entitled "That Little Chap of Mine," which was published in the *Atlanta Constitution*, met with unusual success, and was copied in England and in a thousand publications in this country. Of late Mrs. Morris has been furnishing prose matter to various newspapers, and she contemplates issuing her poems in book form before long. The work nearest her heart has been poetry for the little ones, of which she has published a great deal.

Henry Justin Smith, whose paper on "The Poetry of Blake" won the *Century's* essay prize in this year's competition, was born in Chicago in 1875, and has lived there all his life. "My father," he says, in response to a request for information, "was for more than forty years editor of one of the leading religious papers of the West, and the author of several historical and religious works. His library was a large one, and he encouraged my taste for reading. In 1896 he died, and I became an editorial writer and book reviewer on the same paper, the *Standard*, continuing in that position until last spring, when I joined the staff of a Chicago evening daily. My college work was carried on at the same time with my work for the *Standard*, and under Professor O. L. Triggs, Professor R. G. Moulton, and others, I specialized in English literature, especially in nineteenth century romanticism. I have written for the *Independent*, the *Watchman*, the *Interior*, and other religious papers, along with a great deal of hack work for the dailies. The present is my first appearance in the magazine field."

W. B. Van Ingen, whose charming story, "A Cup of Tea," was printed in the September *Harper's*, wrote the story on his return from Japan. The function which it describes was only one of the many customs and habits of the country that seemed to him, to use his own phrase, "delightful beyond compare." Mr. Van Ingen was sent to Japan by Charles T. Yerkes to make for Mr. Yerkes's house a Japanese room. When this commission was first given to him it seemed to him much more sensible to have the work executed by the Japanese themselves than to attempt imitations of their handiwork, which must be the case if the work were done here or in Europe. Mr. Yerkes looked at the matter the same way Mr. Van Ingen did, and it was while the artist was executing that commission that he had an excellent opportunity of seeing the Japanese life. The story that appeared in *Harper's* is the only one of Mr. Van Ingen's that has appeared in print. He has spoken a number of times about the art of Japan, — at the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, — and will speak again in January, at the Metropolitan Museum, on the work of Hokusai. Mr. Van Ingen, however, is a writer and a speaker only incidentally, his occupation being that of a mural painter. The work of his possessing the most general interest is that in the Congressional Library at Washington. He also recently executed a notable frieze for the main offices of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, of New York city, showing data in the history of the development of electricity. Mr. Van Ingen is a pupil of John La Farge, in whose studio he was employed for some three years. He was born in Philadelphia in 1858.

Stewart Edward White, whose story, "The Saving Grace," appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for September, began his literary career in January, 1898. Being then an attendant at one of Professor Brander Matthews's lectures, he wrote a little character sketch, which pleased Mr. Matthews so much that he advised Mr. White to "go in and write stories," and used his influence in getting book reviewing for him to do on the *Chap Book* of Chicago, in which city he was temporarily located. Mr. White

thereafter reviewed books and wrote one story, which the *Chap Book* published. The following year he had leisure for more serious work. That winter he wrote eight stories, which were accepted by *Lippincott's*, the *Century*, the *San Francisco Argonaut*, *Short Stories*, and *McClure's*. This year he is in Paris, with some few short stories on hand, and at work on a more sustained effort. His novel is to deal with the West, the frontier West, but in a new way. "The unusual," he says, "has heretofore been so emphasized as to have gradually impressed itself on the lay mind as the usual. We always have a great deal of shooting and bad grammar in the frontier story. There are shooting and bad grammar, it is true, but there are many, many other things as well, and some of these I am going to make into a story. I know this because I have lived West as a Westerner, and not as a tourist." Mr. White is twenty-six years old. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1895, and took a course at Columbia in 1898. He has lived for some length of time in Grand Rapids, in California, in New York, in Chicago, and in Keystone, S. D.

Marian Warner Wildman, author of the poem, "A Hill Prayer," which won the prize in this year's *Century* competition, was born in Norwalk, Ohio, October 14, 1876, and has spent almost all her life in Norwalk, with the exception of the four years during which she attended the Western Reserve University at Cleveland. She has had no literary career except in the limited field of college publications. For two years she was on the editorial board of the *College Folio*, and most of her writing up to the time of her graduation was done for that periodical. Since leaving college she has continued her literary work for her own pleasure.

Sara King Wiley, whose poem, "In a Poppy Garden," appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for September, has been more than ordinarily successful as a writer. Her first published verse was "Endymion," in *Scribner's* in 1894, and "Apollo and Daphne" in the *Century* of the same year. Since then she has contributed verse and a few short stories to the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other magazines. A number of years ago she wrote for *Cassier's* the verse, "The Artist to the Engineer," which was copied in a number of scientific papers, and, in collaboration with her father, the book of travel, "The Yosemite, Alaska, and the Yellowstone," which appeared in *London Engineering*, and was afterward brought out in book form. She has also written ballads of American history: one she recited at an anniversary celebration of the battle of Trenton (in Orange); one on an anniversary of the battle of Lexington (at the City Hall, New York); and one, "The Battle of Monmouth," on a similar occasion in the old church near the battlefield. These ballads have been widely copied, and "The Battle of Monmouth" has found its way into a school reader. Her winter home is in East Orange, N. J., and her summer home at Twilight Park, in the Catskills. "The Poppy Garden," she says, "was neither a creation of fancy nor an opium dream, as a medical friend suggested, but a real garden on a beautiful old estate in the south of England, where I passed the summer before last."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Allen. — Grant Allen once told how he began to write, as follows: "Returning to England in '76, I found myself 'out of work,' and so committed to paper some of my views on the origin of the higher pleasure we derive from natural or artistic products, and I called my book 'Psychological Esthetics.' It was not my very first attempt at literature; already I had produced a hundred or more magazine articles on various philosophical and scientific subjects, every one of which I sent to the editors of leading reviews and every one of which was punctually 'declined with thanks' or committed, without even that polite formality, to the editorial waste-paper basket. Nothing daunted by failure, however, I wrote on and on, and made up my mind, in my interval of forced idleness, to print a book of my own at all hazards." The "hazards" in this case amounted to the author being called upon to pay down

about $500 before publication, but, according to his account of it, "I paid it without a murmur and got my money's worth. The book appeared in a stately green cover, and looked very philosophical, and learned, and psychological." The loss on this little venture was not very great, so that it almost amounted to encouragement. Two articles were accepted for the *Cornhill*. "Carving a Cocoanut" was the first, and it brought in $60. That was the first money earned by literary work, but other magazine articles followed in due course. Another scientific work on "Color Sense" was then published, of which book Allen once said that it brought him, during the course of ten years, about $120 or $150, and he satirically added: "As it only took me eighteen months to write, and involved little more than 5,000 or 6,000 references, this result may be regarded as very fair pay for an educated man's time and labor." —*London Letter*.

Balzac—With no inborn literary facility, with an inborn artistic conscience that drove him on in untiring pursuit of perfection, he filled the vast chasm between his thought and its expression with countless penstrokes, and by methods of composition all his own: the exact reverse of those of Dumas, writing at white heat, never rewriting; or of Hugo, who said, "I know not the art of soldering a beauty in the place of a defect, and I correct myself in another work." Balzac began with a short, and sketchy, and slip-shod skeleton, making no attempt toward sequence or style, and sent it, with all its errors, to the printer. Proofs were returned to him in small sections pasted in the centre of huge sheets, around whose wide borders soon shot from the central text rockets and squibs of the author's additions and corrections, fired by his infuriated fist. The new proofs came back on similar sheets, to be returned to the printer, again like the web and tracks of a tipsy spider. This was repeated a dozen or, it is said, a score of times, always with amplifications, until his type-setters became palsied lunatics. He overheard one of them, as he entered the office one day, say: "I 've done my hour of Balzac; who takes him next?" Type-setter, publisher, author were put out of misery only when the last proof came in, at its foot the magic "*Bon à tirer*."—*From "The Paris of Honoré de Balzac," by B. G. Martin and Charlotte M. Martin, in Scribner's for November*.

Crawford.—Marion Crawford uses a coarse pen and has written every word of every novel with the same pen-holder. He writes a very fine hand and very rapidly, punctuating as he goes along. When a page is finished, it is finished, and a work of art.—*Major Pond, in the Saturday Evening Post*.

King.—On a shelf in General Charles King's workroom is the worn and battered field-desk which he has carried through his campaigns. In its pigeon-holes is to be found the secret of his marvelous accuracy in writing. A half dozen small blank books of the ordinary commercial kind are filled with entries written in a minute, but legible hand. These record the occurrences of each day of his active, honest service, and present concisely but vividly the impressions made upon his mind at the moment by the stirring scenes through which he passed. His first work when beginning a new novel is to consult these priceless records. It is doubtful if there is another author who composes more rapidly than General King when once he is inspired by a sympathetic theme.—*Forrest Crissey, in Ainslie's Magazine for November*.

Stevenson.—"That is the hard part of literature," says Robert Louis Stevenson in one of his letters published in *Scribner's*. "You aim high, and you take longer over your work, and it will not be so successful as if you had aimed low and rushed it. What the public likes is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain. I know that good work sometimes hits; but, with my hand on my heart, I think it is by an accident. And I know also that good work must succeed at last; but that is not the doing of the public; they are only shamed into silence or affectation. I do not write for the public; I do write for

money, a nobler deity; and most of all for myself, not perhaps any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ART OF THINKING. By T. Sharper Knowlson. 139 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1899.

Inasmuch as clear thinking is essential to good writing, writers especially should be interested in Mr. Knowlson's book. The object of the author is to teach the art of thinking without first teaching the science of mind or the rules of syllogistic reasoning, and his treatise is written in simple style, free from the technicalities of psychology and logic. The importance of methodical and orderly thinking and of concentration are impressed upon the reader, and he is warned against the dangers arising from scrappy reading, lack of reflection, insufficient observation, prejudice, peculiarities of temperament, tendency to theorize, unintelligent conservatism, and the influence of emotion. A consideration of the laws of evidence is followed by sections on drawing distinctions, the use and abuse of authority, the treachery of words, and the need of health. In a chapter on constructive thinking attention is called to the necessity of being sure about facts and of a true system of classification; reasoning from the known to the unknown by analogy and the use of the constructive imagination are discussed, and the author has something to say on careful generalization and conducive moods for mental productiveness, closing the chapter by citing examples of sympathetic methods. Incidentally, the book lays down a course of reading in psychology and logic, so exhaustive that any one who pursues it to the end will have little time for any other work in life. The author's style is generally good, in spite of his use of such words and phrases as "whilst," "in this connection," and "to briefly expound." Altogether the book is one to be commended.

MARCHING WITH GOMEZ. By Grover Flint. Illustrated by the author, with historical introduction by John Fiske. 200 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1898.

Grover Flint's story of his experiences during four months as a war correspondent with the Cuban army, which was originally published by Lamson, Wolfe, & Co, has recently been added to Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.'s list. The book is one of more than ordinary interest and value. It is written in a picturesque and vivid style, and the story is made more graphic by the author's many drawings, which illustrate the text as no pictures drawn by anybody else could do. Mr. Flint had unusual opportunities for studying the Cuban soldiers and the Cuban people generally at short range, and the reader will find his book helpful in forming a true estimate of the Cuban character. He relates many exciting incidents of his own experience, and draws a lifelike pen portrait of the commander-in-chief of the insurgents, with whom he was intimately associated. His book has great historical value, and its worth is enhanced by Dr. Fiske's introduction, which briefly sketches the history of Cuba down to the time of the insurrection which brought freedom to the island.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA? A biographical dictionary of living men and women of the United States. 1899-1900. Edited by John W. Leonard. 822 pp. Cloth, $2.75. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co. 1899.

"Who's Who in America?" is a book of great value to the public generally, and one that is simply indispensable to newspaper writers and to all who have to do with the prominent men and women of the present day. It gives just the information that is desired about thousands of men and women now active in American life, concerning whom before its publication no information was generally accessible. The information, moreover, is authoritative, having been gathered at first hand from the subjects of the sketches, who have in every instance had an opportunity to revise and correct a proof, so that accuracy might be secured. The value of the book is enhanced by the fact that not a single line of biography in it has been paid for; nobody is mentioned in its pages whom the editor did not deem to be of sufficient public importance to warrant the publication of a sketch. Not wealth nor social standing, but rather achievement or public position have been the criteria in choosing or discarding names. A valuable feature of the book is found in the addresses which it contains, making it not only a handy biographical dictionary, but a handy directory of the best-known contemporary Americans. Another valuable feature is a death-roll of prominent Americans who have died since January 1, 1895. The exact number of biographies in the book is 8,602, including sketches of most living American authors of books of more than temporary value. The publishers intend to make periodical revisions of the work, bringing it up to date from time to time, extending it, and in every way making it a first-class book of reference.

WINE ON THE LEES. By J. A. Stewart. 362 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1899.

In "Wine on the Lees" the author of "In the Day of Battle" and the "Minister of State" enters a new field. The present novel is a temperance story, and graphically depicts the evils of the drink traffic in the slums of London. The book has some of the usual faults

of the novel with a purpose, but it is vigorously written, and the author clearly portrays some interesting, if not altogether lovely, characters.

ELVIRA HOPKINS OF TOMPKINS CORNERS. By Izora Chandler. 195 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. 1899.

Mrs. Chandler's latest book is written in the country dialect of central New York, and sets forth the opinions of "a middle-age maiden woman" on the church members and church affairs of an ordinary village. It contains a good deal of homely common sense, expressed in a humorous way, and reminds the reader that "folks is mostly mighty human — be they inside or be they outside uv the Church."

THE EXPERT CLEANER. By Hervey J. Seaman. 286 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1899.

"The Expert Cleaner" is a handbook of practical information "for all who like clean homes, tidy apparel, wholesome food, and healthful surroundings." As that includes practically everybody, excepting Esquimaux and Anarchists, the possibilities of circulation for the book are very wide. The dedication, "To Lucy, My Wife," makes the reader wonder a little how much a woman can enjoy life having a husband so expert in all matters connected with household cleanliness, and also whether all the recipes the book contains are given constant trial in the author's shining domicile. "Directions" there are for everything, from tying shoelaces and perfuming garters (cleanliness, forsooth!) to cleaning kettles, varnishing pianos, and dislodging fleas. Washing, dyeing, removing stains, mending, polishing, renovating, sweeping, dusting, painting, cementing, — all knowledge as regards such matters is the author's specialty, and dirt where he or his book have been is certainly a sin unpardonable and without excuse.

RETURN OF THE FAIRIES. By Charles J. Bellamy. Illustrated by Charles W. Reed. 182 pp. Cloth. Springfield, Mass.: Little Folks Publishing Company. 1899.

The six fairy tales offered to children in this volume by the brother of the author of "Looking Backward" are all stories of modern life, and they all point practical morals, which are not, however, in the least obtrusive. Children will find them full of fascination, and grown people too will read them with a good deal of interest. Mr. Reed's illustrations are excellent, and the book is an attractive one in every way.

PUNCTUATION. With chapters on Hyphenization, Capitalization, and Spelling. By F. Horace Teall. 193 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1897.

Mr. Teall is an experienced proofreader, and the punctuation of his book shows that he is a master of the art of which he writes. In other words, the points of punctuation in his text are placed generally in the best way to elucidate its meaning, and that is the punctuator's highest art. Punctuation is an art, and not a science, for the reason that language is so elastic that the pointing-off of sentences frequently cannot be done by scientific rule. There are main rules, of course, that all must follow, but cases are always arising to which these main rules will not apply, and in such cases the punctuator must use his judgment as to how the points may best bring out the author's meaning. Writers on punctuation have tried to cover the field completely by formulating countless "exceptions" to the general rules. Mr. Teall does not follow their example. He gives clearly the main rules for the use of the different points, discussing the fundamental principles of punctuation, and refusing the impossible task of making a system which shall be an effectual guide in every imaginable case of doubt. Like all proofreaders, he has his personal fads, and in some of his practice — as, for instance, in the use of colon or comma before quotations — he makes distinctions the reason for which is not indicated by his rules, but in the main his teaching is sound and his own punctuation is consistent and instructive. The writer who studies his book will find it a safe guide and a useful help.

THE FIRST BOOK OF BIRDS. By Olive Thorne Miller. With eight colored and twelve plain plates, and twenty figures in the text. 149 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.

Mrs. Miller always writes charmingly about birds, and this new book of hers is just the thing to interest young readers in the ways and habits of the dainty feathered creatures. It has grown out of the author's experience in talking to schools, and is in every way adapted to children's comprehension. Discarding the terms of scientific ornithology, Mrs. Miller tells in plain language how the different birds live and what their habits are, arousing the child's interest in them as fellow-creatures, who are always to be treated tenderly and whose life it is a keen delight to study. The pictures in the book are excellent, especially the colored plates. In the final chapters Mrs. Miller shows how useful the birds are to man, how they may be attracted around our homes, and how they can be studied to the best advantage. There is no better book than this to put in a child's hands for a Christmas gift.

PEGGY. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated by Ethelred B. Barry. 308 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1899.

"Peggy" is a lively tale of life at a girls' boarding school, full of fun and jollity. Girls from twelve to seventeen will find the story fascinating, and if they read with ordinary dis-

crimination they will not get from it anything but good.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 310. — She Stoops to Conquer and The Good-natured Man. By Oliver Goldsmith. No. 311. — Essays on Burns and Scott. By Thomas Carlyle. No. 312 — The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. No. 313. — Utopia. By Sir Thomas More. No. 314. — Lays of Ancient Rome. By Lord Macaulay. No. 315 — Murder as a Fine Art and The English Mail coach. By Thomas De Quincey. No. 316. — Macbeth. No 317. — King Henry VIII. No. 319. — Marmion. By Sir Walter Scott. No. 320. — Nathan the Wise. By Lessing. No. 321. — Essays Civil and Moral. By Francis Bacon. No. 322 — An Essay on Man and Other Poems. By Alexander Pope. No. 323. — Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo. No 324. — Heroes and Hero-worship. By Thomas Carlyle. No. 325. — Francis Bacon. By Lord Macaulay. No 326. — As you Like It. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Co. 1899.

The great value of Cassell's National Library is indicated by this list of classic works contained in recent issues. The volumes are well printed in large type on good paper, and are just the thing for handy reading.

THE NEW PACIFIC. By Hubert H. Bancroft. 738 pp. Cloth, $2.50. New York: The Bancroft Company. 1900.

One unfamiliar with Mr. Bancroft's interesting literary methods could not look at this bulky volume, with its amazing mass of closely-printed information, without being reminded forcibly of Goldsmith's parson, at whom the rustics gazed while

> "still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

"The New Pacific" is certainly a remarkable book. It opens with a comparison of the present with the past, so far as the Pacific ocean is concerned. It describes the development of methods of communication and the progress of civilization on the shores and islands of the world's greatest sea. It sketches then the history of 1898, recounts the events of the Spanish war on land and sea, and then discusses the consequences of the war, considering at length the question of expansion and its effect upon the future of the United States. This brings Mr. Bancroft to the subject proper of the book, namely, the Pacific ocean and the countries in and around it. Taking up each country in turn, he presents to the reader an amazing mass of information, compiled from widely-varied sources, and touching on every feature of the countries under consideration. One chapter is entitled "Race Problems," another "Notable Voyages into the Pacific"; other chapters inform the reader about China, Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and other Pacific countries. Page after page of the book is filled with solid statements of fact, in style like this, for instance: "The farms in China are small and well cultivated. First among products are rice, tea, and sugar; then come vegetables, a little grain, with indigo, camphor, and silk. The cotton industry of India has assumed large proportions, while Indian tea is rapidly taking the place of the Chinese article in the chief marts of the world. Three-fourths of the tea shipped from China to the United States is sent from the port of Amoy, where it is first graded and packed. The shipments hence in 1897 amounted to 14,742,341 pounds, valued at $2.855,847.30." In view of the fact stated by Mr. Bancroft that nearly one-half of the inhabitants of the earth live in countries bordering on the Pacific ocean, the importance of the knowledge he presents is manifest. No one who makes even a cursory examination of his book can help wondering at the wide range of information that has been covered in preparing it by the author and his trained assistants.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

UNDER WESTERN SKIES. Poems by Frank Carleton Teck. 64 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New Whatcom, Wash.: Blade Publishing Company. 1899.

HEART OF THE VALLEY. Poems and stories by Dennis H. Stovall, B. S. 100 pp. Paper. Corvallis, Ore.: Published by the author. 1899.

WHEN SHILOH CAME. By Ambrose Lester Jackson. With seven full-page illustrations by the author 295 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1899.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (Life in Samoa: November, 1890 — December, 1894). Edited by Sidney Colvin. Concluded. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

THE PARIS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC. Illustrated. Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY. Illustrated by the author's photographs. Alfred Stieglitz. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

A LITTLE GIRL'S GLIMPSE OF TENNYSON. Illustrated. Edith M. Nicholl. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for November.

A YIDDISH POET: MORRIS ROSENFELD. Leo Wiener. "Open Letters" in *Century* (38 c.) for November.

MY DÉBUT AS A LITERARY PERSON. Mark Twain. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

WAGNER FROM BEHIND THE SCENES. Gustave Kobbé. Illustrated. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

THOREAU'S ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

SOME NEW LETTERS OF TOURGENIEV. Rosa Newmarch. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November

GOETHE'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA. Kuno Francke. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

IAN MACLAREN, HIS HOME LIFE IN LIVERPOOL. Illustrated. *Ledger Monthly* (8 c.) for November.

WILL WALT WHITMAN'S WORK SURVIVE? Arthur Copeland. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for November.

FRANK NORRIS, REALIST. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Bookman* (23 c.) for November.

MR. MCCARTHY'S REMINISCENCES. Professor William P. Trent. *Forum* (38 c.) for November.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Grant Allen produced more than two volumes for every year of his adult life.

E. L. Godkin has severed his active connection with the *New York Evening Post*. It was his intention to do so in any case January 1, but the step has been hastened by impaired health. He will continue to be an occasional editorial contributor.

The heirs of David Noyes Westcott received from the publishers of "David Harum" $11,198.20 up to July 3, 1899. From the Lippincott's they received $157.50 for "The Teller," a posthumous short story.

One of the weekly papers in London offered a prize for the best list of strong words in the English language, the number limited to ten. The words that won were: Hate, blood, hungry, dawn, coming, gone, love, dead, alone, forever.

East and West is a new monthly magazine, designed to be strictly literary and devoted to the cause of critical and creative literature. It will print stories, verse, and essays of contemporaneous interest. It is issued in New York.

In Myth-land is a new children's magazine edited by Frances Armstrong Woods, and published by Chittenden & Woods, Chicago.

Frank Chapin Bray is now the editor of the *Chautauquan*, which is published now in Cleveland.

James Howard Bridge is no longer the editor of the *Overland Monthly*.

The *Southern Home Journal* has removed from Jackson to Memphis.

The price of the *Eclectic Magazine*, which is now published by the Living Age Company, Boston, has been reduced to twenty-five cents a month or three dollars a year.

Many changes have been made at Harper & Brothers' since the combination with the Doubleday & McClure Company. The publication of the *Round Table* has been discontinued, and Albert Lee, the editor, is to be the editor of a new magazine, to be called, probably, the *Franklin Square*. Mrs. Margaret Sangster has resigned as editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and has been succeeded by J. H. Sears. Henry G. Paine has succeeded Henry Loomis Nelson as editor of *Harper's Weekly*. It is said that J. Pierpont Morgan has invested from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 in the Harper-McClure business.

F. Tennyson Neely has failed — liabilities $359,531, nominal assets $414,739. It is expected that the business will be carried on.

The November *Critic* has a frontispiece portrait of W. D. Howells and three articles dealing directly with Mr. Howells and his work. One is on some aspects of Mr. Howells's realistic novels, by Miss Cornelia Atwood Pratt; another, by Gerald Stanley Lee, is on "Mr. Howells on the Platform," and in the third, Waldon Fawcett tells of the pleasant relations existing between Mr. Howells and his brother Joseph, who conducts a small printing-office in a Western town, where all of Mr. Howells's novels are put into type, the electrotype plates being shipped to his New York publishers.

In their paper on "The Paris of Honoré de Balzac," in *Scribner's* for November, Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin describe the many localities and homes associated with the great French author, and give a clear impression of his personality and literary life.

Mrs. Campbell Praed's tale, entitled "Karl Sandèze: A Literary Episode," in *Lippincott's* for November, is bright and amusing: an episode likely to happen to any one who lives by the pen.

Grant Allen died in London October 25, aged fifty-one.

Florence Marryat died in London October 26, aged sixty-two.

John Codman Ropes died in Boston October 28, aged sixty-three.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XII. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1899. NO. 12.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE AUTHORS' CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS. *Lucy Sherman Mitchell.* 177
CORRESPONDENCE. *E. S. Goodhue.* 179
THE HUMORS OF CRITICISM. *Ruth Hall* 181
EDITORIAL. 182
The Use of "Very," 182 — Involved Sentences, 182 — Artists Who Are Writers. 182
QUERIES. 183
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 183
Anna Northend Benjamin, 183 — Mark Lee Luther, 183 — Marco Morrow, 184 — Saunders Norvell, 184 — Sydney Reid. 185
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 185
J. M. Barrie, 185 — W D. Howells, 185 — Robert Louis Stevenson, 185 -- Chartotte M. Yonge. . . 185
BOOK REVIEWS. 186
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 186
NEWS AND NOTES. 187

THE AUTHORS' CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS.

In the latter part of November, 1894, Mrs. M. M. Elliot, a lady who during a busy life had found time to produce some very pleasing verses that were accepted by leading publications, put into practice a plan which she and others had been for some time revolving in their minds, and invited to her "Poets' Home," a spacious residence on Portland avenue and Fourteenth street, Minneapolis, a number of her literary friends, to spend the evening. The occasion proved so thoroughly enjoyable, that before leaving it was decided that the guests should come again the next week. A regular organization was soon formed, with Mrs. Marietta M. Elliot, Dr. and Mrs. Uriah D. Thomas, Coral A. Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. Edson B. Russell, Rev. William C. Gibbons, S. D. McIntyre, and Frank E. Tucker as charter members. The wife or husband of an active member was admitted as honorary, but this custom has long since been changed, and there are now none but "active" members.

After a little, a constitution was drawn up and signed, by-laws were made, and from that time on meetings have been held every Tuesday evening, with but one single exception, when a vote was taken to omit the meeting during "Carnival Week." Out of this little gathering has grown the Authors' Club of Minneapolis, which, though not an exceedingly large organization, has come to be a very thriving society of busy workers.

Little by little, what seemed to be errors have been corrected, idlers and those who through pressure of other duties have felt themselves unable conscientiously to perform those of the club have been allowed to withdraw their names, until now, with but few exceptions, the members enrolled are thoroughly in earnest, and have the best interests of the club sufficiently at heart to be willing to give it a great deal of time and thought.

Soon after its organization, the custom of giving out a "roll-call topic" was inaugurated, and has continued, with modifications, up to the present time. The subject is given out two weeks in advance, but is not arbitrary, since members are at liberty to select one that suits them better, or to read a short article, or to give a talk on matters connected with literary work.

While these responses are usually in poetry, prose writers are just as welcome to the ranks as verse makers, and occasionally the contributions of the evening are limited to prose. An effort is made properly to observe national holidays, and during some years it has been customary to pay attention, each month, to the birthday of some noted author.

Copyright, 1899, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

Before calling the roll, an opening exercise, formerly called an "invocation," but now a "greeting," is prepared and read by some member, alphabetical order being observed in this as in roll-call, but in the latter the name first on the list one evening is last the next.

Minutes are read and business matters are attended to before recess, which occurs at nine o'clock, — the session opening at 7.45 and closing at 9.45, — and the time afterward is devoted to discussion, character sketches, or to any special literary work appointed by the president, who is elected on the last Tuesday of each month to serve for the month following, and cannot hold the chair for two consecutive terms. The critic also is elected monthly, but can be re-elected. The other officers, consisting of vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer, teller, and an advisory committee of three members, are elected by ballot on the first Tuesdays of January and July, their terms of office being six months.

The editor of *Progress*, a semi-literary weekly newspaper, devotes from one to three columns weekly to club poems. Each of these, before publication, is passed upon by the advisory committee, and is accepted or rejected according as it is or is not a fair representation of the ability of its writer. This committee also considers business matters in detail, and makes report to the club; another duty is to pass judgment upon the manuscript presented by those making application for membership. All are eligible as members who have had matter published in some reputable periodical or book, and are reported worthy by this committee. After due notice, a ballot of the club is taken, and two black balls reject.

The initiation fee is fifty cents, and the semi-annual dues are twenty-five cents, with the privilege of special assessment, advised by the committee and accepted by the majority of the club. A visiting committee, appointed by the president, looks after the sick and absent members.

The "Club Column" is reviewed by the critic the second meeting after it is published. Suggestions are made, errors are pointed out, and information is given in regard to methods employed by publishers, and it is to the careful study and faithful performance of this duty that the club owes much of its improvement.

The object of the club, outside of mutual pleasure, is so to perfect original composition as to gain recognition, and receive proper compensation from the leading literary periodicals of the day. Many of the members have been and are represented in high class magazines, — the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, *Short Stories*, etc., and a few have had books and booklets published.

For the first three years of the club's existence meetings were held at the homes of some of the members. After Mrs. Elliot, who received the title "Mother of the Club," Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Dutcher entertained until their removal to Stillwater, when Dr. Lyman W. Denton opened his house for their accommodation for nearly two years. Mrs. Ellen Hall gave the use of her parlors for one summer. Since then, it being thought advisable to locate farther "down town," different rooms in the Lumber Exchange have been occupied, and at present the club is "at home" in the Assembly Room, Temple Court, corner of Washington and Hennepin avenues.

Each year, on the first Tuesday in December, an anniversary meeting is held, with preparations more or less elaborate, as the wish of the members may determine. Two years ago, about four hundred invitations were issued, and everything, including music, was original. Last year a Souvenir Pamphlet was published, with contributions from nearly every member.

During the earlier part of its life "outside features," including recitations, readings, vocal and instrumental music, were indulged in to quite an extent, but for the past year and a half these have been almost entirely eliminated, and the meetings, which had partaken largely of the nature of an entertainment, have become more like a school. On rare occasions refreshments have been served, but usually those who desire to give the club such diversion select some other than Tuesday evening.

The membership might be greatly increased if real work were not required, as there are many who give a kindly word and a helping hand, yet whose duties are such that they are

unable to take additional ones. Editors, the city librarian, professors of the State University, representing some of the best literary talent of the state, are among these. Professor Maria L. Sanford, of the State University, and Professor George Huntington, of Carlton College, favored the club with addresses last winter, and addresses by other literary persons are contemplated for the future.

The Authors' Club of Minneapolis differs in many particulars from most literary organizations, noticeably in the production of original work; yet it would be glad to become one of a national association having for its object the furtherance of the interests of writers. In one respect it is itself a national organization, for it already has members in six different states of the Union.

The public is welcome at any and all meetings of the club, and those who are not quite up to standard in point of composition are allowed to attend regularly and to do as much of the work as they desire.

The present list of members is as follows: Officers: President for November, Rev. John F. Geddes; critic, Frank E. Tucker; recording secretary, Mrs. Lucy Sherman Mitchell; corresponding secretary and teller, Frank G. O'Brien; treasurer, Alexander Barnes; advisory committee, H. H. S. Rowell, Alexander Barnes, Frank Dewey Redfield. Additional members: Mrs. F. M. Blackwell ("Parma Gentry"), Bertha Corbett, Mrs. Mary A. Drew, Mrs. Laura B. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Abbie Hopkins Griffin, George Guscott, Mrs. Ellen Decker Bulson, Mrs. Pauline C. Hammond, Jennie Louise Harris, U. G. Herrick, Charles A. J. Marsh, S. D. McIntyre, M. Eva McIntyre, Katherine G. Mills, Mrs. Lizzie O'Brien, Mrs. Leola S. Parker, Mrs. B. W. Pruyn, Mrs Laura Jordan Smith, Thomas Lafayette Smith, John Swenson, Dr. Uriah D. Thomas. Nonresident members: Mrs. Wenonah Stevens Abbott, Oak, California; "Ruth Raymond" Annable, "Lalia Mitchell" Annable, Towanda, Penn.; John Bachelder, Milwaukee, Wis.; Willard Dillman, Revillo, So. Dak.; Edward William Dutcher, Mrs. Harriet E. Dutcher, Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. Fanny L. Fancher, Dodge Centre, Minn.; O. T. Fellows, Pasadena, Calif.; Fannie Fullerton, Los Angeles, Calif.; Flora Pike Gates, Fargo, So. Dak.; Professor George Huntington, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.; Lura V. Smith, Fargo, So. Dak.; Alvin W. Stowell, Park Rapids, Minn.; Mrs. May Phillips Tatro, Bowdle, So. Dak.; Mrs. Coral T. Thormann, Excelsior, Minn.; Ben C. Wilkins, Ashland, Wis.

The late James G. Clark, "The Poet Singer," of Pasadena, Calif., was also enrolled as a member. *Lucy Sherman Mitchell.*

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A letter came to me this morning. It was written (copied) by a young man who prides himself upon his literary discrimination, but who — alas! for his originality and style — follows "The Complete Letter Writer."

What he wrote to me, although intended to be kind and complimentary, put me in a critical mood, for I had seen the arrangement of words before. I like second-hand letters less than I do second-hand clothes. One might have to wear the latter, but any man or woman that thinks can write a letter.

I found comfort the other day in a writer who said that the charm of a letter "depends upon the writer's inclination and ability to be personal; to make confidants of his readers. A rambling, good-natured writer that tells you all his secrets, and thinks nothing too trivial to mention, is always entertaining." This was all the more comforting to me, because I could hide behind it somewhat, and make faces at the man who continued: "He is always confidential; you follow him as one follows the *ignis fatuus*, and he takes you into regions from

which you retrace your steps with difficulty."

For my part, I like a letter, whether it appeals to me alone or to the general reader, brim full of verve and individual motion; one that carries you along as a brook carries a chip; on, over, into, through, under, by eddies and stones — somewhere finally, but nowhere in particular.

If you want a sermon, you may have the text as thick in it as seeds in a raspberry; you expect that, and are prepared for it. If you go to hear a temperance lecture, you know that you will be told a dozen or more stories that you have heard a dozen or more times before; but when you get a letter, are you not expecting something the character of which you could not have foretold? There's the end.

You demand that what the man sends as his own shall be his own, absolutely and in all respects. It may not be good, but it cannot be bettered at the expense of originality.

A man's personality should flow out of his letters as surely as the substance of a mountain disintegrates into its brooks and flows along to the sea. The moment we look at a thing from another's point of view and not our own, we grow uninteresting. That is why a college boy's letters are generally so stale. He has not learned to rely upon his own observation, or perhaps he observes for himself, but tells of it according to some one else; he affects style.

Some persons never outgrow the age of unconscious plagiarism. I received a letter a few days ago. It went on from the beginning in a cheerful, tumbling, rushing way, like the Falls of Ledore. I could almost hear the writer's voice, as we walked down a foot-path way, and he pointed out various interesting objects; telling of them, of himself, his hopes, and binding the whole by a dignified confidence as naturally as luxuriant vines bind the trees of a forest together, and hang their fragrant blossoms beneath. This writer's published writings have the same natural unstarched "feel."

Another letter came — never mind when; it was long, and the author went on stilts. Indeed, I fell so far below him as he spoke of poetry in general and dactylic monometres in particular, that I felt very much crushed when I got through.

Another kind of letter, worse perhaps than any, is sent by the writer who gets a brevity conceit, and imagines that nothing is of value unless said in one or two words. It is true, a mere record of fact ought to be said briefly, but the "boiling down" process applied to general correspondence will ruin it for persons of literary judgment, and for everybody.

They won't read it.

Newspaper letters are read, not for the information which they convey so much as for the pleasurable side of human nature that they expose; for the individual di-oxide gas that bubbles up through the whole — the writer's aroma. As for the information, it could always be found in some encyclopædia. The ideal writer strips before you, and you discover what manner of man he is.

The editor does well to be brief. He is working with his coat off; he means business, and what he says is supposed to be learned and particular. On the other hand, the correspondent is *en dishabille;* he sits in his easy chair, with his feet on the table, and, between times, come a few thoughts, not in the least injured by admixture with tobacco smoke.

The writer of my last letter has been told sometime that he is laconic, and he nearly wears me out telling me things that ought never to be repeated, and saying them in abbreviation, as follows: "Went New York. Saturday — Stanley-lecture — not up expectation." You would think he was quoting Alfred Jingle.

I never liked this "style," and when the editor of a certain daily wrote me to "boil down" my next report, I answered: —

"My friend, if I evaporate any more, you'll have nothing but sediment left."

"Sediment 's what we want," he returned.

It may be food, but like the concentrated beef and bread they sell, cannot be made to take the place of diluted victuals.

The words of a well known New York editor may be quoted: "Send me what you would say to your best friend on a day that you feel your best — put it all in, especially the exclamations."

Every editor in his advice to contributors puts brevity in somewhere, yet the farseeing receiver and purveyor of other men's thoughts will use care in his urgency.

If the writer has not said anything, making it

shorter will be like adding zero to naught; the potential factor is yet to be supplied; while the writer that says something had better be left to say it in his own way.

Pruning does little good, especially after the article is out of the hands of the man that thought it. I think that he is a wise editor who will return a manuscript that needs trimming; and a wiser writer who refuses utterly to have his writing altered by any editor. Suggestions from able men are very good, but the author should be content to act upon them himself.

Here is an ancient rule: "If thou be saying not from necessitie, but by preference, look thou to spontaneitie; but if a thynge must be sayd, say it brieflie."

E. S. Goodhue.

BALBEC, Ind.

THE HUMORS OF CRITICISM.

I trust it is only a sense of the ridiculous, and no lack of gratitude (for the critics have been very kind to me), which shows what the blessed Lang Tammas of Thrums was ever looking for — "the humorous side" of reviewing.

Naturally, in noticing an historical work, there is more room for blunders than in dealing with other forms of fiction. Peculiarly is this the case when the book reviewed treats of times, or persons, or things not household words. Such a difference is to be remarked in criticisms of my books, "In the Brave Days of Old" and "The Boys of Scrooby." The former was of a period historically familiar to us all, but the latter has to do with much that is less widely known. Here some busy men, too busy to brush up their schooldays' learning, too busy even to look a second time at what my story clearly said, have, now and then, taken strange liberties with facts.

One kindly person asserts that a few scenes are laid at the Hague (I don't think the Hague is mentioned), and others "in Paris under Louis XV." — who reigned 100 years later.

One gives "Arminian" in a list of famous characters introduced. Even if, by this, Arminius is intended, the assertion is incorrect, since the great disputant died the year my story opens.

One dwells upon the scenes where Grotius was packed "into that famous box marked 'Armenian books.'" I am quite sure the box was not marked at all, and, certainly, had it been, the label would have been "Arminian."

One says that John Chisholm "fights in the Palestine's army"; another that "the exile of the Bohemian Brethren from Prague" is an incident. I have no notion upon what this latter remark is based, but I do know that it was the Palatine's army of which I wrote. Still another tells any who would read of "the romance of young John Chisholm and the Queen of Bohemia" to buy "The Boys of Scrooby," — well-meant advice, but those purchasers would be sadly cheated. There is no hint of such romance in the book.

After the like blind fashion, certain reviewers persist in calling both these boys' stories "novels," which their author never dreamed of making them. But the most curious fact is this: The "Literary Notes" of a Philadelphia newspaper point out as an odd coincidence that, two months after the publication of "The Boys of Scrooby," with its mention of the wreck of the Sea Sentury, comes another tale, "Mary Paget," based upon the same occurrence. It might be added that Mrs. Champney's "Patience" and Miss Dix's "Trooper Rigdale" (also issued this autumn) both sailed in the Mayflower, as did one of the boys of Scrooby. Certainly there is ground, as the Philadelphia paper observed, for the theory of a literary microbe which generates similar plots.

Ruth Hall.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9–14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XII. DECEMBER, 1899. NO. 12.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

The *Chicago Tribune* thinks that the word "very" is overworked and deserves to have a rest. "'Very' as an adverb," it says, "is found less than twenty times in the King James translation of the Bible. The rarity of its use makes it count for all the more when it is utilized. When it is said that 'the man Moses was very meek,' one understands that he was meek beyond the custom of the Israelite of his day. When St. James says 'the Lord is very pitiful,' the 'very' is full of significance. But if the good and the bad deeds, the cruel and the heroic acts recorded in the Bible were to be described by most writers of the day, there would be a 'very' in almost every line." All of which is very, very timely.

***

The versifier who sent to a Boston editor recently some lines beginning

> "By the fireside to-night
> I am thinking what might
> Have been in store for us all"

apparently was never intended for a poet.

***

Here is a sentence taken, punctuation and all, from a new novel called "The Romance of Nun's Hollow": —

> "And after a few miserable years, she returned to her father's house, with her little infant daughter, only to linger a few short months, fading gradually away, day by day, until she was laid to rest in the little church-yard, by the side of her mother, who, in her day, had been a great beauty, and a 'Toast' among all the neighboring 'squires, who vied with each other to gain even a passing glance from the beautiful daughter of Earl Stow, who had suitors and enough for her hand, empty as it was and which she finally bestowed on Matt Darcey, to the great grief of many sporting sons of Mars, who had seen her undefeated in many a good and trying run with her father's well-known pack."

And here is a sentence from a New York afternoon newspaper: —

> "Thousands and thousands of miles across the continent, across vast sandless and inhabited tracts of land, under the surging waves of the Pacific ocean, and thence to the land of the lotus taters (sic) far off Japan, the message from the anxious family was flashed, and at once upon its receipt young Vanderbilt, alarmed and knowing nothing as to the reason to his recall home after he had been unable to reach New York in time for his father's funeral, and after having been wired to continue his travels days before, started on the long and wearisome journey across the Pacific and hence overland for his home in New York."

Readers of THE WRITER are cordially invited to try their hands at editing these curiosities.

***

Readers of the sketches published under the heading "Writers of the Day" in the November WRITER may have noticed that three of the writers mentioned there are by profession artists, with whom literary work is only incidental. This suggests the fact that there is a close connection between the artistic and the literary faculties, and that artists especially have often showed themselves well

qualified to write. Du Maurier, perhaps, affords the most striking instance of an artist becoming successful as a writer. F. Hopkinson Smith is equally facile in producing a painting or a manuscript. Palmer Cox can write as delightfully as he can draw. Frederic Remington is no less successful as a writer than as an artist. Thackeray and Dickens were both clever at drawing, and many other writers have shown ability in handling the pencil and the brush. It is even true that James Whitcomb Riley is said to have been a house and sign painter before he began to write!

* * *

"There is always a great demand for the books of an author who has just died," says a New York bookseller. Authors who wish to see the sale of their books increase are welcome to the hint. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What are the average prices paid to authors for magazine stories and articles and for special articles in the larger newspapers? L. O. R.

[The average rate of payment for magazine work is from five dollars to ten dollars a thousand words. The average rate paid by large newspapers for special articles is two dollars a thousand words. Some magazines pay as little as one dollar a thousand words and some newspapers pay as much as eight dollars a column or four dollars a thousand words. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Is there any way in which a short insert may be conveniently made in a manuscript without cutting and pasting the original copy? J. B.

[An insert to be put into a manuscript may be written on a sheet of paper of size to match the manuscript, marked "Insert A," and then laid in the manuscript just before the sheet to which the insert is intended to be added. On this sheet in the proper place should be written "Insert A." Other inserts should be marked "Insert B," "Insert C," etc. The insert sheets should be numbered with the rest of the manuscript, or if added after the sheets have been numbered should be numbered, for instance, "29-a," "140-a," while the next following pages of the manuscript should be marked "30 or 29-b," "141 or 140-b," to indicate that something is missing in case the insert sheets drop out. — W. H. H.]

(1.) On looking over a returned manuscript I found that in the following sentence: "We are only asking you to continue the work your grandfather so well began," a penciled "u" had been laid atop of the "a" in "began." Was not this alteration an error?

(2.) When, if ever, is it proper to use "as though"? I can hardly pick up a newspaper, or magazine without finding it. D. D.

[(1.) Yes.

(2.) "As though" has the authority of usage by some good writers, but "as if" is always preferable.—W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Anna Northend Benjamin, author of the story, "That Blessed Boy," which was published in the August *Munsey's*, has been writing for only a little more than two years, but she has already done work that has attracted wide attention. She was a war correspondent in Tampa, Key West, and Cuba during the Spanish war, and got into Santiago the day after the surrender. Now she is in Manila, with a pass from the war department, sending letters from the Philippines. Last winter she gave illustrated lectures in New York, Boston, and other places, based on her experiences, and she expects to do the same when she returns from the Philippines, although lecturing is with her always a secondary consideration.

Mark Lee Luther, whose novel, "The Livery of Honor," is the chief feature in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November, is a Western New Yorker by birth, and is now a resident of New York city. He was born January 5, 1872, was educated at Harvard, and was "intended" for the law. He thought more about learning to write, however, than of his law books, and in 1896, after about two years spent mainly in the

offices of ex-President Cleveland's former law firm in Buffalo, he put an end to the struggle by abandoning the graver study. Since then he has devoted most of his time to writing and to travel. His literary output, aside from short stories and miscellaneous papers which have appeared in the magazines, consists of the *Lippincott* novel, "The Favor of Princes," an historical romance of France under Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour, published by the Macmillan Company. His first novel is, so far as the author knows, the one story of the American Revolution the point of view of which is loyalist. "The Tories have had such short shrift at the hands of our novelists," he says, "that it seemed to me they merited a hearing."

Marco Morrow, whose sonnet, "In Autumn," appeared in the October number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, has done the greater part of his work, extending over a period of ten years, for the daily press. He was managing editor of the *Springfield* (Ohio) *Republic Times* until last spring, when he resigned to take editorial charge of *Agricultural Advertising*, a journal devoted to the theory and art of publicity and published in Chicago. He edited *Womankind* during the greater part of that journal's existence, and contributed to it a great deal of matter — stories, sketches, and verse. This, with a few contributions to Mr. Hubbard's *Philistine*, to *What to Eat*, to the *Lotus*, and to the *Iroquois*, and an occasional squib for the humorous weeklies, comprise the work he has done outside of the routine of daily journalism.

Saunders Norvell, who wrote the story, "A Nineteenth Century Daughter of Pharaoh," published in the November *Cosmopolitan*, is in business in St. Louis, and writes only for recreation. The *Cosmopolitan* story was his first effort in the line of fiction, although he has written a number of articles for trade journals, such as the *Iron Age* in New York. "The story in the *Cosmopolitan*," he says, "was written in a spirit of fun. I spent a part of the summer of 1898 with my family at Mackinac Island. Returning to St. Louis in the fall, we stayed a few days in Chicago. One afternoon, with one of the young ladies of our party (a relative), I went to the Field Museum. She was particularly interested in the Egyptian collection. Among other mummies in that collection is one of an Egyptian princess. The mummy case is carved very much nearer to the lines of the human form than any other that I ever saw. A card on this case said that the work on it indicated a decadence and debasement in Egyptian art. My companion stood over this case for a long time. Sitting near by, I was impressed with the rather dramatic picture of the ancient mummy of the princess and the very modern and up-to-date young lady so intently gazing down upon her. Finally my friend looked up and remarked that this mummy had the strangest fascination for her. Laughingly, I answered that probably she had just made the acquaintance of her own mummy — that if what some of our friends believed was true, she may have lived thousands of years ago, and was again upon earth a second time. We then visited other parts of the museum, discussing this rather interesting subject. Finally she remarked: "Why would n't this idea make a good story?" I replied that it would, and that I thought I would write it. She made light of my ability to write a story. I remarked that it was the easiest thing in the world — that anybody could write stories. Early this year she went to Europe. I wrote the story and sent it to her. I read a copy of the story to R. D. Saunders, an editor of the *Republic*, one of the leading daily papers of St. Louis, and Mr. Saunders recommended my sending it to the *Cosmopolitan*. Originally it was about 12,000 words. The editors requested me to cut it down to 7,000. This was the hardest part of writing the story. The story was dictated in three evenings between 8 and 10 o'clock. I devoted two evenings to revision. This was all the time given to it." Mr. Norvell is now forming the plot for another story of a psychological nature. It is on the weird and unusual order. He has written a number of stories for children, but has never offered them for publication. He first put them in form telling them to his own children, and afterward wrote them simply for amusement. Mr. Norvell was born in St. Catherines, Canada, in

1863. He has lived in St. Louis since he was nine years old, and is now third vice-president of the Simmons Hardware Company. He is in charge of the sales department, which includes, among other duties, the supervision of the work of 225 traveling salesmen. In 1886 Mr. Norvell married Miss Isabelle Matthews, of St. Louis. They have three children.

Sydney Reid, whose serial, "Josey and the Chipmunk," was begun in the November number of *St. Nicholas*, was formerly a member of the *Brooklyn Eagle* staff. He became quite widely known in Brooklyn as a writer of verse, sketches, and breezy introductions, before venturing abroad. Ten years ago he began contributing to the *New York Ledger*, and in 1892 *Harper's Weekly* published his "Dog Hunting in New York," which was followed shortly afterward by "Organized Misgovernment," and other sketches, grave and gay. *Lippincott's* and *St. Nicholas* also printed some of his short stories. In 1895 Mr. Reid went to Europe for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and wrote a series of letters, which, being published in its columns over his signature, attracted considerable local attention. In 1897 the Long Island Historical Society appointed Mr. Reid its agent to make widespread research in this country and abroad for all data concerning the early history of Brooklyn. This work was successfully begun and prosecuted during the latter part of 1897, but consolidation with New York put a stop to it temporarily. While waiting for the Historical Society to set the machinery going again, Mr. Reid wrote some books which had long been on his mind, but which he never had had time to commit to paper. The first of these to see the light is that with which *St. Nicholas* is now busy.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Barrie. — J. M. Barrie has been four years writing the novel, "Tommy and Grizel," which will begin in *Scribner's* for January. Nothing has appeared from him in the mean time except his dramatization of "The Little Minister." He is one of the slowest of writers and the most careful in the elaboration and finish of his work.

Howells. — "I keep revising continually," said Mr. Howells, "adding something here and cutting out something there. This is true of everything I write. I generally go over it a number of times and make corrections of all kinds. My preference is to complete a story before its publication, and this I invariably did when I was editor of the *Atlantic*. But I find that in dealing with different publishers you cannot at all times arrange your time satisfactorily, and are really compelled to finish your story after its publication is commenced. However, I am sure of the ending of my stories before I allow them to be started." — *Topeka State Journal.*

Stevenson. — The author must know his countryside, whether real or imaginary, like the hand; the distances, the points of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the behavior of the moon, should all be beyond cavil. And how troublesome the moon is! I have come to grief over the moon in "Prince Otto," and so soon as that was pointed out to me adopted a precaution which I recommend to other men — I never write now without an almanac. With an almanac and the map of the country, and the plan of every house, either actually plotted on paper or already and immediately apprehended in the mind, a man may hope to avoid some of the grossest possible blunders. With map before him, he will scarce allow the sun to set in the east, as it does in "The Antiquary." With the almanac at hand, he will scarce allow two horsemen, journeying on the most urgent affair, to employ six days, from 3 o'clock of the Monday morning till late in the Saturday night, upon a journey of, say 90 to 100 miles, and before the week is out, and still on the same nags, to cover fifty in one day, as may be read at length in the inimitable novel of "Rob Roy." And it is certainly well, though far from necessary, to avoid such "croppers." — *Robert Louis Stevenson, in the Idler.*

Yonge. — Some particulars of the first novel written by that prolific and charming writer, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, are an interesting feature of the *Girl's Realm*. It seems that

while reading Alison's "History of Europe" the young author's imagination was stirred by the incident of a mother forsaking a young child described in the retreat from Moscow. She romanced about it to her mother, who in turn mentioned the matter to her father, and he essayed to guide his young daughter in the writing of her novel, to which she gave the name of "Shiverydown." Each evening Charlotte was required to bring out one page of foolscap and go over, with her father, what she had written, he correcting and suggesting. This mechanical method, which answered very well with Latin and Greek exercises, did not do for an effort of the imagination; it killed all the young writer's enthusiasm and robbed her writing of the charm and freshness of originality, by making her try to write as her father would have done. An old and a young head cannot work together in fiction; they see things from widely different standpoints. The result was that "Shiverydown" became a lifeless production and had to be cast to one side. In later years Miss Yonge rewrote and published it as "Kenneth; or, The Rearguard of the Grand Army."—*Baltimore News.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ANNUAL LITERARY INDEX. 1898. Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. 284 pp. Cloth, $3.50. New York: Office of the Publishers' Weekly. 1899.

Each new volume of the "Annual Literary Index" emphasizes the value of the work to the reading public generally and especially to writers. Covering 137 publications, it opens to the user the whole wealth of current periodical literature, and enables him to find in an instant any contribution or all contributions bearing on any special subject published in the magazines and important weeklies during 1898. It includes (1) a subject index to the periodicals of 1898, covering 150 pages; (2) an index to the general literature of 1898, covering 25 pages; (3) an author index to both periodical and general literature for 1898, covering 75 pages; (4) a list of bibliographies, American and English, published in 1898; (5) necrology of writers who died in 1898; and (6) an index to the dates of principal events of 1898, which is practically an index to any daily newspaper.

THE STANDARD INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Edited by James C. Fernald. 533 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1899.

This abridgment of the Standard Dictionary contains 38,000 words, especially selected with a view to meeting the needs of pupils and teachers in the public schools. It includes many new words recently added to the language,—"Roentgen rays," or "X-rays," for instance,—and its definitions and etymologies are all that could be desired in a work of this kind. Considering the mass of information that the work contains, the number of the illustrations, and the excellence of paper, print, and binding, the price of the book is remarkably low.

A CATALOGUE OF AUTHORS WHOSE WORKS ARE PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & CO. 205 pp. Boards, 25 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.

The photogravure frontispiece of this catalogue, giving portraits of Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, is alone worth more than the nominal price asked for the volume. Besides giving a sketch of the firm and some account of its various literary enterprises, including the *Atlantic Monthly*, the catalogue gives biographical sketches of all of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.'s authors, with lists of the books of each. The work is one that any publishing house in the world might well be proud of.

MUSICAL ROMANCES. By Aimée M. Wood. 142 pp. Paper. Kansas City: Life Publishing Company. 1898.

In "Musical Romances" Miss Wood prints together four short stories—"Robin Adair," "Francesca, Elected to the Carmelites," "The Fifth Nocturne," and "The Revival of the Passion Music." They are all well told and will be especially interesting to music lovers.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. 327.—Selected Poems from Wordsworth. No. 328.—Selections from the Table Talk of Martin Luther. No. 329.—Religio Medici. By Sir Thomas Browne, M. D. No. 330.—A Christmas Carol and the Chimes. By Charles Dickens. No. 331.—Grace Abounding. By John Bunyan. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Company. 1899.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name—the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF FICTION. Richard Burton. *Forum* (38 c.) for December.

ZANGWILL'S PLAY, "THE CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO." A. Cahan. *Forum* (38 c.) for December.

THE ART OF SEEING THINGS. John Burroughs. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER. Illustrated. W. L. Hawley. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for December.

ALPHONSE DAUDET AND HIS INTIMATES. Jean François Raffaëlli. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

COLERIDGE'S "ANCIENT MARINER." Illustrated. James Main Dixon. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. With portraits. Mary Sargent Hopkins. *Ladies' World* (13 c.) for December.

REMINISCENCES OF THOREAU. By an inmate of Thoreau's family. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 2.

WEIMAR AND GOETHE. Illustrated. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 2.

A VISIT TO JOKAI. Illustrated. Edward A. Steiner. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 2.

THE LATE WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE. With portrait. Frank Putnam. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON AND HER WORK. With portraits. *Success* (8 c.) for November 25.

NEWS AND NOTES.

J. N. McIlwraith, who collaborated with Mr. William MacLennan on "The Span of Life," is not a man, but a young lady, Miss Jean N. McIlwraith. Miss McIlwraith is a native of Hamilton, Ont.

"Olive Pratt Rayner," author of "The Typewriter Girl" and "Rosalba," was really Grant Allen.

"M. E.," the author of "Little Jane and Me," is Miss M. E. Blatchford, of New York city.

Sidney Colvin has definitely abandoned the writing of Stevenson's biography, which has now been undertaken by Graham Balfour. There is some talk of a book from Stevenson's life-long friend, Charles Baxter.

The Macmillan Company is going to publish a new magazine, which will be more or less critical, with each department in the hands of an expert critic. It will be called the *International Monthly*, and the first number will be that for January.

The first number of a new magazine, to be called *The Smart Set*, "a Magazine of Cleverness," will be published in New York city March 10. Its chief feature will be a complete novel of considerable length in each number, and there will also be several short stories and poems.

The *American Boy* is a new monthly magazine for boys published in Detroit.

The Rover is a new illustrated magazine for boys, published in Chicago by E. and M. Hutchinson.

John Cowley-Brown, late of Edinburgh, who formerly published the London *Anti-Philistine*, will publish in January in Chicago the first number of the *Goose-quill*, a monthly journal "devoted to literature" and to unrestrained criticism.

Mountain Sunshine is a new illustrated quarterly published in "Colorado Springs and the Pike's Peak region" and devoted to Colorado interests.

Music and Childhood, a new Chicago magazine, deals with elementary points in harmony, and in an interesting way gives sketches of the lives of the great musicians, and also the history of music from the earliest times.

Star of the Magi is a new monthly journal of occult science, art, and philosophy, edited and published in Chicago by Dr. News E. Wood, with Dr. Thomas J. Betiero as associate editor.

R. H. Russell, of New York, announces a new ten-cent monthly magazine, in which color printing will be a conspicuous feature.

San Francisco has a new local monthly, *Hale's Magazine*, with Blanche Partington as editor, assisted by Jean Hazen and Eva Crawford. The editors announce that they hope to establish the magazine on broad lines and to make it distinctively Californian, but at the same time free from provincialism.

The Harbinger of Dawn is a new monthly published in San Francisco by E. S. Green. It styles itself a "Monthly Review of Occult, Psychical, Spiritual, and Metaphysical Reviews."

The *Symphonia* is a new monthly journal "devoted to the musical interests of the Southwest," and is published at Dallas, Texas. F. Haston Wright is editor-in chief, William J. Wilson is assistant editor, and Vernon O. Marshall is managing editor.

John Maguire and John F. Harley are arranging for the publication in Butte, Mont., of *Maguire's Magazine*, which, "though issued from Butte, will have the world for its field."